

# THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

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## THE BORDERLANDS OF SURREY.

SHOTTER MILL, a quaint hamlet of Southern England, is the key to three counties. It is at the point of a wedge of Surrey, that thrusts itself between Hampshire and Sussex, and there, on the meeting-ground of the three, are gathered its church, flour-mill, weather-beaten gray-stone tavern, village green, gentleman's house, three primitive shops, and a mere handful of cottages. The village grew up with the way-side flowers, and borders a country road leading from Guildford to Liphook. Several dwellings are scattered hither and thither to right and left, but most of them keep pretty much in a line, following the windings of the road and rising and descending with it. One triumphant, red, raw-looking house lifts itself a story higher than the low roofs of the good neighbors. It is the post-office and postal savings bank. The mail is brought by a little red cart twelve miles over the hills every day. The post-master also keeps a general country store, and rooms in the upper stories are let to summer visitors. No motley mingled wares are exhibited in the windows, as at the less pretentious shops next door. The shelves are adorned with a stately frieze of Florentine sweet-oil flasks, and there is a dado full three feet high of biscuit or cracker boxes. Our American term cracker is unknown in England, except in connection with gunpowder and the 5th of November. Entering a grocer's store a few days after our arrival in England, we asked the apron-smothered young man behind the counter what sort of crackers he had. The youth replied, eyeing us suspiciously:

"We don't keep fire-works, mum."

Shotter Mill church is not a characteristic English edifice, with old grave-yard and ivy-covered tower. It is plain and Puritanic, white-washed within and gray without. Sun-

day is a delightful day on the borders, providing the weather be warm and fine. All is quiet on hill and highway until Sabbath-school time, when the cottagers and farmers' children pass down the lane. A glimpse at the green hat and purple dress of the first girl is enough in itself to assure us that only the "seventh day" could warrant such richness of color, while the boys all look dreadfully uncomfortable in their best clothes, which are generally made to allow for growing; whereas, when they pass on Monday morning the case is reversed, and many of the little fellows seem to be painfully long as to leg and arm. An hour after the children pass, their parents join the stream to one of the three churches—Episcopal, of course—within walking distance. Traversing the same road on a Saturday evening we would frequently meet two picturesque figures returning from work, who always touched their hats with a respectful "Good-even' to yer"; one, an old fellow in a finely embroidered smock frock and leather gaiters, the other a cheery, red-faced man, with a faded velvet coat, old felt hat, and bag of tools over his shoulder. On Sunday morning we meet the same couple on their way to service, but how changed! The old man in a high silk hat, and suit of badly cut, shiny black; the other wearing plaid cloth, squeaking boots, and emerald-green neck-tie. Then for the first time we notice that their faces are coarse and their figures heavy.

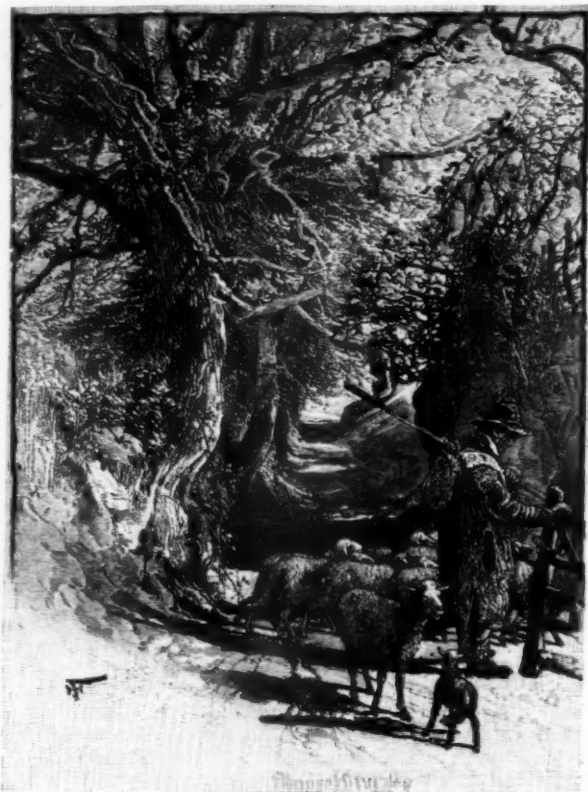
Many of the farmers have to drive in some distance, and arrive fresh and rosy at the church gate. They, too, appear very much pomaded as to the hair, and very much starched as to the shirt; not as their fathers, who used to come to church dressed, like Mr. Poyser, in a Sunday suit of drab, with red and green waistcoat, knee-breeches, and thick

drab stockings knitted by Mrs. Poyser's own nimble hands, a yellow silk neckerchief, and green fob-ribbon with a large carnelian seal attached. Fickle fashion has dismissed fancy waistcoats. Mrs. Farmer has the best chance now for color, and turns out bristling with bugles, a bright, cheery dress, and tasteful bonnet of blue silk and roses.

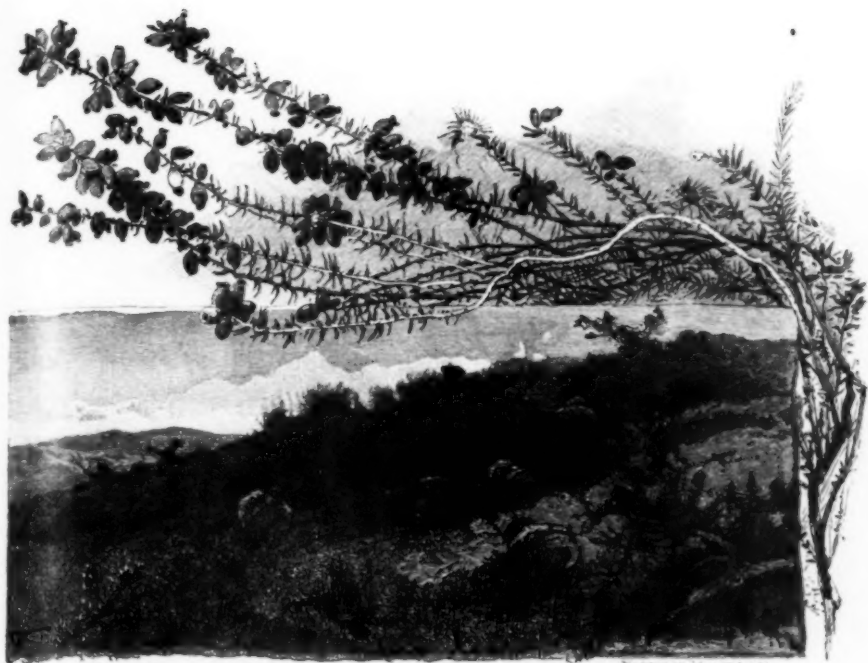
English air is always resonant with sound on Sunday mornings, and long before we reach the village we can distinctly hear the bells, and a faint echo of chimes over the western common, which often reminds us of Rabelais' description of Britain, as an island "ever filled with the corybantic jingle, jangle of great, middle-sized, and little bells, wherewith the people seem to be as much charmed as a swarm of bees with the clanking of brazen kettles and drums"; and so we are charmed, providing the bells are good and we have one chime at a time.

On reaching church, we generally find a crowd of men around the gate discussing

crops, between the arrival of the various carriages which bring the neighboring gentry. Two good old maids usually come early in a little donkey-chaise; then a pretty landau, several phaetons, and a heavy brougham follow in turn; the last and not least in importance being a coach and four with Sir John H——'s party. The venerable clergyman is a tall, robust, clean-shaved man, with bald head and upright carriage with all his three and seventy years. He belongs more to the last generation of fox-hunting parsons than to the present style of Church of England clergy—a good, hearty English gentleman, who doffs his ministerial black for six days in the week, and visits his parishioners on horseback, looking more like the squire than parson. All the country folks love him, and touch their hats respectfully as he passes with bright smile and cheery word for each, even to the smallest child, who bobs a curtsy and mumbles back a reply to the inquiry after mother, not a



A SURREY LANE.



A STRETCH OF HEATH.

trifle awed by the dancing and pawing of the rector's high-mettled mare, who objects to being pulled up for every little rustic that comes along. Indeed, it is whispered that the reverend gentleman was once seen down on his knee, taking aim—not at a buck in the Scottish Highlands—but at “five in a ring,” or, in other words, “knuckling down” at marbles among half a score of boys on the hard Surrey road.

The rectory being just opposite the church, the parson often comes out and chats with the early members of the congregation on Sunday morning, as they loiter about. At the proper moment he retires to don his surplice, in which he walks from the house to the reading-desk in the chancel, the church possessing no vestry. He preaches his simple sermons both morning and afternoon, and reads the grand old prayers in a full, clear voice, the congregation joining heartily in the responses. The characteristic of country services, as of country manners, is simplicity.

In the heart of the village lives the Squire, a real English country gentleman, who possesses hounds and hunters, Alderney cows and tracts of meadow land. He is also

justice of the peace and captain of the fire brigade. This makes the poorer classes stand in awe of him, though he is their good friend in time of need.

The quaint, antiquated look of an English village is only a part of its charm. The red tiles and thatch roofs give richness of color. It is the rarest thing to see a frame house through the length and breadth of Britain; brick or stone are almost invariably used. There were only two ugly wooden buildings on the outskirts of Shotter Mill, one a braid factory, and the other a tannery, which reminded us of American village architecture. The scenery surrounding the village is beautiful and varied. The peculiar landscape features of the three counties all show themselves more or less in the immediate neighborhood. From the hills that hem in the village, when one looks into Hampshire, there is a long vista of up-land waste, hill and down, a blaze of reddish-purple heather, the monotony only broken here and there by solitary white birch-trees or clumps of pines; in fact, so wild is a spot several miles from our temporary home, that in wading through the deep bracken we have several times startled a genuine Scotch black



CARTING HEATHER.

DEAD BRACKEN.

cock, the place itself being called Little Scotland. Turning our faces toward Sussex, the foreground is the same—tracts of common land overrun with gorse, heath, and bracken. Beyond one sees undulating hill and dale, and in the far distance the Sussex downs, looking very bald and dark with their short herbage. Sometimes of an afternoon the buttresses of the downs stand out with mar-

velous distinctness, furnishing one of the natural barometers of the peasantry, who after that sight always prepare for heavy rain on the morrow. We have to cross the valley and climb another hill to procure a good view of Surrey, which displays itself in a long stretch of fertile fields, that look like a chess-board on account of the regularity of the bright dividing hedge-rows and the variety of color. One can see also green wooded slopes, church spires, the chimneys of great manors nearly buried in foliage, low, rambling barns, and red-tiled cottages. Such is the vicinity of a village whose rural quiet and beauty have attracted many people who are prominent in the literary and artistic world. George Eliot, Tennyson, White of Selborne, and Thomas Hardy; Alma-Tadema, Boughton, and Birket Foster have sojourned or lived on these borderlands.

The most picturesque house at Shotter Mill is just opposite the Squire's. It was inhabited

at one time by George Eliot. Brookbank, as it is called, is an old two-storied cottage, with tiled roof and lattice-paned windows, the front of the house being half-covered with trailing rose-trees. The rooms are low but pleasant, like all country dwellings of this kind, and furnished in a simple, comfortable manner. A thick hedge of laurel borders the garden, and is formed into an arch above the little wooden gate.

vegetables eaten at Brookbank were sent from the farm, and we have heard the old lady in speaking of it say: "It were wonderful, just wonderful, the sight o' green peas that I sent down to that gentleman and lady every week." They evidently knew what was good! Our old friend the farmer, who owns a neat horse and trap, was employed to drive them two or three times a week. They occa-



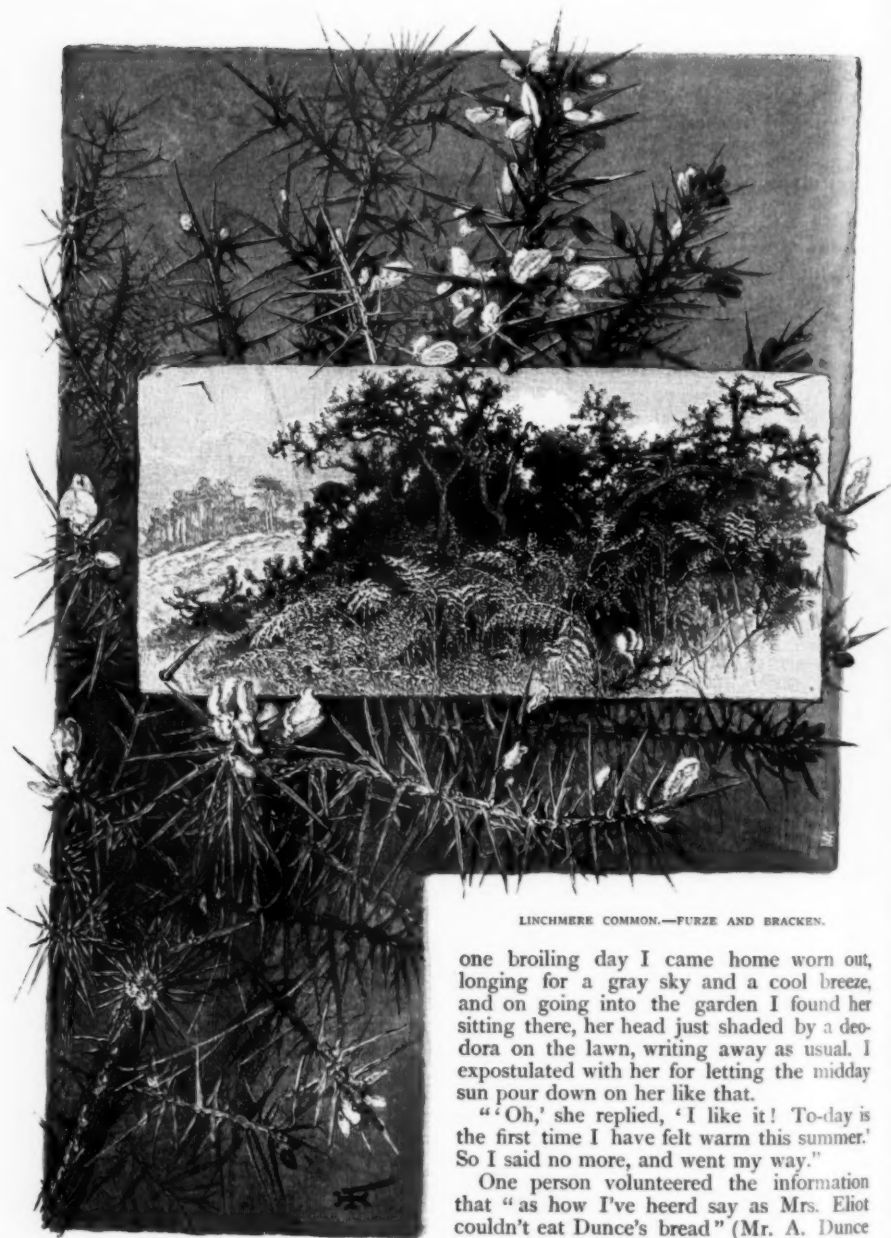
BROOKBANK, THE HOUSE IN WHICH GEORGE ELIOT ONCE LIVED.

Brookbank receives its name from a noisy little stream, which turns the flour-mill but a few yards below, and then rushes across the road on its way to another mill several miles farther on. Brookbank was occupied for many years by Mrs. Gilchrist after the death of her husband, and here she completed his famous work, "The Life of Blake." We have often endeavored to glean some information regarding George Eliot's life at Shotter Mill, but she and Mr. Lewes lived in such seclusion that there was very little to be told. They seldom crossed their threshold during the day, but wandered over the commons and hills after sundown. They were very anxious to lodge at the picturesque old farm, ten minutes' walk beyond Brookbank, on the same road, which was our home for two years, but all available room was then occupied. However, George Eliot would often visit the farmer's wife, and, sitting on a grassy bank just beside the kitchen door, would discuss the growth of fruit and the quality of butter in a manner so quiet and simple that the good country folks were astonished, expecting very different conversation from the great novelist. All the

sionally visited Tennyson, whose house is only three miles distant, though a rather tedious drive, since it is up-hill nearly all the way. George Eliot did not enjoy the ride much, for the farmer told us that, "withal her being such a mighty clever body, she were very nervous in a carriage—allays wanted to go on a smooth road, and seemed dreadful feared of being thrown out."

George Eliot was writing "Middlemarch" during her summer at Brookbank, and the term for which they had the cottage expired before they wished to return to London. The Squire was away at the time, so they procured permission to use his house during the remainder of their visit. In speaking of them to us he said:

"I visited Mr. and Mrs. Lewes several times before they went back to town, and found the authoress a very agreeable woman, both in manner and appearance; but her mind was evidently completely absorbed in her work; she seemed to have no time for anything but writing from morning till night. Her hand could hardly convey her thoughts to paper fast enough. It was an exception-



GORSE OR FURZE.

ally hot summer, and yet through it all Mrs. Lewes would have artificial heat placed at her feet to keep up the circulation. Why,

LINCHMERE COMMON.—FURZE AND BRACKEN.

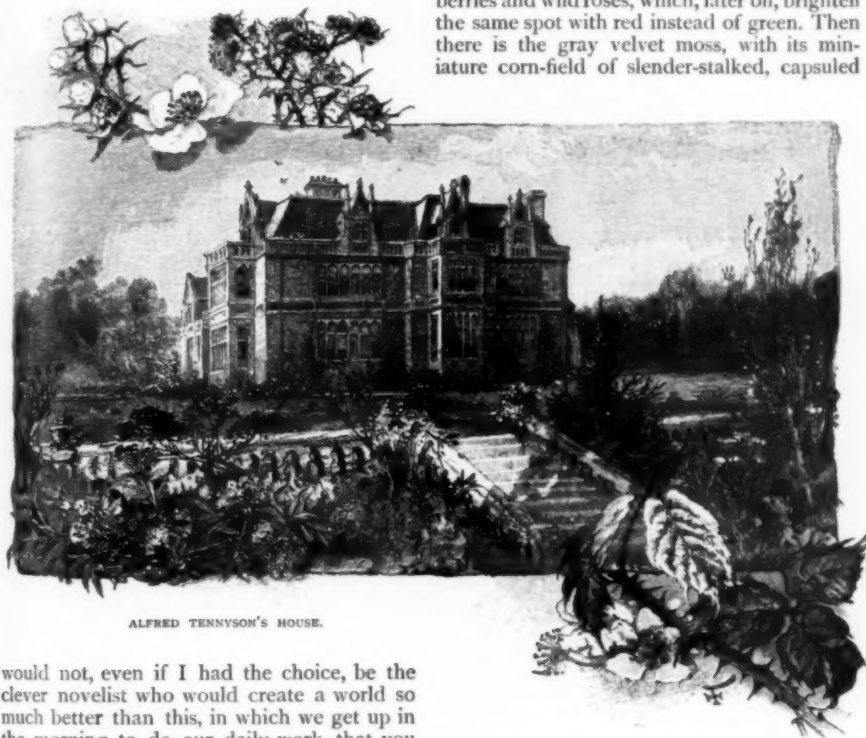
one broiling day I came home worn out, longing for a gray sky and a cool breeze, and on going into the garden I found her sitting there, her head just shaded by a deodora on the lawn, writing away as usual. I expostulated with her for letting the midday sun pour down on her like that.

"Oh," she replied, "I like it! To-day is the first time I have felt warm this summer." So I said no more, and went my way."

One person volunteered the information that "as how I've heerd say as Mrs. Eliot couldn't eat Dunce's bread" (Mr. A. Dunce being the baker as well as the miller of Shotter Mill), and no wonder! We well recollect the pang with which we saw one of those solid "quarters" on the dinner-table, on our arrival at the farm.

And thus nearly all we could learn about George Eliot was that she loved to bask in the sun, and liked green peas. She visited some of the cottagers, but only those living in secluded places, who knew nothing of her. Just such people as these she used in her graphic and realistic sketches of peasant life, for she writes, in "Adam Bede": "I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous, homely existence." And again: "I

its season, and no artificial garden, however lovely, could rival the natural flora of upland or lowland. In early spring the hedge-rowed lanes are starred with primroses and violets. Later, the hedges themselves burst into May bloom. Then comes the intense green of summer, with here and there a shadowed spot where we rest with relief from the glare of color, amid quivering shadows on the sun-checked sandy road, lined with daisies and blue-bells. Higher up are blackberries and wild roses, which, later on, brighten the same spot with red instead of green. Then there is the gray velvet moss, with its miniature corn-field of slender-stalked, capsuled



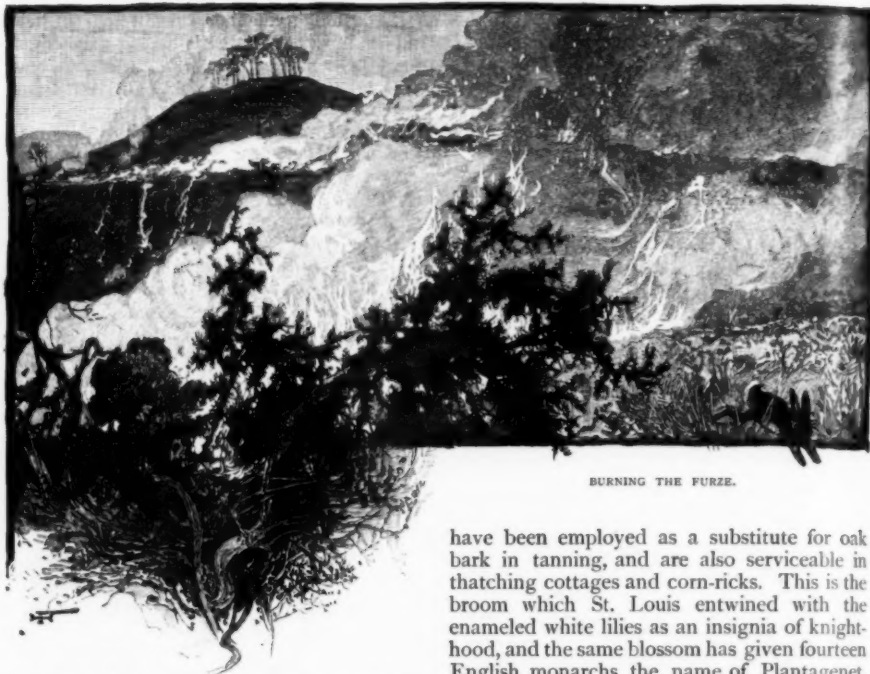
ALFRED TENNYSON'S HOUSE.

would not, even if I had the choice, be the clever novelist who would create a world so much better than this, in which we get up in the morning to do our daily work, that you would be likely to turn a harder, colder eye on the dusty streets and the common green fields—on the real healthy men and women who can be chilled by your indifference, or injured by your prejudice, who can be cheered and helped onward by your fellow-feeling, your forbearance, your outspoken, brave justice."

With regard to the surrounding country, George Eliot said that it pleased her more than any she knew of in England. The landscape is so varied it is difficult to give a clear idea of its attractions. One season of the year the woods and lanes seem the most beautiful, and at another time the hills and commons outshine them, for each blooms in

seedlets, which lasts when all other vegetation has withered, and clings through the winter to the bare stones and trees.

The uplands, as a whole, are most beautiful in early October, when their garment of heath-bloom is fading into a dull purple, and the bright bracken is transformed from green to delicate yellow and burnt sienna, diffusing a softness of color which the more gorgeous American autumns lack. It is the marvelous blending of tint that lends such a charm to these long stretches of hill, in contrast to the even line of continuous woods on the left. Then there is the delightful sensation of elastic turf under foot, the sweet, fresh odor im-



BURNING THE FURZE.

parted to the breeze, and the hum of busy insects. We have no substitute for bracken in America, for, although our woods produce luxuriant ferns and finer wild flowers, there is nothing to take the place of the English and Scottish brakes, which are fairly carpeted with bracken. In appearance it is very much like a hardy fern, but branches off from a main stalk instead of each frond coming straight from the ground. It grows from one to three feet high.

Somewhere, just over the border, in the heart of these uplands, is the spot where Thomas Hardy came to study the phases of the land which he has so marvelously reproduced in "The Return of the Native."

The gorse commons extend for some miles on the Sussex border, and are one of the characteristics of the district. Furze and gorse are synonymous terms, one being used in the north and the other in the south. It is a low, shrubby, hardy evergreen plant, with numerous branches, spiny leaves, and yellow flowers, the fruit consisting of an inflated hairy pod, scarcely longer than the calyx. The broom and furze are perpetually associated; indeed, the latter is sometimes called the thorny broom. It has a larger flower than the furze, and is rather deeper in color, being a smooth, graceful plant. The twigs and young branches

have been employed as a substitute for oak bark in tanning, and are also serviceable in thatching cottages and corn-ricks. This is the broom which St. Louis entwined with the enameled white lilies as an insignia of knighthood, and the same blossom has given fourteen English monarchs the name of Plantagenet, so it is a right royal flower, though only flourishing on barren heaths.

The gorse in the south makes an attempt to bloom all the year round, but its full glory is donned in June, when whole bushes are sometimes a perfect blaze of the most beautiful yellow, and we do not wonder that the enthusiast Linnæus, when he first caught sight of it on his visit here, fell on his knees enraptured. But often tracts of common, which ought to be in full bloom, lie waste and black, having been entirely consumed by fire. Invariably after a fire, women and children are seen busily employed for days cutting the "smuts" (burnt furze); but, of course, they never know anything about the burning!

Rising from our village on the west is Hindhead, with a long, sloping descent on this side, but precipitous on the other. Over Hindhead runs the old Portsmouth coach road, and many are the local stories of highwaymen attacking the mail as it came over the brow of the hill. Just beyond the reputed spot of attack a great gibbet was erected, in 1786, to hang three murderers. It stood for many years, but is now superseded by a stone raised to the memory of the victim. On the summit of Hindhead the late Judge Erle erected a large Irish cross, which with a powerful glass can be distinguished, it is said,

from Greenwich Observatory, about forty miles distant as the crow flies. There is a very extensive view from the cross looking north, and in clear weather can be seen the camp at Aldershot to the westward. To art-lovers, it may be interesting to know that this afforded a subject for Turner's "*Liber Studiorum*."

Some twelve years ago Tennyson built a house on the northern slope of Blackdown, a lordly hill two miles to the north-east of our village, and just opposite Hindhead, these

on flying visits to the laureate—the Duke of Argyle and his Scotch gillie being on the ascent when we were last that way.

Tennyson naturally dislikes to find persons creeping around his grounds, and plucking leaves from his plants as mementos, as they constantly do at Freshwater. Once, seeing a face peering at him while eating his dinner, the exasperated poet left the table, exclaiming that he could no longer take his meals in comfort without being watched.



WITHERING THE BLOOM.

being the two eminences which guard the valley east and west. The house is a large, imposing stone structure, built in a free treatment of domestic Gothic of the Tudor period, the entrance being a large porch with five pointed arches. The laureate can be as solitary here as the most confirmed anchorite, since his is the only residence on the hill. A carriage road winds up Blackdown on the western side as far as Tennyson's, enabling too many persons to come near the house for the poet's pleasure. Very many distinguished men are slowly drawn up that hill,

Not far from Tennyson's is the house of General Oglethorpe, who in 1732 was made Governor of Georgia. He took John and Charles Wesley out with him for the purpose of instructing the Indians. The General was an important man in his time on both sides of the water. In Parliament, by his opposition to the bill for withdrawing the charter from the city of Edinburgh, in consequence of the Porteous Riots, Walpole withdrew the obnoxious clauses, and a fine of ten thousand dollars was imposed, to be paid to the widow of Porteous. In America, James



BROOM-MAKER'S COTTAGE.

Oglethorpe made war on Florida, in consequence of annoyances received from the Spaniards, took several ports, and laid siege to St. Augustine. This old gentleman, whom Roger describes as having a face like parchment, lived to an immense age, was the friend of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Hannah More, and was eulogized by Pope and Thomson, while a city and county of Georgia bear his name. The house outside is small and very ugly, but delightful within, having a beautiful oak hall and staircase, which are highly appreciated by the present owner, an artist.

The Borderlands of Surrey abound in partridges and pheasants. Birds of all kinds, from the saucy midwinter robin-redbreast to the midsummer nightingale, are heard on every hand. The nightingale entertained us during the long June twilights, except when we were anxious to have a concert for our London or New York friends from the songsters of whom we had boasted so much, and then, no matter how long we listened, there

was never a sound. The nightingale's song bursts out in a fine rich trill, followed by a low croaking sound several times repeated, the compass being eleven or twelve notes. On a bright, joyous spring morning the skylark's sweet song fills the air, and often the little warbler may be seen a mere dot in the sky. Its song can be heard when the songster is invisible among the clouds. We have a large family of chimney-swallows, which flutter busily past the windows all day, with a good deal of commotion, resting occasionally on the old weather-beaten tiled roof of our farmstead. The numerous and audacious blackbirds afford us much amusement in studying their manners and customs.

An industry of the Surrey hills which is fast passing away is that of broom-making, machinery having taken the place of manual work in this as in other industries. The conservative country folk, however, still cling to the ways of their forefathers, and the reign of the birch and heath broom is now confined to



GILBERT WHITE'S HOUSE.

farms and cottages. One always reads and thinks more of the birch than the heath broom, yet in this locality heather was nearly a monopoly. The former is used entirely for out-door or stable work, and the latter for household purposes. The broom-makers are also called "dashers" and "squatters." They gained the latter title about a hundred years ago, when a company of them settled near Hindhead, built canvas huts, and carried on their trade. No one interfered with them for a year or two, so they concluded that the land was theirs by right of possession. Consequently there was a great time when the landlord came forward and demanded rents, or their room. In the broil that followed the owner was shot at and wounded.

It was natural for the "dashers" to settle in Hampshire and Surrey, they being almost the only counties in southern England which luxuriate in heath. Just on the borderland they have built a hamlet, which is occupied almost exclusively by them. Hammer, as it is called, is but a few minutes' walk south-west of Shotter Mill. To reach it on leaving the main road we find ourselves, for a short distance, in one of those shady English lanes with high banks on either side and delightful old oaks, whose branches form a cool and shady avenue.

Hammer is not an imposing-looking place, and does not boast of a single store, though, of course, the necessary beer-shop is found there. This is merely a small house of respectable appearance, with no bar visible. Consequently the owner, who is known as the

King of Hammer, feels justified in hanging out the large sign of "The Prince of Wales' Inn." The hamlet is built on the slope of a hill, up which the cottages straggle for a short distance, but, finding it rather steep, suddenly turn around and straggle down again. The boundary brook runs past Hammer, with a rural bridge for foot-passengers—merely two large rough-hewn stones thrown into the stream.

We made great friends with the broom-maker, who has the most attractive home and shed in the settlement. The cottage is in itself a picture—a long, low, characteristic English half-timbered, red-tiled dwelling. Its many windows are of all sizes and shapes—some square-latticed; others, diamond, the middle section always open. The door, which is propped back by a wooden chair or stone, is framed by a climbing plum-tree. To the left hangs a whistling starling in its wicker cage, and the old cat basks placidly on the sunlit step. The country poor always love flowers around them, and in this garden a deep row of marigolds surrounds the cabbage-bed.

At the end of the garden is the broom-maker's shop or shed, a pretty little thatched hut, at the door of which we find our old friend, week in, week out; and here, sitting on a log of wood, we have often enjoyed a chat with him. The poor man really makes very little money, though he works hard enough. A broom fetches only from two to ten cents, according to size and quality.

In the manufacture of brooms, to gather the heath is naturally the first step, and at

the proper season the men start off hay-making, as they term it. Women and boys are also employed, and a very pretty picture they make, kneeling in the deep heath on a downy upland, with the afternoon sun making happy lights and shadows on the figures. They pick out the heath best suited to their purpose and break off the plant at the root, tucking each piece in succession under the left arm until a bundle is gathered, when it is roughly tied together, thrown down, and the harvester passes on to the next clump. A track is thus left behind each harvester, and this is followed up the next day by a little square cart, drawn by the only animal that will or can do such work—the ill-used though useful donkey. The birch and other wood used for handles is procured from undergrowth in a neighboring copse, the withes for binders also being obtained near home.

The process of making brooms is very simple, although it entails a great deal of labor. Outside the broom-makers' huts are piled stacks of heather, which last through the winter. The heath is first sorted into "longs" and "shorts," according to the size required. It then takes the form of a nosegay, bound about by a strip of willow, made pliable by soaking in the brook hard by, then dexterously split into thin lengths by an odd knife held upon the knee, the withy being drawn rapidly over it. When a large number of bunches are ready, they are put upon rafters. A fire of chips is then lighted beneath to wither the bloom, and what was yesterday the purple pride of the hill-side, now flies off in blinding dust about the head of the broom-maker as he strikes each bunch against the rafters. This dust, by the way, together with small chips of heather, is much esteemed for ham-smoking purposes, and a peep up the spacious chimney in the cottage reveals a goodly array of hams, sent by farmers from a long distance around to be cured, the smoldering bloom imparting a certain delicate flavor unattainable by any other method. Two blows of a sharp hatchet trim off the roots from the heath-stems projecting beyond the binder. A long, pointed stick, peeled with a spoke-shave, forming the handle, is inserted in the cleanly trimmed end, and hammered firmly in on the chopping-block. A peg is fastened through the binders,



BROOM-MAKER'S SHOP.

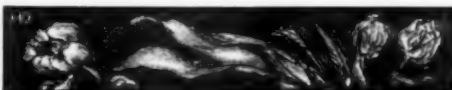
and it becomes the well-known heath-broom of the market. The birch-broom

is made in exactly the same manner, with the exception of the withering, which is not required. They are not so fine or so pliable as the others, and are used for rougher work.

Packed in bundles of a dozen, the little donkey-cart is laden up with them, and they take their first sweep along the hedge-rows of the winding lanes to the nearest railway station, the destination of many being to sweep the street-crossings of London.

Before leaving the Surrey highlands, we made a pilgrimage to Selborne, a place which would be quite unknown had not Gilbert White lived and died there, leaving his world-famed letters to endear the name of Selborne to every lover of natural history. Lowell calls his books the "Journal of Adam in Paradise." The village is still a quiet, sleepy little place, lying in a sheltered vale, skirted by two rivulets, its one straggling street being nearly a mile in length. White's house is now under process of alteration by the present possessor. Selborne appears to be one of those places where the inroads of time and change make small effect, being left apparently out of the world of bustle and excitement.

*Alice Maude Fenn.*



## THE PERSONAL HISTORY OF GARIBALDI.

GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI was born July 19, 1807, at Nice, which was then included in the Italian territory. He was the son of a sea captain, Domenico Garibaldi, and the descendant of a long line of soldiers and sailors, all renowned for courage, patriotism, and industry. His childhood was spent upon the Mediterranean and its shores; and when he was old enough to choose a profession, he seems to have had no hesitation in selecting that of his father and grandfather. His first voyage was to Odessa, his second to Civita Vecchia. The vessel lying a few days at the latter port, he could not resist the temptation to see Rome. What effect this first visit to the wonderful city had upon the mind of Garibaldi, his own words will best tell: "I was at Rome! And was Rome to me but the capital of the world, the metropolis of a sect? The capital of the world in its sublime and immense ruins, which contain the relics of all that is greatest in the past. The metropolis of a holy church, liberator of the oppressed, benefactor of the human race, whose priests, once truly the guides of the people, are to-day how degenerate! how truly the scourge of Italy which they would fain barter to strangers! No; the Rome of my youthful imagination was the Rome of the future, the saviour of a nation oppressed by jealous potentates because she was born great, and stands inscribed upon the list of the foremost nations whom she has herself guided to civilization. \* \* \* Rome thenceforward became dear to me above all else on earth. I worshiped her with all the fervor of my soul."

Garibaldi passed some years in the business of coast traffic. In this pursuit he went to Constantinople, where he fell dangerously ill, and after his recovery remained there some months as preceptor in an Italian family, earning enough to pay the expenses of his sickness. Shortly afterward he became a member of the "Giovane Italia," a society founded by Mazzini, whose watchword, "*Dio e il Popolo*," could not fail to find an echo in his enthusiastic mind. Garibaldi suffered with this society in its defeat in Savoy in 1834, and returned to Nice an outlaw. Stopping only to catch a glimpse of his parents, he hastened his escape to Marseilles, and after some months of inaction there, which sorely tried his impetuous spirit, he entered the service of the Bey of Tunis, and was assigned the command of a vessel. But he soon

became disgusted with the ignorance and insubordination of his Mussulman crew, and resolved to try his fortunes in a more distant land. In 1836 he went to Rio Janeiro, and in company with another Italian took up his old business of coast trading. In 1837, only nine months after Garibaldi's arrival, the province of Rio Grande do Sul proclaimed itself a republic, and armed in rebellion against Brazilian rule. Some Italians who had espoused the cause of the insurgents were taken prisoners at the first skirmish, and brought to Brazil loaded with chains. Garibaldi happened to be on the wharf when they were landed, and the sight of his countrymen in fetters for the sake of liberty, in whose name he had already suffered, was enough to kindle his desire to engage in the struggle. He immediately transformed his little trading vessel into a man-of-war, named it the *Mazzini*, and set sail, with a few companions equally enthusiastic, for the scene of action. A vessel belonging to the enemy was captured during the first days of their voyage, but no further prizes coming in their way, and their supplies falling short, they concluded to enter what they supposed to be the friendly port of Montevideo. Nearing the shore, they perceived two armed vessels awaiting them, and hardly had they begun to suspect that they were about to encounter enemies instead of friends, when a shower of balls fell upon the deck of the *Mazzini*. The man at the wheel was killed by the first discharge; a sharp combat ensued, in which Garibaldi himself was severely wounded. The *Mazzini* escaped at length and took refuge at Guleaguay, on the Parana. Scarcely did the unfortunate adventurers consider themselves in safety, when the vessel was seized by order of the provincial government, and all the crew were imprisoned. Garibaldi was spared the fetters with which the others were loaded, on account of his apparently dying condition. He slowly recovered, and, as if ashamed of their ungenerous conduct, the authorities released him on parole. But hearing that he was to be speedily sent to Bajada, he considered himself freed from all obligation, and made his escape. For three days he wandered in the forests, without a compass, and without knowledge of the locality. On the fourth he fell into the hands of the soldiers who had been sent out to search for him. This time the punishment was terrible. He



GIUSEPPE GARIBALDI.

was hung up by the arms and flogged, and then was sent with a strong escort to Bajada. After two months of imprisonment he was set at liberty, and returned to Montevideo. But he was not intimidated by the ill success of this first enterprise, and soon after we find him with "three miserable ships" in the port of Laguna.

And now comes an episode of a different character. Disappointed in his hopes of accomplishing great things for liberty in South America, saddened by the death and imprisonment of his companions, and weary with his personal sufferings, Garibaldi was standing one day on the deck of his ship, when, among the women who came to the shore for water, one suddenly attracted his notice. "I gave orders," says he, "to be put on shore, and I approached the house pointed out to me as her dwelling, with a beating heart, but with that determined will which never fails to command success. A man" (her husband) "invited me to enter. I should have done so without his invitation. I had seen him previously. And to the young woman I said: 'Thou must be mine by a bond which only death can dissolve.' I had found a treasure, forbidden, indeed, but of what value! If there was blame it was wholly mine. And blame there was! Two souls were indissolubly bound together, and the heart of an innocent man was

broken! But she is dead. He is avenged—avenged indeed! And I acknowledged my sin on that day when, striving still to detain her with me, I felt her failing pulse, and sought to catch her feeble breathing; but I pressed the hand and kissed the lips of the dead, and wept the tears of despair."

From this peculiar description of his courtship, if so that could be called which proceeded in such summary fashion, it may be inferred that Garibaldi's way of love was very similar to his way of warfare. "He took Anita Rivas," says Ricciardi, "in pretty much the same manner that he did Palermo," and however little it might have been expected from such a commencement, to the end of poor Anita's life she was faithful to her hero. She bore him three children: Menotti, born in 1840; Teresita, in 1845; and Ricciotti, in 1847.

A day or two after Garibaldi had carried off his treasure, the Brazilian fleet, tired of waiting outside the harbor, resolved to force an entrance. Garibaldi, with the few men at his command, resisted stoutly. Anita stood by his side, fired the first cannon-shot, and encouraged the sailors. She then put off in a skiff to obtain reinforcements from the shore, but instead brought back word from the authorities to abandon and burn the ships. Garibaldi sent off his crew, remaining on

board with the fearless Anita, till he saw them safely landed, then setting a train to the powder magazine, he fired it, and escaped with her in safety, the vessel being blown to atoms before they reached the shore.

It would take too long to follow Garibaldi in detail through the rest of his South American career. It is a story of fightings, wounds, and imprisonments, with enforced pauses of peace, more distasteful to him than the most unequal conflict. The spring of 1848 found him in Italy, ready and longing to take part in the struggle against Austria which was then beginning. But there were difficulties in the way. His name had become known, indeed, and he had gained a reputation for valor and daring, but it had been chiefly acquired in rebellion against existing authorities, and, besides, his connection with Mazzini could not be forgotten, and this was anything but a recommendation in the eyes of the Minister of War to whom Garibaldi presented himself at Turin to offer his services for the cause of Italian liberty. He was sent to the king's headquarters at Roverello, but Charles Albert, though he received him courteously, did not definitely accept his proposals, and referred him back to the Secretary of War. Garibaldi was not a man to endure patiently such diplomatic treatment; he had not come from South America to oscillate between Turin and Roverello; so he settled the difficult question for himself by going straight to Milan and offering his services to the Provisional Government there, which gladly accepted them, without questioning his antecedents. He was sent to Bergamo, and in a few days three thousand volunteers rallied about his standard. At length he was to fight for Italy!

But disappointment was in store for him, for, after his troops had had a few skirmishes with the enemy, the news of the capitulation of Milan and of the armistice was received, and he was commanded to evacuate Lombardy. He refused to acknowledge the armistice; he desired to fight to the last, and for a short time he succeeded in animating his followers with the same spirit. But the hopelessness of their position soon made itself evident, and when the little army, distressed by forced marches and harassed by the enemy, arrived at Lugano, it was reduced to a handful of men. Here Garibaldi fell dangerously ill, and the enterprise was at an end. As soon as he recovered he went to Nice, where for some months he remained, bitterly reflecting on the darkening prospects of his beloved country. At length, unable longer to remain inactive, he was on his way to Venice, when the news of what was passing in Rome came to his ears and determined him to change his destination.

What followed is too well known to need recapitulation here. When Garibaldi arrived at Rome, Rossi had been assassinated, and the Pope had fled to Gaeta. It is needless to say that he threw himself with heart and soul into the conflict. During the memorable days of the defense of Rome, Garibaldi, undaunted alike by fatigue and danger, seemed omnipresent. Wherever the thickest of the fight was there was he, and when Rome surrendered and the French entered as victors, Garibaldi did not surrender, but gathering together the remnant of his troops, to the number of four or five thousand, withdrew from the city in the direction of Tivoli. Here undisturbed by misfortune, Garibaldi thus sought to animate his followers: "Wherever we are," he said, "there is Rome. I promise nothing, but what one man can do, that will I do, and the nation, reduced to our little band, shall live again in us. Let him who loves Italy follow me!"

Escaping the pursuit of the Austrians he led his little army into Tuscany, where he hoped to awaken a revolutionary movement. But Tuscany had had enough of insurrections for the time being, and preferred quiet under foreign rule to new agitations. Arezzo shut its gates against the Garibaldians, now diminished to about half the number that issued so full of courage from Rome. Discouragement and fatigue led to daily desertions. Florence was not to be tempted out of her momentary tranquility; and the Austrians were pressing on.

Repulsed at Arezzo, Garibaldi sought refuge for the time being at San Marino, but he and his band proved inconvenient guests. The enemy lay about the city, on the watch for them whenever they should issue forth. The local authorities interposed, and obtained of the Austrian commander, Gortschowsky, terms which included a safe conduct for Garibaldi and his officers, on condition of their going to America.

"The General," says one of the historians of that period, "concealing his indignation, assembled his soldiers in the public square, and read them the conditions. The officers responded unanimously, 'To Venice!' Many of the soldiers were silent. Garibaldi leaped on horseback, paused an instant, then shouting, 'Venice and Garibaldi do not surrender! Whoever will, let him follow me! Italy is not yet dead!' he dashed off at full speed."

By following mountain paths, and keeping away from the large towns on their route, Garibaldi and his little company of two hundred arrived safe at Cesenatico, on the shores of the Adriatic, where, for love and money, thirteen miserable fishing-barks were procured

to take them to Venice. The Austrians were watching the ports of Venice, and the little fleet became at once an object of suspicion. The captains, terrified, knew not which way to fly; eight of the boats fell into the hands of the enemy, and the remaining five, owing to the coolness and presence of mind of Garibaldi, were guided into small channels, where the Austrian ships could not follow. Showers of bullets, however, were sent after them, and boats were launched in pursuit.

Garibaldi saw that all hope was at an end, and bidding adieu to his followers, he fled with two or three companions through the marshy flats that border the lagoon. One of these companions,—his devoted Anita—perished through hardship in the flight. After thirty-five days of wandering in disguise, sometimes even in the midst of the enemy, forced often to subsist on fruits and berries, baffled, sorrowful, and weary, he arrived at Genoa.

Thence he went to Tunis; but, both there and at Gibraltar, he was forbidden to land. He remained six months at Tangiers, and then being offered a passage to America, he came to New-York.\*

During the year 1855, being in Sardinia, Garibaldi explored the desolate island of Caprera, where he bought a tract of land, and having a wooden cottage constructed in Nice, set up on his new domain.

His personal appearance at this period is thus described by one who knew him well: "Garibaldi is of medium height, with broad, square shoulders, and strong limbs. His hair

and beard are reddish, and slightly grizzled; his nose is straight; his eye is keen, yet mild. He walks with a firm and decided step, and his gestures, speech, and whole manner are those of a sailor. He converses with self-possession and simplicity, but is seldom garrulous; yet when he is speaking of Italy, or relating some daring exploit, he becomes animated and even eloquent."

As may be supposed, the peaceful pursuits in which Garibaldi was now engaged did not occupy the first place in his thoughts. Upon the proclamation of war with Austria in 1859, he, with his son Menotti, quitted Caprera, and at the solicitation of the Government, took command of a corps of Chasseurs, called the *Chasseurs des Alpes*. The following order of the day given by him is characteristic: "We have attained the fulfilment of our hopes; you are about to fight the oppressors of our country. To-morrow, even, I may bring you face to face with the Austrians, sword in hand, to demand satisfaction for wrongs and robberies too atrocious to detail. Of the new recruits I do not ask feats of valor so much as strict attention to discipline and perfect obedience to the veteran officers who have been spared to us from past conflicts. The sublime enthusiasm with which you have hastened to present yourselves at the call of the illustrious sovereign who controls the destinies of Italy is to me a pledge of your future conduct. Before long our countrymen shall name us with pride, and deem us worthy to belong to our brave army."

The Chasseurs proved themselves indeed worthy of their nation and their leader. At Varese, at Como, and at Camerlata, they covered themselves with glory. Their valor procured for them the thanks of the Government and the admiration of Italy, and when the news of the peace of Villafranca reached them, it was received with bitter regret. Garibaldi himself would have given little heed to it, but for a royal order relieving him of his command. He immediately quitted the army, and hastened to Bergamo to expostulate with Victor Emmanuel; but after a private interview with him, convinced that there was no hope of pursuing the campaign, he returned to Caprera.

In 1861, elected deputy by his native city, Garibaldi appeared for the first time in Parliament, to plead, or rather to protest, against the cession of Savoy and Nice to France. Their fate, however, was sealed, and he retired in disgust from the Chamber of Deputies. From that date he became the open enemy of Cavour and his policy.

And now comes the surprising success of the expedition to Sicily and Naples.

\* Of Garibaldi's stay in America the accounts are confused. The impression heretofore has been that he went into business on Staten Island, with the intention of making a living, if not a fortune. As this appears in direct contradiction with his character, so we find, on the best authority, that he was never partner in any business, but, being of an active temperament, turned his energy to some account in the factory of the Italian friend with whom he was staying on Staten Island. Mr. Meucci was at that time operating a candle-factory, and Garibaldi refused to remain a mere idle guest in his family, but insisted on lending a hand. It was in 1851 that he came to this country, having left his children in Italy. He stayed in the house of Mr. Meucci until 1853, and, meanwhile, received at least one mark of the trust Italians and others placed in him: the league which then existed in New-York to assist the revolutionists of Cuba, composed of Italians, Cubans, Spaniards and Americans, sent him to Cuba on a tour of inspection. He returned with his report, and the fact that he returned at all, or without fighting, is good evidence that his report was not a favorable one. In 1853 he was offered command of the Italian ship the *Immaculate Conception*, which he accepted. She was bound for China, thence to Italy and to return to New York. Previous to sailing Garibaldi changed her name to the *Commonwealth*; he would not sail under a name dear to the detested Papacy. He made the round trip, bringing the ship into New York bay in 1856, when his American adventures came to an end.—ED. CENTURY.

Francis II., king of the Two Sicilies, had given Sicily into the hands of two wretches, Maniscalco and Salzano, and the island had suffered unheard of atrocities from these men. The revolutionary movement in other parts of Italy could not fail to find a response,—in the hearts, at least, of the oppressed Sicilians; but they were too closely watched, and every outbreak of rebellion was too severely punished, to afford much hope of a successful insurrection. Such a state of things could not fail to attract the attention and the efforts of the Garibaldian party, and on the night of the fifth of May, 1860, Garibaldi set sail from Genoa with a thousand volunteers. Two small steamships conveyed them. At the moment of departure he wrote to the King, announcing his project and his hope of “adding a new jewel to the crown.” He landed his troops at Marsala, almost in the face of the Neapolitan fleet which was cruising about the island to protect it from continental interference. The commander of the fleet, returning to Marsala, saw with astonishment the two steamers in port. He gave immediate orders to destroy them, but they had already discharged their dangerous freight, and Garibaldi looked with indifference, almost with pleasure, upon their destruction. “Our retreat is cut off,” he said exultingly to his soldiers; “we have no hope but in going forward; it is to death or victory!” In the city of Marsala they were received with every demonstration of joy and gratitude.

Garibaldi led his troops at once to Salemi, and by the invitation of the citizens proclaimed the royal government suspended, and declared himself dictator. He ordered a general levy of citizens between the ages of seventeen and fifty. Volunteers also poured in; the successful battle of Calatafimi raised the hopes of the insurrectionists; wherever the Garibaldians went they were received with open arms by the citizens. The Neapolitan army were deceived by the strategy and bewildered by the rapidity with which the insurgents pressed forward. Garibaldi was almost at Palermo while the royalists were sending dispatches to Naples that his troops were scattered and in flight. He arrived at Palermo at three in the morning of May 27th, overpowering the guard at the Termini gate, and entering the city while the authorities were peacefully dreaming of his speedy capture. The news of his presence acted like magic on the oppressed and disheartened citizens. They rushed from their houses half-dressed to welcome their deliverer. Household furniture, bales of merchandise, vehicles of every description, were freely offered for barricades against the royal army, and men, women,

and children aided in the work of their construction. Garibaldi penetrated to the heart of the city, and established his head-quarters in the palace of the prefect, where he could cut off communication between the Neapolitan troops stationed in the Royal Palace at one end of the city and those in the fort of Castellamare at the other. That day and the next, Palermo was the scene of a horrible struggle. The royal soldiers, trained to cruelty, killed, pillaged, and burnt wherever they could effect an entrance, and the inhabitants defended themselves with the ferocity of long-suppressed hatred. At length, May 30th, by the efforts of the English consul and residents, Garibaldi and Lanza, the commander of the royal forces, had an interview on board an English ship, and a truce of twenty-four hours, to bury the dead, was agreed upon. Before this time had elapsed, instructions arrived from Naples, where confidence had given place to discouragement, for Lanza to evacuate Palermo.

From Palermo, Garibaldi advanced upon Messina. The hard-fought battle of Melazzo completed the conquest of Sicily. In the subsequent arrangement of its disordered finances, and the construction of a temporary government, Garibaldi was not so fortunate as he had been in his military achievements, nor was it an easy task. Leaving the administration in the hands of a sub-dictator, after a month spent in rest and preparation on the part of his troops, Garibaldi proceeded to carry out the second part of his project. Embarking with his army, he landed on the Calabrian coast. He found the inhabitants eager to coöperate with him in overthrowing the hated dynasty of the Spanish Bourbons.

On the 29th of October Victor Emmanuel, whose relations with Austria were becoming endangered by this unauthorized war upon Francis by an Italian subject, had an interview with Garibaldi. Truly noble at heart, and too sincerely devoted to the interests of his country to indulge a selfish ambition, the latter yielded up to his sovereign his temporary powers, and the dictator became once more a simple citizen. It is alike honorable to king and subject, that when on the 7th of November Victor Emmanuel made his public entry into Naples, Garibaldi, in red shirt and slouched hat, was by his side. The crisis was safely passed.

Refusing all the honors and emoluments offered him by the Government, and asking only a remembrance of the faithful services of his companions in arms, Garibaldi retired once more to Capraia.

But it was hardly possible that the ex-dictator could be satisfied with the course of na-

tional events. In the dissolving of his army of volunteers he saw nothing but injustice and ingratitude on the part of the ministry toward himself and them. The difficulties in the way of their incorporation with the regular army were to him utterly incomprehensible; the cession of Nice and Savoy still rankled in his mind; the opposition to his plans for the complete liberation of Italy irritated him. In his solitude he meditated on these things; and when, in 1861, he was offered a seat in Parliament, to represent the city of Naples, he accepted it gladly that he might declare these grievances before the nation. His attack upon the policy of the Government in regard to Southern Italy was violent in the extreme, and caused a tempestuous scene in the Chamber of Deputies. It seemed for a time impossible that the two great leaders of public opinion, Cavour and Garibaldi, between whom a disagreement was so much to be deplored, could ever be reconciled. Garibaldi, burning with indignation at what seemed to him weakness on the part of the ministry, and Cavour, defending his policy and asserting his patriotism, made the session of April, 1861, a memorable one in Italian parliamentary history. At length, through the efforts of friends and the explanations of Cavour himself, Garibaldi declared himself satisfied at least as to the motives of the ministry; and afterward in private the two combatants had a friendly interview. The news of their reconciliation was received with joy throughout Italy. Garibaldi had no further desire to remain at Turin, and returned once more home. To the view of the moderate party all was going well with the nation. Patient waiting was its policy in regard to Rome. But what was called the party of action could not be content to wait. The brightest jewel was still wanting to the crown of Victor Emmanuel; the city toward which all Italian hearts turn with loving pride, was still to be made free. In the beginning of 1862 signs of impatience were perceptible throughout the country. "*Viva Roma, capitale d' Italia; abbasso il papa Re!*" was the popular response to an imprudent expression of Cardinal Antonelli's, to the effect that the people were in favor of the pope's temporal sovereignty.

The episode which follows is one which every Italian would fain forget. In such a position of affairs it was natural that Garibaldi should side with the party of action. He at length identified himself wholly with it, and the prudent counsels which he had given at the beginning of the year were gradually changed into indignant appeals, until he found himself at the head of an army collected in Sicily to march against Rome. At

this juncture the Government felt bound to interfere, and clear itself with the foreign princes from the accusation of collusion with Garibaldi. August 3d, 1862, Victor Emmanuel issued a proclamation declaring that when the time to complete the great work of Italian liberation should arrive, the voice of the king would call to arms, while every unauthorized movement must be treated as a rebellion against the Government. Urged on by unwise counsellors, Garibaldi turned a deaf ear to this warning, hoping that another victory, like those of Sicily and Naples, might condone his disobedience and procure him instead the thanks of the Government. A part of his soldiers left him after the promulgation of this manifesto, and the king, finding him resolved to persevere in his enterprise, sent a detachment of regular troops against him. What followed will best be told in the words of an Italian chronicler: "All Italy was in a state of anxiety and sorrowful foreboding, there being no room to suppose that Garibaldi and his soldiers could long escape from the regulars who pursued them so closely. There was in every mind a presentiment that a terrible misfortune must take place in order to obviate greater and more general calamity, and then came the news that Garibaldi, having taken position at Aspromonte, had been surrounded by the royal troops under Colonel Pallavicino; that there had been a sharp contest, in which twelve of the volunteers were killed and two hundred wounded; among the latter was General Garibaldi, who was struck by two balls, one wounding him in the thigh, the other in the foot."

Garibaldi was transported to Spezia, whither the best surgeons were called to attend him. His wounds were long in healing, and it was only after months of suffering that he was able to return to Caprera.

When war against Austria was again declared, in July, 1866, the Italian Government invited Garibaldi to take command of the volunteers. A less noble nature might have hesitated; but patriotism with Garibaldi meant entire forgetfulness of personal grievances, and he hastened to quit Caprera for the scene of action. From the moment of his landing upon the continent till his arrival at Lecco, when he assumed his command, his journey was made amid the acclamations of a grateful people. In this short but sharp struggle Garibaldi and his troops performed prodigies of valor, and he received, in the engagement at Monte Suello, a slight wound in the thigh, which, however, only kept him out of the saddle for a few days. While his troops, inspired by their successes and the delight of

marching with Garibaldi as leader, had penetrated almost to the walls of Triest, the news of the stipulations of peace, through the intervention of foreign powers, fell upon them like a thunderbolt. When the order to suspend hostilities reached Garibaldi at his headquarters, the only reply he deigned to the unwelcome message was the single word: "*Obbedisco*" (I obey), and he turned his back upon the country from which it had been his ambition to expel the Austrians, with a contempt greater than ever for the diplomacy which had cheated him of such a splendid opportunity. Peace having been concluded by the cession to Italy of the Venetian territory, he returned in September to Caprera.

But new vicissitudes were in store for him. In 1867, for the first time for centuries, Italy was free from foreign rule, the French having, after eighteen years' occupation, retired from Rome, according to the terms of the treaty of September, 1864, and the Austrians having quitted Venetia. The thoughts of all Italy were now again turned toward Rome. The Ricasoli ministry hoped for reconciliation between the Pope and the new kingdom of Italy, by a separation of church and state; the Garibaldian party, so called, was for the immediate conquest of Rome by force of arms; the reactionary party would willingly have sacrificed Italian unity, and reseatd upon their thrones the sovereigns whom the revolution had driven from them. After the fall of the Ricasoli ministry the agitation increased; Garibaldi was on the continent, hovering on the confines of the Pontifical territory, exciting the young men to don the red shirt and enroll themselves as volunteers for the enterprise of Rome. He attended the Peace Congress at Geneva, and on his return, a large body of volunteers having by this time enlisted, with arms in their hands, and in hot haste to cross the Papal frontiers, the Government deemed it time to interfere, and Garibaldi was arrested at Sinalunga, for infraction of the compact with France, and imprisoned in the citadel of Alessandria. Here he was treated with all due regard, and soon after was liberated on parole, and conducted to Caprera, where he arrived September 28th, several ships of war being stationed there to prevent his quitting the island.

But the arrest of their general did not discourage the Garibaldian volunteers, and under the lead of Menotti Garibaldi, Colonel Acerbi, and others, their numbers daily increased, and crossing the frontier, they gradually pushed back the Papal troops to the neighborhood of Rome. Meanwhile the General himself, eluding the vigilance of his

watchers, crossed the narrow strait between Caprera and Maddalena in a small boat, and, embarking in a sailing vessel, landed at Leghorn, and reached Florence seven days after his departure from Caprera, arriving at the same time with a dispatch from the commander of the squadron at Caprera, which assured the Government that the prisoner was safe on his island. Amidst demonstrations of popular sympathy and without molestation by the Government, he proceeded immediately to place himself at the head of the volunteers, and took up his position at Monte Rotondo, about twelve miles from Rome. The compact being thus broken, the French troops received orders to land at Civita Vecchia, and entered Rome October 30th, uniting with the Papal forces against the Garibaldians. The result is well known. The bloody conflict of Mentana cost the Garibaldians six hundred killed and wounded, and sixteen hundred of them were taken prisoners. They fought with a courage worthy of older and more disciplined soldiers, and the General himself, as usual, seemed to be everywhere. He rode about amid the flying balls, crying, "*Avanti! avanti!*" to his men, till even the French commanders could not restrain their admiration at his utter disregard of danger. But when the chassépot rifles began to make a wholesale slaughter in his ranks, he was unwilling to expose longer his brave but ill-armed men to the unequal fight, and reluctantly gave the order to retreat. But although he slept that night only two miles from Mentana, the enemy were so crippled that they made no attempt to pursue him till the next day, when they entered the town of Monte Rotondo about two hours after the Garibaldians had left it. Garibaldi himself was arrested by the Italian Government at Montevarchi, as he was returning to Florence, and was conveyed to the castle of Varignano at Spezia. Here he was treated with the greatest respect and attention to his comfort; and a council of physicians having declared that it was imperative, for the reëstablishment of his health, that he should return to Caprera, he was reconducted thither on parole. Early in December an amnesty was proclaimed to all concerned in the late invasion of Papal territory. The weak and vacillating conduct of the Italian Government in regard to the enterprise of Rome can only be explained by the fact of internal dissensions and changes in the ministry, combined with a natural reluctance to take severe measures against Garibaldi—a reluctance which had to be repaired in the sight of foreign nations by a tardy punishment actually more cruel to him than would have been the frustration of his schemes at the outset.

On the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war the thoughts of many Frenchmen turned to Garibaldi as to one whose help would not be invoked in vain. Nor were they deceived. Colonel Bordone, who went to Caprera to solicit the General's aid for France, found him suffering from the effects of wounds and hardships, but ready to throw himself, body and soul, into the cause. "What you call my valiant sword," said he, "is now but a staff; but such as I am, I place myself entirely at the disposition of the French Republic." And after a delay of only a day or two he set off in a French yacht which had been sent for him, as simply and unhesitatingly as if for a pleasure trip, delighted to give the slip once more to those who would have compelled him to remain inactive. He was enthusiastically received at Marseilles, and, after some difficulty, was assigned to the command of the light troops of the army of the Vosges, in which his sons Menotti and Ricciotti each commanded a regiment. As was to be expected, the Italian general had much to contend with in the jealousy and suspicion of his French brothers-in-arms, and he had also under him a mass of irregular troops, instead of the disciplined corps which he had anticipated, while his health was too infirm to allow of his undergoing such fatigue as in former days. Nevertheless, his presence alone did wonders in encouraging the troops, and Colonel Ricciotti's dislodgment of the Prussians from Châtillon was a daring and successful action.

Garibaldi remained in the service of the French until the armistice of February, 1871, when he resigned both his military command and the seat in the French National Assembly to which he had been elected, having understood that his admission to the chamber would be opposed by a majority of the deputies. His departure to Caprera, like his arrival, was attended with the greatest popular demonstrations of gratitude and affection.

In 1874 Garibaldi was again elected to Parliament. His appearance at Rome, now the capital, was at once desired and feared. The session had opened stormily. The opposition seemed bent on delaying, if they could not defeat, every measure proposed by the Government party. To the opposition Garibaldi would naturally belong. Would he come in peace or with a sword; to pacify or to foment the agitations of the moment?

He arrived at Rome, January 24, 1875. A crowd awaited him at the railway station; the streets were blocked; the enthusiasm knew no bounds. Several times the populace attempted to take the horses from his carriage and draw it themselves to the Via delle Cop-

pelle, where he was to lodge. And no wonder, for the sight of Garibaldi in that Rome which he had so longed and striven to free from foreign usurpation and ecclesiastical tyranny, was one to awaken emotions of no ordinary kind.

His appearance in the Chamber of Deputies on the morrow was eagerly expected. He entered, leaning on two of his friends, and even then advancing with difficulty, such havoc had years and infirmities made with that once erect and agile form. As soon as the tumultuous cheering which greeted him had subsided, the member who had the floor hastened to conclude his speech, and as soon as he sat down the new Deputy was summoned to take the oath. In spite of all his efforts, Garibaldi was unable to rise to his feet alone. Supported on either side, he listened to the reading of the oath by the President, and then slowly lifting his right hand, he responded in a deep and solemn tone, "*Giuro!*" (I swear). This word, pronounced with an accent of indescribable humility and reverence, produced the most thrilling effect. Every mind reverted to the scenes of twenty-five years before; a load of apprehension was removed from every breast, and applause loud and long burst forth from all parts of the Chamber. Members as well as spectators shouted frantically; the Right side rose in a body and joined in the cheers. The old hero, much moved, bowed his thanks, and soon after retired.

In the spring of 1879 he came to Rome, with the avowed purpose of promoting certain reforms in the administration, which seemed to him and to the ultra republicans, by whom probably his coming had been instigated, of the greatest importance. These reforms related principally to the extension of suffrage, and the abolition of the parliamentary oath of fidelity to the king and Constitution. Garibaldi's health was at this time deplorable. He could hardly respond to the acclamations by which he was greeted on his arrival at Rome, and kept his bed for some days afterward. King Humbert did not wait for him to recover sufficiently to present himself at the Quirinal, but, accompanied by his general of staff, went to the humble home of Menotti Garibaldi, where the old hero was staying, and gave him a most affectionate welcome. But the projects of reform did not meet with the concurrence which Garibaldi expected. They were not radical enough to please the extremists, and, of course, could find no favor with monarchists; while the conservative republicans saw in them such contradictory elements that they could not zealously give them their

sanction. They seem more like the vagaries of an old man's solitude than aught else. Garibaldi, perceiving that he was likely to accomplish little, soon left Rome, going to Albano, and thence to Caprera.

One of Garibaldi's amusements, in the times of forced inaction and solitude, was the writing of political romances. One of these, "Clelia," was translated into English and published in London, under the title, "The Rule of the Monk." It is founded on the enterprise of Rome, and so is another, called "Il Volontario," while "I Mille" relates to the Sicilian campaign. It is hardly necessary to say more of Garibaldi as a novelist, than that he finds it easier to do brave deeds than to describe them,—the pungent, laconic style which often gives force and dignity to his letters, renders his other writings spasmodic and exaggerated. They are expressions of his political convictions, held together with a slender thread of romance.

In 1859 Garibaldi married the daughter of Count Raimondi, from whom he was divorced in 1879. His third wife was, before her marriage, the mother of his son Manlio and his daughter Clelia.

On Friday, the 2d of June, 1882, Garibaldi died at Caprera. He had not recovered strength since his last visit to Italy, and feeling that the end was at hand, he had sent for his friend and physician, Dr. Albanesi. All day long, lying in view of the sea, he had watched for the expected vessel, and when the sun began to set, the weary eyes turned from the window and the great heart ceased to beat. Italy mourned for him as her noblest son. The legislative bodies adjourned: the public buildings were draped in black. King Humbert sent a kingly message, saying that his father had taught him in childhood to reverence Garibaldi, and when he grew to manhood he found that the reverence was turned to love. In the midst of a great storm of wind and rain the body, which had lain in simple state, was buried at Caprera, there to remain until, as the will directed, it could be burned to ashes. Provision was made by the nation to purchase the island which was part of Garibaldi's fame, and the Romans carried his bust through their streets and set it in the Capitol.

*E. D. R. Bianciardi.*

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### SUMMER NOON.

THE dust unlifted lies as first it lay,  
When dews of early morning dried away;  
The spider's web stirs not with gentlest gale,  
Nor thistle-down may from its mooring sail.

Only by spastic shutting of their wings  
We know the butterflies are living things;  
The grasshoppers with grating armor prone,  
Vault low and aimlessly from stone to stone.

If blooms of mead or orchard lure the bee,  
He journeys thither buzzing drowsily;  
At last the humming-bird is pleased to rest—  
All but the shifting brilliance on its breast.

The fern-leaves curl, the wild rose sweetness spends  
Rich as at eve the honeysuckle lends;  
While scattered pines and clustered spruces deep  
Within grave boughs their exhalations keep.

Absorbed in sole fruition of the cool,  
The heron steadfast eyes the reeded pool;  
While overhead the hawk, till lost from sight,  
Pursues the failing circles of its flight.

The rabbit brown peeps panting from the hedge,  
The fawn-hued field-mouse from the haycock's edge;  
The creeping cattle feed far up the hill,  
The birds have hid, and field and wood are still.

*John Vance Cheney.*

## THE NEW NORTH-WEST.

FIRST PAPER: THE DAKOTA WHEAT REGION, THE BAD LANDS, AND THE YELLOWSTONE COUNTRY.

THE Red River of the North is the frontier of what is commonly called the New Northwest. It separates the State of Minnesota from the Territory of Dakota. A queer, disappointing, contradictory stream it is, making off due northward when all its neighbors run south, finding an outlet in distant and frigid Lake Winnipeg, and in a highly unpatriotic fashion draining off the waters of one of the richest sections of Uncle Sam's farm into the dominions of the Queen. It is disappointing, because you expect from its imposing name and the great figure it cuts upon the map to find a stream of size and dignity, and discover when you cross it on the railroad bridge between Morehead and Fargo nothing but a dirty, narrow ditch, across which a small boy can pitch a stone. It looks more like a canal than a river, and is so narrow that coves are dug in the banks for the little steamboats to turn around in. Yet this sluggish drain carries off the surplus rainfall of a vast, rich plain, forty miles wide and nearly two hundred long, and has an uncomfortable way in the spring season of rising up to the top of its high banks in a few hours and spreading over the flat country. One day last April it rose thirty-eight feet in a single day and night, submerging the farms and villages. The people do not seem to mind these inundations much, however. There is scarcely any current in the widened stream, and if it lifts a settler's cabin off the ground it sets it down again not far from the original location, and no great harm is done. With the cheerful philosophy of all pioneers the inhabitants of the valley call the river the "Nile of America," and try to convince the new-comer, and themselves too, no doubt, that the overflows are good for the land, while deploring that they are due to the northward course of the river, which breaks up first on its upper waters and is dammed below by the ice in Manitoba.

The two smart towns of Fargo and Morehead look at each other across the muddy Red River ditch with jealous eyes. They will not bridge the stream, because each is afraid the other would profit by a convenient crossing. Vehicles ferry over on a rude flat-boat, worked by hand-power applied to a rope stretched from bank to bank, and pedestrians are beholden to the railroad company for the

use of its bridge. Morehead, the Minnesota town, has three thousand inhabitants; Fargo, the Dakota town, boasts of six thousand, and styles itself the Red River metropolis. Both welter in a sea of black mud in the season of thaws and rains; both are largely devoted to speculation in lots and lands, and both are equally unattractive to the eye. They are in reality a single town, commercially speaking, and a remarkably prosperous one too. The railroad system has made them the business center and distributing-point for the entire Red River Valley, and out of their present jumble of muddy streets, cheap-pine cottages and shanties, vacant lots, saloons, stores, and lumber-piles, will grow up a handsome city of fifty thousand inhabitants within the present generation. Already there is a handsome hotel, rejoicing in the architectural oddities of the Queen Anne craze, a street railway, an electric light company, water-works, half a dozen banks, a daily newspaper, a number of creditable churches and school buildings, and a few pretty dwellings. Real estate speculation runs wild. Visions of a second change have turned the heads of the inhabitants. The talk is all about lots and values—how much this or that corner is worth, what Jones paid for his strip of mud, or what Smith holds his at. The real-estate agents have their offices in the hotels, in order to watch the arrival of guests and seize upon the supposed capitalist seeking investments, or the immigrant looking for a farm. No well-dressed stranger need wait long for the offer of a free ride about the future city and a valuable guide to explain the many choice openings waiting for him and his money.

The spirit of all these far western towns seems essentially sordid. One wearies of the never-ending talk of speculation and schemes for money-getting, but on further acquaintance with these eager, pushing pioneers, each with his exaggerated estimates of his own particular town, he finds that they have as much heart and generosity as the people of old communities, and a great deal more public spirit. Much of their boasting of lucky investments and the rapid growth of values is not altogether in their own selfish interest. They are on the skirmish line of civilization, and they feel bound to make a noise to attract

the attention of the main army and induce it to move up to them.

The Red River Valley is an enormous deposit of rich black loam, almost perfectly level, bounded on the east by the lake-dotted forest region of Northern Minnesota, and on the west by a rolling prairie belt, but of almost equal fertility. There is no waste land save in little depressions which collect surface drainage and are called "slews" (sloughs) in the local parlance. There is a scattered belt of settlement in the valley extending back about ten miles on both sides of the river clear down to Winnipeg, and from east to west across the valley the land is cultivated for about the same distance on each side of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad runs a line down the eastern side of the valley to Winnipeg, and has a second line on the western bank to Grand Forks, the chief town between Fargo and Pembina. The same company is projecting or building two or three other branch lines in the valley, and the Northern Pacific has thrown a branch northward from Casselton, a little town twenty miles west of Fargo, which is working toward south-western Manitoba; it is also building a diagonal line from Fargo southwest to the valley of the James. The competition of railroad lines for the traffic of the Red River country is the best evidence of its great productiveness. Nowhere else in the United States, unless it be in the distant and little known valleys of Eastern Oregon and Washington Territory, are such large crops of wheat raised with such small expense and such certainty of success year after year. The grain is sown late in the spring, as soon as the hot suns of the northern latitude have dried the soaked lands, and grows with marvelous rapidity. By August it is fully mature and ready for reaping. All the farm-work is done by machinery. The plowman rides upon a sulky-plow; the grain is sown with a drill or a broad-caster; the reaping-machines bind the sheaves as they move over the ground, and the threshers do their work in the fields driven by portable steam-engines that burn the straw for fuel. The grain is hauled at once to elevators at the nearest railway station, and then the whole farm equipment of apparatus is left standing in the fields until needed the next year. Except on the big "bonanza farms," owned and operated by capitalists, it is rare to find any sheds for implements, or, indeed, any farm-buildings save a little bare box of a dwelling, and a rude stable of boards, sod and straw, to shelter the horses from the winter blizzards. The red barns of the bonanza farms make a great show upon the wild, vacant prairie, but they

are not much larger than thrifty Pennsylvania farmers, who till a hundred acres, build to house their crops and stock.

It is within bounds to say that, taking one year with another, a profit of ten dollars an acre is made on the Red River wheat-lands, after paying all expenses of seed, cultivation, and marketing. The great merit of this magnificent grain-field does not lie wholly in its richness, however. Its structure is peculiarly favorable for the transportation of its product to the seaboard. Two hundred and fifty miles of rail transit brings the Red River wheat to Duluth at the head of Lake Superior, from whence there is water-carriage all the way to New York harbor. Dakota seems to have been fitted by nature for a vast, permanent wheat-field. The conditions of climate and soil exist for producing the best grade of wheat and the largest average crops harvested for a succession of years in the United States, except, perhaps, Washington Territory.

From Fargo to Bismarck by rail is a day's journey, the distance being one hundred and ninety-seven miles, and the road running almost as straight as the crow flies. For about forty miles the country is flat, and the landscapes seen from the car-windows would be tame were it not for the vast sweep of vision, which produces upon the mind something of the exhilarating effect of the view from the deck of a ship at sea. All objects on the horizon, the homesteader's shanty, the straw stack, or the plowmen at work with their teams, stand out sharply against the sky and seem magnified to more than twice their real size. Here are no trees save the belts of alders and cottonwoods that fringe the Cheyenne and the Maple rivers, two pretty streams that wander here and there over the plain as if in doubt where to go, and finally, after doubling again and again in their tracks, manage to find the Red River. They serve but scantily the purpose of drainage, however, for when I traversed Dakota in early May (1882), many square miles of land near their banks were submerged by the spring rains and thousands of acres of wheat-fields were converted into lakes and ponds. The farmer suffers small detriment from these inundations, however, for the sun and wind working together rarely fail to dry the ground in time for plowing.

Casselton, twenty miles west of Fargo, is a smart little market town of perhaps one thousand inhabitants. Beyond, the country gradually changes from flat to rolling prairie, and is much more agreeable to the eye. A little hamlet, living upon buying wheat and selling goods, is found every ten or fifteen miles. Each aspires to be a city, and each

ridicules the pretensions of its neighbors unmercifully. Tower City boasts of its artesian well and of its prohibition ordinance, which keeps out the saloon, that curse of frontier towns. It has a weekly newspaper. So has Valley City, which got down too close to a stream and was flooded in the May freshet. The Tower City editor taunted his *confrère* of the neighboring town with being forced to "paddle to his grub-counter in a wagon-box." Whereupon the Valley City editor remarked in his next issue that it was true that his place was not as "dry" as Tower City, and he hoped it never would be. Both these active, ambitious little settlements are surpassed in population by Jamestown, which has a pretty situation on a high shale shelf in a bend of the James or Dakota river, in an amphitheatre formed by a sweep of bold green bluffs that look like the glacis of some immense fortification. The place used to be called Jimtown, but has quite outgrown the nickname. It has perhaps fifteen hundred inhabitants, and already supports a daily paper. In older communities, a town of ten thousand with a thickly populated country tributary to it will barely sustain a little daily, but in the far West the daily appears about as soon as the church-steeple. How these sheets live is a mystery to journalists. They are probably sustained by merchants and real-estate owners as an appliance for "booming" a town. To "boom" a town in Dakota is an art requiring a little money, a good deal of printers' ink, and no end of push and cheek. Dropping the quotation-marks, for the word in its various forms is one of the most common in north-western phraseology and answers equally well for a noun or a verb, the object of a boom is to attract settlers, advance the price of real estate, and promote speculation. Fargo is said to be the best-boomed town in Dakota. As a specimen of skillful booming, here is a paragraph from the circular of a Fargo real-estate operator:

"We have anything you want, and at any price. We can sell you a City or Country Home, and if you ever come near our office, we will do it. The preachers will look after your moral and spiritual welfare and we will take care of your temporal affairs; and if you come our way, it shall never be said, when a final settlement is had, that you were like one of the foolish virgins of old who wrapped her talent in a napkin and sunk it in a well. (See New Version.) On the contrary, your record shall be that of the good husbandman, who put his wheat in good, rich Red River valley soil, and it produced a thousand fold, and it came to pass that he, who had nothing, had more ducats than he knew what to do with."

Another real-estate dealer bursts into rhyme in the heading of his announcements in this fashion:

"No Other Land, No Other Clime On Top of God's Green Earth, Where Land is Free as Church Bells' Chime, Save the Land of Dakota Dirt. Here, For a Year of Honest Toil A Home You May Insure, And From the Black and Loamy Soil a Title In Fee Mature. No Money Needed until the Day When the Earth Itself Provides; Until You Raise a Crop, No Pay:—What Can You Ask Besides?"

Perhaps the future American poet is to come from these breezy plains. Whether it is the prairie air or the prospect of large profits on small investments, I cannot say, but the readiness with which people in Dakota "soar into song" is surprising.

Jamestown has a "boom" on account of the rapid settlement of the wheat-region around it, the building of a railroad northward and the approach of another road from the south. It expects to be the capital of the territory of Northern Dakota, and of the new State, which in another year, if immigration continues to come in as rapidly as the present season, will be ready for admission. The James River, by the way, is a mere creek, hardly big enough to turn the wheel of a small flour-mill in summer. None of the Dakota streams between the Red and the Missouri deserves the name of river, save in the seasons of rains and melting snow. A large portion of the surface-water drains into shallow ponds, which dry up in warm weather.

I have pleasant memories of a Sunday spent in Jamestown: a morning walk over the prairies, treading upon wild crocuses at almost every step, the soil just taking on its first hue of green, elastic under my feet; the strong south wind bringing odors of spring from the far South over a thousand leagues of plain; at service in a handsome little Presbyterian church in the morning; a dignified, earnest man in the pulpit, speaking without manuscript or note, a pretty face at the organ, and a quartette of young men in the choir. No trace of the frontier was here, save a noticeable plainness and carelessness of dress in the congregation. This was more evident in the Methodist church where I went in the evening, and where a minister of rather uncouth and eccentric manner, but of bright, original mind, talked to a churchful of young people. Nor was there trace of the frontier in the comfortable and handsome cottage, where I dined on fresh vegetables and strawberries that must have traveled fifteen hundred miles by rail to reach the table of my host. Indeed, it is one of the pleasant disappointments of far western travel that you never get quite over the verge of civilization, and on its extreme edges are often found the features of its best development. You travel hundreds of miles across vast steppes, seeing nothing but a settler's cabin

at long intervals, and then down into a pretty village, with neat houses, and well-dressed people, who read the eastern papers and magazines, get their carpet and furniture from Chicago, and know what is going on in the great world which seems to you so far off, quite as well as yourself.

The rolling prairies of Northern Dakota have an elevation of nine hundred feet above Lake Superior and of about one thousand five hundred feet above the sea-level. They are absolutely treeless, and the fuel problem would be a serious one to settlers were it not for railroad transportation. A ton of Pennsylvania anthracite is sold at Jamestown for \$13.50, and the soft, crumbling lignite coal, mined west of the Missouri River, is delivered there for about \$5. Stoves have recently been invented to overcome the difficulty of burning lignite,—a matter of longer fire-boxes and closer grate-bars only,—and the fuel which abounds in Western Dakota and Eastern Montana is fast coming into general use. Lumber is brought from the prairies of Northern Minnesota. The lack of timber is the most serious drawback of the whole region. Perhaps the sentiment in favor of tree-planting, growing stronger year by year all through the West, and showing itself in the formation of local societies to encourage forest culture, will in a generation or two change and beautify the bare plains with patches of woodland and rows of trees by roadsides and around farmsteads. Much is being done in this direction from selfish motives, under the stimulus of the law of Congress, which gives one hundred and sixty acres to anybody who will plant ten of them in trees and protect the growth for eight years. Important and beneficial climatic changes will unquestionably be produced by the culture just begun, but we will have to wait half a century for their full effect. The high winds of spring and autumn which sweep over the whole vast interior plain from Manitoba to the Gulf of Mexico will perhaps be abolished, and the terrible blizzard of the north-western winter, which, under the name of the Norther, is almost as much dreaded in Texas, may be robbed of its force and tempered to an ordinary gale.

The Dakota blizzard usually blows for three days from the north, and then shifts about to the south and continues for three more. It drives the dry snow before it with such force that the particles sting the face as though a storm of needles was raging. It is impossible to see any object a dozen rods away. While the storm lasts people shut themselves in their houses, and all business in the towns comes to a stop. The whirling snow filling the air and bombarding the eyes is so blind-

ing and so confusing to the sense of locality that there have been instances of farmers losing their way in attempting to go from their dwellings to their stables, and wandering about on the prairies until they perished. In the course of a winter in Northern Dakota there are usually five or six blizzards. Last winter there was but one, and it did not come until March. The cold season when the blizzard does not blow is, by all accounts, much more agreeable than in the Mississippi Valley or the Atlantic coast region, the dryness of the atmosphere modifying the effects of low temperature to such an extent that there is less discomfort in being out of doors with the mercury at 20° or even 40° below zero, than is felt in the East when it ranges between 10° and 20° above. Wrapped in a big coat of buffalo-skin which reaches to his heels, and with fur mittens and a fur cap, the Dakotan laughs at cold weather, if it is only still; for the blizzard he has respect, and at the first sign of its approach he takes to cover.

West of the James River Valley, and seen from it as a deep blue line upon the horizon, are the Coteaus. The name suggests nothing definite to the mind; consequently it is rare to find anybody even in Eastern Dakota who has any correct notion of what the Coteaus are, unless he has traversed them. The general notion seems to be that the term designates a broken and sterile country. It is a case of giving a dog a bad name. The Coteaus is not the full name of the region. On the larger maps the term is "*Plateau du Coteau du Missouri.*" Here we have a meaning and one that is not misleading. The region is a high plateau, about eighty miles broad, which skirts the Missouri River all the way around its great bend for a distance of about four hundred miles. From the James River the ascent to the highest point on the plateau crossed by the railroad is about five hundred feet, and the average elevation of the plateau above the sea-level is about one thousand eight hundred and fifty feet. This elevation is by no means too great for successful agriculture, and the question of the value of a belt of country embracing over thirty thousand square miles will soon become one of importance. I doubt whether there are now five hundred persons living upon the whole of this great territory. The broad band of settlement pushing across Dakota along both sides of the Northern Pacific Railroad has already reached its eastern slope, however, and a few adventurous settlers, discovering that the soil on the Coteaus is just as good as on the rolling prairie below, have opened farms this season, encouraged by the success last year of three "bonanza wheat-farms," the Troy, the Steele,

and the Clark, at each of which nearly two thousand acres are under cultivation.

If the surface of the Red River Valley reminds one of a sea in a dead calm, that of the Coteaus invites the simile of a sea lashed by a storm with gigantic waves, and changed in an instant by a miracle to solid turf-covered earth. Nothing less noble than water swept by strong winds can convey an idea of the myriad different outlines of these billowy hills. Even the foam on the crests of the waves is imitated by the masses of loose boulders on the crests and summits of the ridges and peaks. On the slopes and in the little valleys the land is all a good brown loam, about eighteen inches deep, resting upon a dry subsoil. Only the heights are barren, and they are valuable to the settler for the stones caught by them from the glaciers in the great ice period. The whole Coteau belt is destitute of trees and of running streams. All the drainage runs into little ponds in the hollows. Good water is found by sinking wells, however, and many of the ponds do not dry up in summer. For wheat and oats the region is only second in its productive capacity to the Red River Valley, and for stock-raising it is much better, because the animals can find shelter from the blizzards in the valleys. It is much surpassed as a range by the bad lands west of the Missouri and the valleys of Montana, of which I shall speak farther on.

Traveling westward on the railway, you notice toward evening that all the grades tend downward, and about six o'clock you emerge from the Coteaus and see in the distance the broad brown flood of the Missouri, bordered by the usual fringe of cotton-wood trees that marks the course of all large streams in the far West. On a shelf above the bottom-lands sits Bismarck, a blotch of black streets and mean little buildings on the green face of the landscape. Nearer acquaintance with the town does not give a much better impression than is made by the first view from the car-windows. It is called on the circulars of the real-estate agents the "Banner City" and the "Bride of Fortune," but it has little to show the tourist, save the glorious views from its hills. It is a prosperous place, however, decent and orderly as frontier towns go, and can boast of a good hotel, a pretty little Episcopal church, a free reading-room, and a Chamber of Commerce. It may have 2,500 inhabitants, living upon the railroad, the Government, and the trade of the upper Missouri, which employs a dozen steamboats. Only lately has anybody thought of farming, although the place is six years old. In the first stage of the growth of a frontier town, the inhabitants all try to live by speculation,

or whisky-selling, or office-holding, or selling goods at exorbitant prices, or, if by hard work, it must be some kind that has a spice of adventure in it. A man will crawl a mile in the snow with the mercury at 20° below zero to kill a buffalo, but he will not plow a field or dig a cellar. He will drive a mule-team across the plains, in storm and dust, sleep on the ground, and eat hard-tack and jerked buffalo-meat, or he will carry the mail over bleak snow-wastes in the dead of winter, but no wages will tempt him to hoe potatoes. Later comes the period of substantial growth, when the drift-wood of gamblers, liquor-sellers, and desperadoes seeks a farther frontier, and the farmers and mechanics come in. Bismarck is just entering on this second stage of progress. The fertility of the Coteau lands back of it is its best dependence for the future. There are no valley lands proper along the Missouri, save the bottoms, which are subject to overflow. On one side or the other the high, grassy bluffs come close to the water's edge, and opposite, beyond the line of cotton-woods, is always a stretch of from half a mile to two miles of flat, rich bottom, valuable chiefly for the natural hay crop.

Bismarck has a "boomer." He is hired by the Chamber of Commerce, at a good salary, to ride upon the trains east of Fargo and talk to emigrants about the advantages of settling near the Banner City. In a word, he is a drummer for his town. When I was there he had not started upon his mission, and I found him plowing a field for oats on the only farm within sight of the town. He was a member of the Territorial Legislature, he said, and he demonstrated his capacity for the business of booming by fifteen minutes of intelligent conversation on the capacity of the soil of Burleigh County and its attractions to people who by the plow would thrive. He was evidently what they call in Dakota a "rustler." To say that a man is a rustler is the highest indorsement a Dakotan can give. It means that he is pushing, energetic, smart, and successful. The word and its derivatives have many shades of meaning. To rustle around is to bestir one's self in a business way. "What are you going to do in Mandan?" asked one man of another in a Bismarck saloon. "Oh, I'll rustle around and pick up something," which meant that he would look about for a good business opening. "Rustle the things off that table," means clear the table in a hurry. To do a rustling business is to carry on an active trade. The word was coined by the Montana herdsmen to describe the action of cattle brushing the snow from the roots of the bunch-grass with their noses.

The mode of settlement and farming on the

plains of Dakota is by no means the best to promote comfortable living or to develop a high type of character. It is the American system of isolated farm-houses. Drearily isolated, indeed, are the little, bare dwellings that dot the wild prairies and rolling plateaux. Only in the summer season can the farmers move about to see each other or to visit the villages with any pleasure, and then they are too busy with their crops to leave home. The frost in the spring and the fall rains make the roads rivers of black wax, and in the winter there is the danger of the blizzard. How much more agreeable life would be for them if they borrowed the custom of the peasantry of Continental Europe and built their dwellings in groups, forming little hamlets at intervals of three or four miles, each with its church and school! Two obstacles stand in the way of this evident improvement: the habit of American farmers to live upon the tracts they cultivate, and the United States homestead and preëemption laws, which require actual residence upon the particular quarter-section claimed. Perhaps in course of time, after the Dakota settlers have obtained their titles from the Government, the manifest advantages of coming together in groups of families for social pleasures, and for the protection of their homes by barriers of trees against the fierce winds, will lead them to adopt the village mode of life, copying from the Swiss rural communes the system of owning a pasture range and timber tract in common. The farm industry of the region being almost exclusively the raising of wheat, is peculiarly adapted for village farming. The farmer has no need to live in the midst of his grain-field, and as he threshes his crop where he harvests it, and usually hauls the grain to the railroad at once, he requires no barns or granaries. The village could build a granary for the use of all its inhabitants, and thus the wheat could be held to await favorable changes in the market. The care of cattle would be a lighter labor, for a common inclosure would answer for all the stock of the community; or if there were open country for herding, a single herdsman could look after the animals and protect the growing grain.

At Bismarck the Missouri is crossed on a transfer steamer, which does temporary duty in place of the great bridge now building, and ferries the cars over to the new town of Mandan just struggling into existence, and having nothing to boast of as yet save a commodious brick hotel. The Heart River empties into the "Big Muddy" at this point, and up its narrow valley and the narrow valley of its tributaries the Sweet Brier, the Curlew and the Green, one travels for half a day seeing

nothing but the green walls of steep hills and greener floor of the level bottom-land through which the streams creep slowly along, twisting and curving, and often turning back as if loth to reach the end of their courses. The country is absolutely uninhabited save by the section hands and station-masters along the railroad and the laborers at its coal-mines. In the cuttings along the track one can see that the soil in the valley is a good, strong loam, and the grassy hills proclaim for themselves their value for pastureage. In a few years this region, forming a triangle between the Missouri and the Little Missouri, will doubtless be settled by people who will own wheat and vegetable farms in the valleys and cattle-ranges on the hills.

After dinner, in the embryonic town of Dickinson, on Green River—a hotel and three houses—you have time to smoke a cigar or two before the train climbs a sharp grade, runs through a deep cut, and rushes down into the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri. The change in the scene is so startling, and the appearance of the landscape so wholly novel and so singularly grotesque, that you rub your eyes to make sure that you are not dreaming of some ancient geologic epoch, when the rude, unfinished earth was the sport of Titanic forces, or fancying yourself transported to another planet. Enormous masses of conglomerate—red, gray, black, brown, and blue, in towers, pyramids, peaks, ridges, domes, castellated heights—occupy the face of the country. In the spaces between are grassy, lawn-like expanses, dotted with the petrified stumps of huge trees. The finest effect of color is produced by the dark red rock—not rock in fact, but actual terra-cotta, baked by the heat of underlying layers of lignite. At some points the coal is still on fire, and the process of transforming mountains of blue clay into mountains of pottery may be observed from day to day. It has been going on for countless ages, no doubt. To bake one of these colossal masses may have required ten thousand years of smoldering heat. I despair of giving any adequate idea of the fantastic forms of the buttes or of the wonderful effects of color they offer. The pen and brush of a skillful artist would alone be competent for the task. The photographer, be he never so deft with his camera and chemicals, only belittles these marvelous views. He catches only bare outlines, without color, and color is the chief thing in the picture. He cannot get the true effect of distance, and his negatives show only staring blacks and whites in place of the infinite variations of light and shadow effects in valleys and gorges and hollows, and upon crags and pinnacles. Look, if you can, by

the feeble aid of written words upon a single butte, and see how impossible it is to photograph it satisfactorily. It rises from a carpet of green grass. Its base has a bluish hue, and appears to be clay solidified by enormous pressure. It is girdled by bands of light gray stone and black lignite coal. Its upper portion is of the rich red color of old Egyptian pottery. Crumbled fragments strew its sides. Its summit, rising three hundred feet above the plain, has been carved by the elements into turrets, battlements, sharp spires, grotesque gargoyles, and huge projecting buttresses—an amazing jumble of weird architectural effects, that startle the eye with suggestions of intelligent design. Above, the sky is wonderfully clear and blue, the rays of the setting sun spread a rosy tint over the crest, and just above its highest tower floats a little, flame-colored cloud like a banner. When I say there are thousands of these buttes, and that you ride on a fast train for more than an hour in the midst of them, the reader will perceive that the Bad Lands of the Little Missouri is a region of extraordinary interest to the tourist and artist. By another year there will no doubt be a summer hotel in Pyramid Park, as the section lying near the railroad is called. This summer visitors will have to take their own camp equipage. The term Bad Lands does not apply to the quality of the soil. The Indian name was accurately rendered by the early French voyageurs as *Mauvaises Terres pour traverser*—bad lands to cross. The ground between the buttes is fertile, and the whole region is an excellent cattle-range, the rock formations affording the best possible winter protection. Cattle come out of the Bad Lands in the spring as fat as though they had been stall-fed all winter.

Beyond these *Mauvaises Terres* is a stretch of fine prairie country so inviting in its appearance that it seems to say: "Come, plow, sow, and reap these broad, fertile, sunny acres." Toward evening the Yellowstone Valley bursts into view. The train has run two hundred and nineteen miles nearly due west from the Missouri River, and has reached Glendive, an ambitious little town of a year's growth, that has been overmuch boomed. The visitor is disappointed at its size, and, after a night spent in an execrable inn, is apt to go away with a grudge against the place. Nevertheless, Glendive has good prospects. Across the country is all rich, arable prairie, clear through to the Missouri, and the Yellowstone Valley is fertile and virgin soil down to its mouth, and for three hundred and fifty miles above Glendive. At least a hundred mile of the Valley will be tributary to Glendive, besides the prairie regions north and east

of it. Travelers new to frontier life laugh at these droll and dirty congeries of shanties and "shacks," which make a figure as cities upon the railroad maps, forgetting that all the great towns of the older west have gone through the same primary stage of growth. They, too, wallowed in mud and were redolent of bad whisky. The dance-house, gambling-den, and vile variety show, were once the most conspicuous features of Omaha and Kansas City, as they are now of raw Montana settlements.

About three hours is consumed in running from Glendive up the valley to Miles City. Instead of the terra-cotta buttes, the hills that thrust their shoulders into the water on one side or the other of the stream are of streaky clay, and melt under a rain like so many cakes of soap. Nature seems to have formed them in the rough and forgotten to harden them. Back of these mud buttes (everything in the way of hill, rock, mountain, or clay-heap is called a butte in Montana) are immense stretches of grazing country, and in the narrow valley, usually from two to three miles wide, the bottom-lands lie in such excellent form for tillage, that one often forgets that he is in a country redeemed from the Sioux only five years ago, and involuntarily looks for neat farm-houses and church-spires in landscapes so pleasing to the eye and so civilized in appearance, if the word can be applied to a country almost destitute of population. The Yellowstone Valley has been settled, where it is settled at all, from the West, and its lower half has only just begun to attract emigrants.

Miles City was a good trading town before the railroad reached it, and is prospering in a steady way without any booming. It may have 2,000 inhabitants, a large proportion of whom seem to spend their leisure hours in the gaming-saloons, which are open day and night the week through. Saloons and stores also are open on Sunday. There were no church services in the place when I visited it in May, but a church building was almost finished, and there was a hopeful prospect of getting a settled minister from St. Paul. An itinerant had arrived on his way farther west, and services were held one Sunday in a carpenter's shop. In one corner was a pile of six coffins; in another a dog enjoyed a restless sleep on a pile of shavings. The audience, consisting of fifteen persons, sat on boards supported by saw-horses. At the same hour there were probably more than three hundred men congregated in the bar-rooms and gambling-hells.

With all the open and shameless dissipation, good order prevails, as a rule, in Miles City. There are few drunken brawls. A man is

killed now and then, but as a scuffle or a blow means a speedy resort to revolvers, the rudest characters are singularly circumspect in their behavior. I have seen the Texan frontier, and I find the north-western frontier much more orderly. There is as much drinking and gaming, and more vice of another sort, but much less rioting and shooting. In place of the cow-boy we find the buffalo-hunter, who comes into the town in the spring with the spoils of his winter's work, and lives merrily, after his fashion, so long as the money lasts. But, though as rude a barbarian in appearance as any wearing a white skin, he is rarely a boaster or a quarreler. His calling exposes him to great danger and severe hardship. Often he crawls for half an hour in the snow, with the mercury at 30° below zero, to get the wind of a herd and approach near enough to kill. He must have courage, presence of mind, and a sure aim, to escape the charge of a wounded bull. Usually he is grave and reticent. In his hideous, greasy garb he will sit for hours at the gaming-table playing faro or stud-poker, without moving a muscle of his face at either gains or losses.

Around Miles City, in the valleys of the Yellowstone and the Tongue, which there joins the larger stream, successful farming has been carried on for five years, without irrigation. The current notion in the East that the arid belt of Western Texas, Colorado, and Wyoming extends as far north as the Yellowstone is, I am convinced, a mistake. Large crops of wheat, oats, and potatoes are raised year after year at a hundred scattered ranches between Coulson and Miles City, and in the tributary valleys west of Coulson the rainfall is not always sufficient. For over three hundred miles the bottom-lands receive ample moisture for general farming, heavy showers falling as late as the middle of June. Farming in these valleys seems as pleasant and profitable as in any section of the United States. Sixty bushels of oats, thirty of wheat, and two or three hundred of potatoes, are raised to the acre on the smooth, sloping valley lands, and the hill country is all open as a stock-range. At the rate homesteading is progressing this summer, in five or six years the whole Yellowstone country will be well settled with prosperous farmers.

The scenery in the Valley is unique and striking, because of the sharp contrast between the smooth, grassy expanse of the bottoms, fringed on the water's edge with cotton-wood and dotted here and there with clumps of the same timber, resembling old New-England orchards, and the rugged, sav-

age wall of the line of buttes that bounds the horizon. Sometimes there is a mantle of green on the heads of the buttes; often they are bare, and carved by the elements into an infinite variety of shapes. The rock is a sandstone of a gray color, which sometimes varies to sage-green or an indurated clay of a bluish-black hue, frequently banded with broad belts of lignite. The bottom-lands occur now on one side of the river, now on the other, rarely on both, and slope up gently to the cliffs, at the foot of which there are often living springs. The tawny river winds about, spreading out in broad pools or contracting into swift, narrow and angry rapids, very much in the fashion of its bigger brother, the Missouri. It is only navigable for two or three months of the year.

Shacks are the common dwellings of the Valley. A shack is a one-story house built of cotton-wood logs, driven in the ground like piles, or laid one upon another. The roof is of sticks and twigs covered with dirt, and if there is no woman to insist on tidiness the floor will be of pounded earth. Below the shack in social rank is the dug-out—a square cut in a bank, with a dirt roof and a door. In one of these kennels five or six men will frequently house. Above the shack is the shanty, a board dwelling containing one or two rooms. In the whole Valley outside of Glendive, Miles City, and Billings, and half a dozen smaller villages, there is no structure that deserves the name of house. I know of no equal extent of country in the United States so favored by nature in regard to soil and climate where the processes of civilization can be observed in so rudimentary a stage of development. One can see the building of a new State begun at the very bottom—in the mud.

The chief tributaries of the Yellowstone—the Powder, the Tongue, the Rosebud, and the Big Horn—all run through fertile valleys resembling that of the longer stream in their general features, and the whole region favors in a striking degree a combination of the two industries of tillage and herding. Cattle subsist on the dried grasses, without shelter, all winter. Sheep-raising begins to attract attention. The winters are cold and dry, and there is not much snow; the springs are rainy, the summers hot, and the autumns delightful. Some mysterious quality in the air has a champagne effect on the blood and brain. One thinks fast, moves fast, cannot keep still, awakens at four o'clock in the early northern dawn and cannot sleep again, and feels a delightful sense of exhilaration all the time. Do people wear out quick as a compensation for this vigor and elasticity? The Territory has not been

settled long enough for an answer to be given to this question.

One bright, warm day in mid-May, journeying westward with a good team of bays and a stout spring-wagon, we climbed up from the valley to a high plateau near the mouth of the Big Horn River and saw on the southwestern horizon a sight that was welcomed with a spontaneous shout of enthusiastic delight. There were the mountains!—snow-clad mountains, too—a high ridge with bands and patches of white flecking their slopes, and one great dazzling field of snow. They were the Big Horn Mountains in Wyoming. Beyond them a sharp pyramid pierced the blue heavens—Clouds Peak, one hundred and fifty miles distant. Below us lay the smiling valley dotted with cosy, log-farmhouses, where we had just passed fields of oats and men planting potatoes in the dark, mellow loam. Yonder the snow-peaks; here the farms. There is then a belt of habitable country fitted for agriculture extending all the way from the fruitful prairies of Dakota to the very base of the outer bulwark of the Rocky Mountain system. No break need exist between the Missouri and the mountains in the chain of settlements now fast being formed link by link. Even the worst of the Bad Lands are excellent for pasturage, and the whole of the Yellowstone Valley is admirably adapted to careful farming on a small or large scale. No irrigation is required as far west at least as the 109th meridian. The old theory still entertained to a considerable extent in Kansas and Nebraska, that farming is unsafe west of the 100th meridian, does not apply to the valleys of the Yellowstone River system. I believe, however, it will be found to hold good as regards the hills and tablelands separating the valleys. The soil in the highlands is good, but the winds and hot June sun dry up the moisture too soon for the crops to mature. The greater part of the surface of Eastern Montana will always be what it is now—a vast pasture; but the buffalo herds which now roam over it will in a few years give place to fat cattle. It is estimated that 250,000 buffaloes were slaughtered in the Yellowstone country last winter.

There is no lack of excitement in travel in Montana, though game is scarce and the Indians are quite harmless, unless they can catch a man alone and off his guard. The difficulties and the adventures of the road keep the mind on the alert. There are no bridges, and the only way to get over sloughs is to pull through. Sometimes a river must be crossed by swimming the horses and putting the wagon upon a crazy skiff. Soon after leaving the railway, which had brought our outfit eighty miles

beyond Miles City, the Yellowstone had to be crossed. The boatmen were stout, daring fellows, but they took no risk on the property they transported. They loaded our wagon upon one skiff and tried to tow it across with another; but the current was running at a tremendous rate in mid-stream, and the heavily laden boat careened and spilled the wagon into the river. Here, it seemed, was a total shipwreck of all our plans for the journey. Nothing but the tongue of the vehicle remained in sight. But now the reserve forces of strength and skill of the two ferrymen came into play. They brought a long rope from their hut, rowed out and attached it to the tongue, and by a herculean tug drew the wagon ashore. Then they fished out seats, blankets, and valises—everything, in fact, but the harness, and that night there was a grand drying-bee in the log-huts of Krutzville. Next morning the horses were driven into the river with blows and shouts, as reluctant to enter the swift, muddy current as any sensible beast might well be. Twice they pulled the boat ashore by their halters. At last they got their knack of swimming, but getting loose from the skiff were carried down toward the rapids, struggling bravely for life, side by side, only their eyes and noses above the water. "They're goners!" shouted the group of frontiersmen on the bank. But suddenly they struck upon a shallow in mid-stream, and soon were caught by the boatmen and towed safe to the northern bank.

The reader who sits in an easy-chair in a snug Eastern home, or perhaps the breezy veranda of some sea-side hotel, turning the pages of his favorite magazine, may think the momentary peril to the lives of two horses a small matter; but if upon those two had rested his hopes for compassing six hundred miles of mountain, plain, and valley, in the heart of the continent, he would have held his breath as we did, when they were battling with the Yellowstone River. For the worry and anxiety of the night and morning, however, there was compensation in the brisk drive up the valley and over the plateaux, the inspiring view of the mountains and the evening's repose in a railroad engineer's cabin on the Crow Indian Reservation. After supper, eaten with a keen appetite, stories of hunting adventures and Indians were told, the buffalo-ropes and blankets were spread on the floor, and before the pine-logs had ceased to blaze in the great stone fire-place all were asleep. An owl kept up a dismal lament all night in a cotton-wood by the cabin-door, and a stray wolf came to the edge of the bluffs and set up a protest against the advance of civilization in a long, melancholy howl.

*E. V. Smalley.*

THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY.

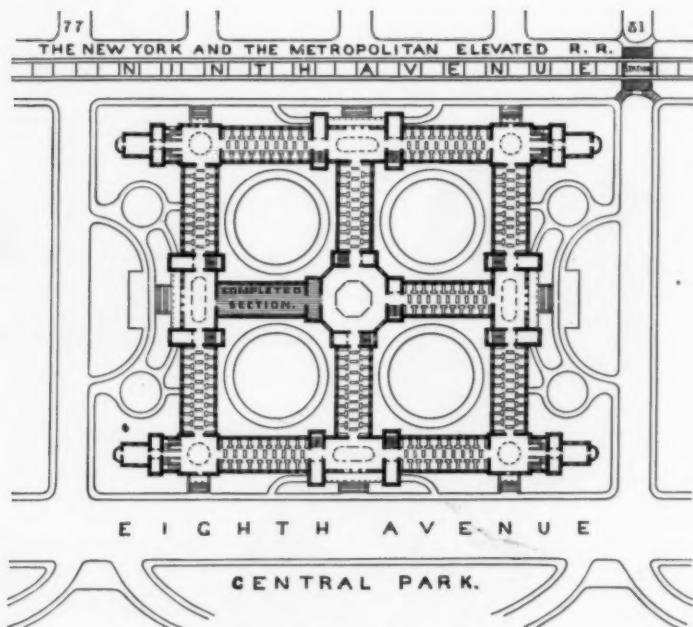
CENTRAL PARK.



SOUTH-AMERICAN GOATSUCKER.

OUR country has been credited as being slow in founding and careless in maintaining institutions of science; and our metropolis has the reputation of being particularly deficient in this respect. The truth is, however, that in the matter of time the Old World is not, proportionately, in advance. The British Mu-

seum, that immense store-house of objects and literature, was first organized in 1753, the germ from which it developed being the private collections of Sir Hans Sloane. In America, several very reputable bodies in science date almost as far back. The Philosophical Society of Philadelphia published



GROUND PLAN OF THE MUSEUM.

its first volume in 1769. The Philadelphia Academy of Natural Science was organized in 1812, and the New York Lyceum of Natural History in 1817. That dignified body, the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, of Boston, has been in existence for a hundred and two years. The names of naturalists so well and so honorably known as LeSeur, Audubon, Wilson, Charles Lucien Bonaparte, DeKay, Mitchell, George Lawrence, and many others equally distinguished, are sufficient to save our country from the reproach of complete indifference to this branch of science. About ten years ago the New York Academy of Sciences, then the Lyceum of Natural History, lost its cabinets by fire. Fortunately, the library was stored in a place of safety, and escaped destruction. Some prominent members of this society, among them several wealthy business men, recognized the importance of establishing a Museum of Natural History, and proposed that, in the event of a fire-proof building being erected, the library should be transferred to it. Mr. Andrew H. Green, then prominently identified with the progress of the Central Park, had expressed himself as favorable to the establishment of a museum within its limits, and had placed the nucleus of a collection, composed of objects presented to the city, in

the old Arsenal building as the temporary depository.

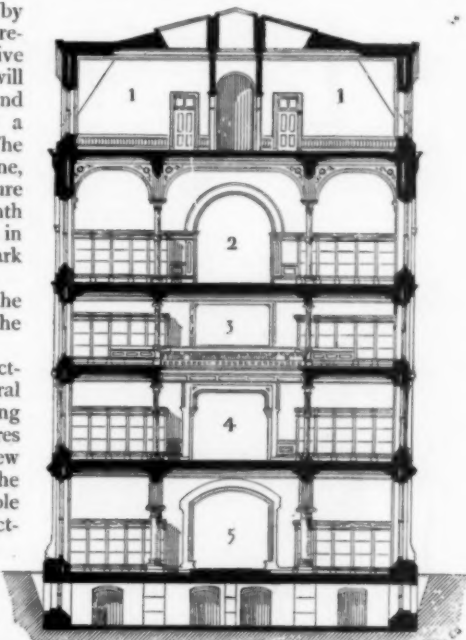
About this time Professor Albert S. Bickmore, then just returned from the Eastern Archipelago, solicited the aid of certain citizens interested in the subject. The scheme was favorably received, and, eventually, a board of trustees procured an act of incorporation under the title "American Museum of Natural History." John David Wolfe was elected president, and Professor Bickmore superintendent. The Park Commissioners promptly offered to bear the expenses of exhibiting the collections, and refitted the Arsenal building for the purpose. The sale at that time of two important European collections—one in France, the other in the museum of Prince Maximilian of Germany—made it possible to procure at a very moderate cost some valuable additions to the nucleus already in the Arsenal building. In course of time, the collections became so valuable that the city authorities established more permanent quarters in Manhattan Square, which is now incorporated with Central Park. Plans were adopted looking to the entire occupation of this land. The above diagram shows the area lying between Eighth and Ninth avenues, and bounded on the north and south by Eighty-first and Seventy-seventh

streets respectively. The section indicated by the dark lines is already erected, and the remaining portion of the plan shows the relative arrangement of the parts. The whole will form, in the event of completion, a grand structure, with four principal faces, and a central dome of imposing appearance. The entire building is to be constructed of stone, brick, and iron, thus affording a structure strictly fire-proof. At a point on the Eighth Avenue opposite a deep ravine, a bridge is in process of construction that will enable park carriages to pass to the museum grounds.

The first section of the new building is at the present time nearly filled with material of the most valuable description.

In accordance with the original plan, lectures are now given on subjects of natural science, a lecture-room and laboratory being established in the upper hall. The lectures are for the benefit of the teachers of the New York public schools, who are requested by the Board of Education to attend. The admirable means of illustration at hand render these lectures unusually attractive, and the attendance during the two years has been full.

Another hall on this story is fitted up handsomely for the library of the Academy of Sciences; and others contain the large and valuable libraries on conchology and ichthyology presented by Miss Wolfe and Mr. Stuart. The geological library, and that containing the miscellaneous natural

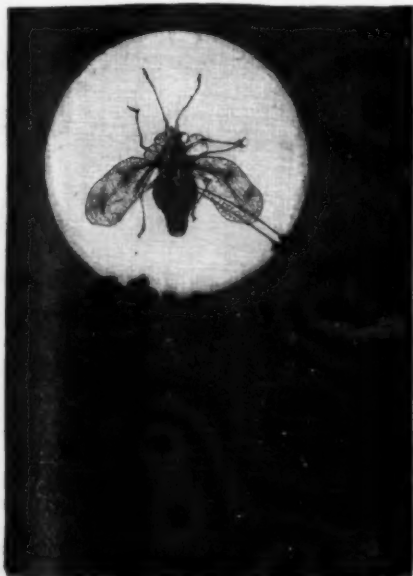


TRANSVERSE SECTION.—1. ATTIC STORY, WORK-ROOMS. 2. UPPER STORY, FOSSILS. 3. GALLERY, ANTHROPOLOGY. 4. PRINCIPAL STORY, BIRDS. 5. LOWER STORY, MAMMALS.

history books, are well stored with desirable material. Elegant rooms on this floor are occupied by a division of the U. S. Geological Survey.

Our observation of the museum must necessarily be directed to the more unfamiliar or noteworthy objects, as it is impossible in such a limited space to give a coherent description of the whole. To keep, as far as possible, in mind the natural connection between forms as we proceed, the highest will first claim attention. Man is here represented—in his lowest estate, nearly, however—by skeletons of Maori natives, from New Zealand. A valuable collection of skulls from most of the ethnological regions occupy the same case.

The next lower form in the scale of life is shown in the group of orang-outans, consisting of an entire family, five in number. This is regarded as one of the most successful pieces of taxidermy yet produced. The operator is an intelligent observer and naturalist, and had the good fortune to capture the specimens in the wilds of Borneo. The full-grown male and female, and others of different ages, are here, including a baby which swings in the tree-top. The tree, foliage, and fruit are made in imitation of



THE LECTURE-ROOM.



HEAD OF SAIGA.

specimens brought from the East; and a rude platform, or nest of leaves and small boughs, is made to represent the exact method of construction. The strange aspect of the face in the male is due to a disc-like expansion which elongates the cheeks. This feature, with the black skin and hair, constitutes a marked difference between this species and the more familiar red orang.

Following the scale downward, we turn to the next case and find a series of apes and monkeys, many of them admirably set up, and so numerous as to species that an excellent idea may be obtained of the natural affinities existing between the orangs, apes, monkeys, the highest of the group of mammals, and that which is placed next in order—the bats. The lowest forms of the primates include the lemurs, and we are told that the anatomical structure of the flying lemur justifies its being placed immediately before the bats, singular as this association may seem. We have been forced to pass by several interesting forms which would repay closer inspection. The curious nosed-monkey and the prehensile-tailed South-American spider-monkeys are among them. Many of these stuffed speci-

mens are the work of Verreaux of Paris, and admirably exhibit some characteristic attitude or habit of the living animal.

Following in the scale, after the bats, or as late authors have it, associated with them under the title insectivora, are the moles, hedgehogs, and several peculiar related creatures. Although the moles appear so lowly, and seem to possess such small heads, the skeleton here shows a large brain-cavity, nearly equal to that of the bat. These forms are, then, well up in the scale of life; for even the great "king of beasts" stands a little lower in the order of classification.

The large family of carnivorous animals is arranged next in order, with the lion at its head. The excellence of this specimen, as a work of art, is such that a gold medal of the Paris Exposition of 1867 was awarded it. A view of this animal from the rear reveals an attention to the expression of the muscles in action that is surprising, and indicates not only a great advance in the art of taxidermy, but such a knowledge of superficial anatomy as is shown in successful sculpture. It is not proposed, in an article like the present, to catalogue all the forms, or even the groups, represented in the museum, but only to give some suggestion of the objects to be seen, the mode of classification, and purposes of the collection.

To make this museum a means of conveying useful knowledge, care has been exercised in arranging the groups that an unbroken connection—so far as is possible in the present



YOUNG OWL.

light of science—may be preserved. Many of the great beasts not yet exhibited are represented by some important part, as the skeleton or skull, which is placed where the animal would belong, and suggests its alliance



HEAD OF SPECTACLED EIDER DUCK.

with others. The great Cetaceans, represented by various species of whales, dolphins, porpoises, etc., are duly represented by the jaws, or other portions of the anatomy. One perfect skeleton of a rare species of whale is in possession of the museum, and is now standing, temporarily, in the hall of Mount St. Vincent. The narwhal, a small whale-like form, having a long single tusk, which has earned for it the title of sea unicorn, is,

perhaps, one of the most interesting examples; its skull, with the single long tusk, is in the collection. Through some freak of Nature, one tusk of the narwhal is arrested in growth, while the other becomes so bulky that there appears to be but one and a central organ. The rudiment of the other tooth remains undeveloped. Instances are given attesting the enormous power of the creature; the planking of vessels is shown, having the tusk of the narwhal projecting half its length on the inner side.

The Bos family, according to late classification, embraces great numbers of familiar and strange forms. The collection of antelopes claims more time than can be given in one visit. The saiga, or Siberian antelope, is remarkable, both for the extreme beauty of its lyre-shaped horns and for being the only antelope found in the cold regions. It also differs from all others in having a flexible snout, which gives it a strange aspect in profile.

It is the purpose of the trustees to secure, as rapidly as possible, the most perfect examples of our American mammals, not, by any means, neglecting others. The fact that some are threatened extinction renders this effort a very commendable one. The museum possesses already fine examples of the bison: male, female, and calf; of the wapiti, two fine adults; and also of the moose, now fast disappearing from the country. The Rocky

Mountain sheep and the Rocky Mountain goat, unfamiliar animals, from the fact that they inhabit the most inaccessible peaks of



YOUNG GREBE—MOTHER CAREY'S CHICKENS.



GREAT AUK.

the great range of the Pacific slope, are here represented by excellent specimens. The latter is regarded as quite closely allied to the chamois of the Alps.

An admirable idea, carried throughout the collections, is the introduction of mounted skeletons at certain places, a glance at which shows, in connection with the exterior development, the reason why the animals are so arranged. No one, by this aid, could fail to recognize a variety of the cat family, nor would affinities of the wolf or fox with the dog be questioned. There are many instances where the affinities are more obscure, and it is the purpose of the arrangement in cases to render the subject of classification more familiar to visitors. The specimens are the best that can be procured, and

many are exceedingly rare. They are mounted on handsome polished cherry stands, and plainly labeled, the common name being placed more conspicuously than the scientific. Notes appertaining to the history of the specimens for the use of students are preserved on the bottom of the stands and in a book kept for that purpose.

The remarkably fine collection of marsupials, including twelve species of kangaroo, will be examined with great interest.

Very full collections of skeletons of mammals, reptiles, and fishes, and other anatomical preparations occupy two cases. The skeletons of fishes are among the gems of the museum, in the sense of mechanism as well as scientific value. They are split, and one-half is wired on a board, each bone independently,



BELL-BIRD.

and so adjusted that it may be removed singly for examination.

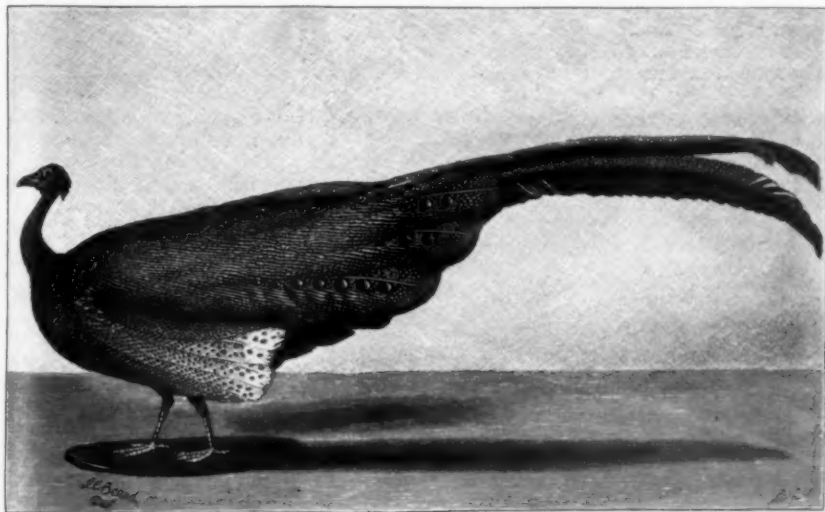
The second story is the Hall of Birds, which offers to view, on entering, the portrait of the first president of the museum, John David Wolfe. The visitor is next attracted by the display of several of the admirable, now historic, copper-plates, which bear the *fac-simile* of Audubon's delightful and artistic

drawings for the "Birds of America."

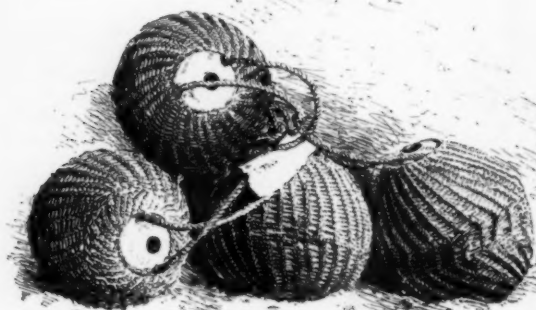
The cases are similar to those in the lower hall, but in addition to the admirable light obtained from the great windows of the alcoves, there is in the wall of each case a deep and narrow window, covered by ground glass, which aids in producing a diffused light that is ample at all times. The partitions of canvas, painted in a delicate French-gray color, give excellent contrasts, and the colors of birds are much strengthened thereby.

Earnest attention has been given here to a subject much neglected hitherto in museums: the tasteful adaptation of the necessary furniture. We see here that everything is subordinate to the purpose of exhibiting the objects in the best possible manner. The

specimens, being of the best that can be obtained, the more satisfactorily stand the test behind the flood of light admitted through the great plate-glass doors. The old method of native bough and moss accessories is abandoned; its too naturalistic litter proves a nuisance in a well-ordered museum. According to the present method the objects are regarded as so many works of Art. They must be mounted



ARGUS PHEASANT.



COVERED COCOANUTS FOR DRINKING-CUPS.

for exhibition and must be labeled, and subject to being placed readily in the course of classification. They must be separately mounted, that students may easily handle them. In view of these requirements a specimen, say a bird, is mounted on a perch or stand, and one that shall be in its proportions and purposes what the pedestal is to a bust or statue. These are planned to be proportionate to the specimen. The perch is sufficiently large to allow the feet to clasp naturally, and all mechanical supports are kept out of sight.

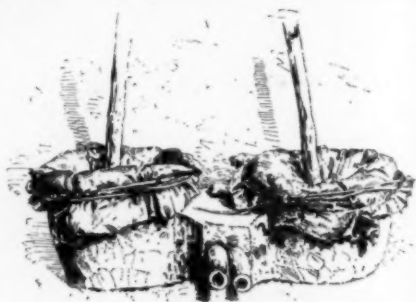
Unlike the usual custom the experiment has been tried here of placing the birds of each country in groups by themselves. This method is not only pleasing in its effect, but gives an impression to the great numbers who visit the museum of the distribution of life. Drawings, written descriptions, and classified skeletons will be added to aid the student of ornithology.



YOUNG TROPIC BIRD.

The case "A," which stands on the left, contains a valuable display of the skeletons of birds.

The cases following, from "B" to "F" inclusive, contain the birds of North America, of which over eight hundred species have now been described, including a very large proportion of small singing birds. The specimens are arranged systematically and labeled neatly and plainly. The plan is practically like that of an illustrated book—the highest form on the left, others succeeding from this to the right on successive rows, the printed labels reading like the text of a book, with the objects on the same page. Family labels indicate the



AFRICAN BELLOWES.

proper limits, and the individual labels give the generic and other distinctions.

A careful study of the true relations of birds with each other determines that the thrushes rather than the birds of prey are the typical form; that they represent the highest ideal of bird organization, the brain having a good share in this consideration. We will not therefore encounter the great eagles and hawks, formerly assigned the first place in bird classification, until we have passed the groups of song-birds and sparrows.

The place of honor is given to the wood-thrush, the delightful songster of our woodland, and one of the most common birds in this region during the warmer months. Notwithstanding, he has the reputation of being only heard, not often seen. He is very frequently noticed in Central Park, where his delightful song attracts attention



BLACK COCKATOO.

from being uttered at evening and morning particularly. His musical notes are pleasantly described by Wilson, who likens them to the "double-tonguing of a German flute."

Among the crows the great American raven is noticeable, and is, probably, as much a rarity to the average visitor as any. A few are known to visit North-eastern Maine, but their principal habitat is in the far North-west.

The curious running cuckoo from California is unfamiliar; and two species of parrots from Texas are the only representatives of that group found north of the tropics.

The owl family now succeed, and we are attracted by a group of three examples of the great gray owl, arranged in such proximity as suggests a collection of judges.

Following next in rank is a series of splendid specimens of the Greenland gerfalcon, a large white bird with dark slashes on its plumage.

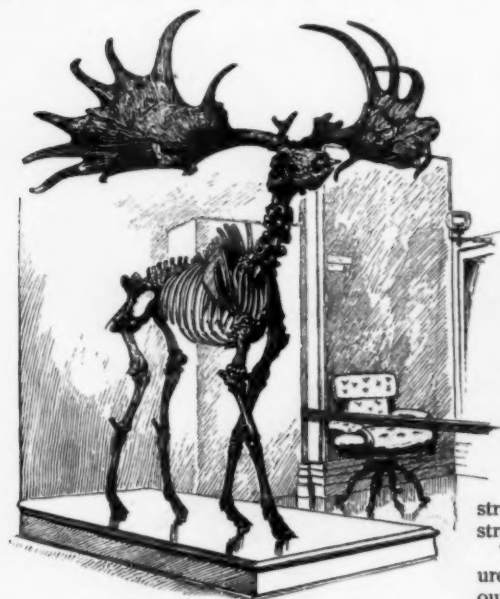
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The eagles are fine, particularly the golden variety.

The vultures follow, represented by two species: the turkey-buzzard and the great California vulture; the latter one of the newly discovered birds since the occupation of the Pacific slope.

Several magnificent wild turkeys lead the gallinaceous tribe. Many excellent specimens of the taxidermist's work are in this case—the collection of the chickens of prairie-hens, grouse, ptarmigan, and quail being very attractive.

Among the cranes, the great whooper is notable. If time permitted, the curator would show a prepared specimen of the breast-bone of this bird, which has the windpipe curved backward and elongated more than a foot, occupying the center of the keel of the breast, which separates to admit it, and then, coiling around the base, returns and enters the lungs, having been allowed all this elongation to increase its musical capacity. It is



FOSSIL SKELETON OF THE EXTINCT IRISH ELK.

remarkable that this peculiarity of windpipe occurs also in a single species of swan.

We must neglect many interesting beach-birds and sea-fowl, but should not pass without notice the gorgeously colored wood-duck. Close by are three examples of the Labrador duck, which species is now regarded as wholly extinct. A few years since this duck was known to be rather abundant on our North-eastern shores.

The eider is represented by several species. The spectacled eider is particularly curious, as our portrait of him shows.

Well-nigh at the foot of the list, in the natural classification, we meet the great auk, well shown in the accompanying illustration. This bird is closely allied to the penguins, and, though they do not have the fin-like appendages corresponding to the wings, yet those members are not far removed from them in structure, being useful only as swimming organs. This bird has been extinct nearly fifty years, so far as our knowledge goes. Consequently, the few specimens now in possession of museums are regarded as extremely valuable. The present specimen was the gift of Mr. Robert L. Stuart. The price paid for it in 1868 was \$625 gold. The species was abundant in the waters of our north-eastern coast as far south as Nahant, and, in Audubon's day, was remembered as not at all rare. Forty specimens only are known to science, four

of them being in museums of this country. Several young marine birds are here represented, such as the Mother Carey's chicken.

The birds of South America are next arranged, where will be seen the same classification, the thrushes of that country leading. It will prove instructive to compare the family group or individual species with those of other countries. Although the birds of South America are the more brilliant in color, other countries show varieties quite as interesting in other respects. The bell-bird, here pictured, travelers tell us, utters notes that clearly simulate the tones of a convent-bell heard at a distance. The elongated wattle on its beak is hollow, and connected with the nostrils, and is thought to be instrumental in the production of the strange notes.

The great goatsucker is a notable creature quite allied to the whip-poor-will of our woods, and, like it, has a mouth of enormous width, to take in the great moths that flit in the twilight.

The visitor is likely to make a stand at the case of humming-birds, and say, "No farther at present"—and it is not surprising. There are three hundred of those little birds, gorgeous in plumage, and equally strange in decoration and comparative size. Some are very nearly as large as a sparrow, with extraordinary beaks, long and curved; and others are metallic-lustered morsels, marvelously diminutive, suggesting *Mercutio's* "team of little atomies," and his "waggoner, a small, gray-coated gnat"—they are so very small, and we find one now and then very sober in color. With the exception of three or four that visit the States as high as New England, the three hundred different species are natives of Central and South America—not a single species being native to the Old World.

In the collection of birds of Europe and Asia we notice the little Japanese duck, or mandarin, and naturally compare it with the wood-duck of our waters; others are very closely allied, and the exquisite beauty of both will prevent a hasty judgment in favor of either. A wonderfully fine group of pheasants is also arranged here. The Argus-eyed must be seen to gain an adequate idea of its beauty. Coming to the smaller birds of Europe, we find two of the robin-redbreasts classified among the warblers, and not among the thrushes. Our bird which we call

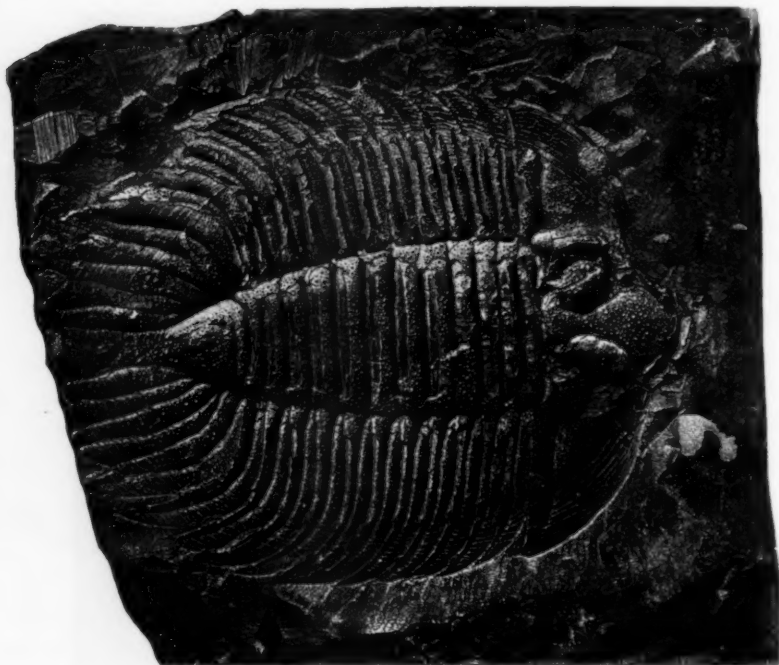


FOSSIL ENCRINITE (STONE LILY), EUCALYPTOCRINUS CRASSUS.

robin is really a thrush, and quite different from the English robin, and much larger; the name was applied by the early English settlers, from a sentimental feeling in regard to the resemblance between the two.

The grand specimens of large walking birds in the African cases are notable. Then follow the birds of the Pacific Islands. The gorgeous display of color among the parrots is in many specimens most surprising. The

colors seem to be indiscriminately thrown upon them, often in combinations which an artist would call inharmonious. In this particular we are apt to overlook the fact that they have not their legitimate surroundings of rich flowers, foliage, bough, or rock, with their accessories of parti-colored mosses and epiphytes. The great cockatoo is one of the rarer forms. The nearly equally large black ones, with yellow and red tail-feathers re-



A FOSSIL CRUSTACEAN (TRILOBITE), LICHAS BOLTONI.

spectively, are also very unfamiliar, and are strikingly contrasted with the pure white cockatoos with sulphur-colored crests.

The interest in birds seems to culminate at this juncture, for the birds of paradise exhaust all our stock of admiration; there seems to be nothing yet surpassing them. Some of these look and feel as if they were made up of velvet or seal-skin fur, nearly all the feathers being of this dark hue, with here and there a sharp contrast in a metallic green tail-feather or a crest of emerald scales, gleaming in all the richness of burnished metal. The next that catches the eye is just as beautiful, just as strange, yet as different in shape and ornamentation as if it was of another family. The essential features, however, that unite such strangely varied forms are anatomical. A porcupine and a beaver differ greatly in their external "make up," yet a comparison of their skeletons would readily show their close affinity. These birds exhibit the most remarkable differences of all. One pert-looking little fellow has a standing collar of the Queen Bess pattern, the material bearing a strong semblance to yellow spun glass. His mate is the shape of any other respectable bird, and almost without color or ornamentation. In

many families of birds the sexual variation of color, ornament, and size is very remarkable. In the present family the females are all perfectly plain, while the males are highly ornamented. Among the gallinaceous birds, the bustard for instance, the hen is not over one-half the size of the male. Among the hawks the male is very much smaller.

We turn from the collection of birds to the gallery above, where we find the ethnological specimens. The picture by Bradford, representing the *Polaris* in winter quarters, hangs in the southern end, and fitly supplements the maps and the collections of Esquimaux objects that are intended as guides to ethnology.

Arranged in accordance with this design are a very large number of implements and weapons from all known or inhabited parts of the earth, collected by Appleton Sturgis, Esq.

A large number of these articles from Central Africa have been lately added. The curious bellows, of which we give an illustration, is one of the number.

Porto Rico and several of the islands of the Antilles are noted for the finished character of the stone implements found there. The most wonderful among these are the

horse-collar shaped stones. They are handsome granite rings, oval, and shaped precisely like the collar of a horse, and one of them weighs more than eighty pounds. They are polished and carved with heraldic-looking figures. Other carved and polished stones are here, also found in the same localities. As none of these are familiar to archaeologists no conception of their uses has yet been formed. Here, too, are models of the cliff houses of New Mexico, and those of the Lake-dwellers, besides vast numbers of flint implements found in the latter localities. The collection of ancient objects in flint from the Somme

the great collection of fossils which was purchased of Prof. Hall, of Albany, the results of a life of work in the field. Added to this are many foreign specimens of value.

A great slab of sandstone, from the Portland quarries on the Connecticut River, shows five distinct claw-like impressions made by some enormous reptile while the stone was still the soft sand of a beach. Other large slabs show foot-prints and trails unmistakable in character, and others again the phenomena of glacial action.

The giant bird skeleton, which stands at the entrance of this hall, is one of several



FOSSIL SKELETON OF *DINORNIS MAXIMUS*, AN EXTINCT BIRD OF NEW ZEALAND—AND *APTERYX*, A SPECIMEN OF ITS NEAREST LIVING REPRESENTATIVE.

Valley in Northern France is one of the best in the world. The Stone period of North America is also remarkably well represented. Indeed, though but few years have passed since the organization of this Museum, it possesses one of the most valuable and useful archaeological cabinets in this country.

The Geological Hall in the next story above is rather more imposing than the others: its high walls and great iron columns and girders—its large windows, admitting a flood of light, all impress the visitor very sensibly. The larger portion of this hall is devoted to

species of extinct forms found in considerable numbers in New Zealand. They are the moas, so called by the native Maoris, who have a tradition that these creatures lived within the memory of their near ancestors. This is thought to be true, as the bones are found in some instances with traces of ligaments attached, and egg-shells with the lining membrane adhering. The largest specimen yet found measures fourteen feet in height.

The Irish deer, whose spread of antlers measures eight feet, is found fossil in the bogs of Ireland. The appearance of the specimens,

as well as tradition, points to the conclusion that it has not been very long extinct.

The collection of minerals is arranged in the floor cases, and presents a rich exhibit of the principal forms.

One may tarry a long time in this hall with pleasure and profit. The large models of the State of New Hampshire, its geological features, etc., and of the great Western plains, should claim attention.

The figure of a trilobite on page 524 is one of numerous species found in New York State, and illustrates very well a singular extinct form, closely allied to the king-crab of the present day.

The crinoid which is represented on page 523 is one of myriads that cover the rocks

of certain geological formations in New York State as elsewhere; it is easily recognized as star-fish or echinoderm, though having a stalk which held it on the sea bottom. One of the very few of these forms existing at the present day is seen preserved in alcohol within the case devoted to the numerous species of crinoids.

Although we have sketched this collection very briefly, we have perhaps said enough to show that it is too valuable to be exposed to the risk of destruction. The labor of a quarter of a century on the part of its managers would not suffice to restore it, even if it were possible to duplicate all the specimens, many of which are not to be had for love nor money.

*J. B. Holder.*

## AN ABORIGINAL PILGRIMAGE.

THE Zuñi Indians, of New Mexico and Arizona, are now a mere handful of people, but in their keeping is a wonderful history, which perpetuates an ancient cultus related to that of the Toltecs, the Aztecs, and the Incas. Mr. Frank H. Cushing, of the Smithsonian Institution, who by living among them has made a great gain for ethnological learning, will contribute to this magazine an account of his unique experiences. Our present purpose is to give an account of the remarkable pilgrimage of a number of the chief men of Zuñi to "the Ocean of Sunrise." For many years, it had been the dream of some of these men to visit the East, which was to them a land of fable. Tales of its marvels, incredible because inconceivable, from time to time had drifted to them. "The Apaches are bad, but they have been to Washington; the Navajos have been to Washington; all Indians have been to Washington but the still-sitting ones," said the Zuñis. The motives that prompted the expedition were various. On Mr. Cushing's part there was, first of all, the advancement of his work by strengthening the ties between the people and himself; and second, the good of the people by arousing them to a desire for education and advancement through what was to be seen in the East. With the Indian pilgrims the reasons were more complex. At their first council upon the subject, Nai-iu-tchi, the senior priest of the Order of the Bow, into which Mr. Cushing had been initiated the previous autumn, declared that whoever else was to be chosen he cer-

tainly must go; and he advanced what was agreed to be the most important of the reasons for undertaking the trip—namely, to bring back to Zuñi sacred water from "the Ocean of Sunrise" or "the Waters of the World of Day."

The primary reason for taking the "water that brings rain, and the water of the sacred medicine altar," as the Zuñis term it, from the Atlantic Ocean was the position of the latter with reference to the sun. Nai-iu-tchi promised Mr. Cushing entrance into the Order of the Kâ-kâ as a reward for the great service of conducting them to the ocean. Otherwise entrance could not have been obtained without marriage into the tribe. The Zuñis say that their gods brought them to a dry and sterile country for a home, but that their forefathers taught them the prayers and songs whereby that land might be blessed with rain. They therefore addressed their prayers to the spirits dwelling in the ocean, the home of all water, as the source from which their blessing came. They believe their prayers brought the clouds from the ocean, guided by the spirits of their ancestors, and the clouds gave the rain. These prayers could not be efficacious, however, without the help of a drop of ocean water to start them aright.

The Zuñis have had a knowledge of the oceans from time immemorial, and, besides the Atlantic and the "Ocean of Hot Water" (the Gulf of Mexico), they speak of the "Ocean of Sunset" and the "Ocean of the Place of Everlasting Snow," and they include

all four under the name of "The waters embracing the world." When asked how it was that they knew all about the ocean, one of them said to the writer: "Farther back than a long time ago, our fathers told their children about the ocean of sunrise. We ourselves did not know it. We had not seen it. We knew it in the prayers they had taught us, and by the things they had handed down to us, and which came from its waters."

At the council, when Nai-iu-tchi was told that he had been chosen to go, he repeated the ancient Zuñi tradition of the people that had gone to the eastward in the days when all mankind was one, and said that now "Our Lost Others," as they were called, might be coming back to meet them in the shape of the Americans. The councils now were filled with talk about the Americans, and all the traditions, reports, and rumors ever heard about them were repeated over and over again. Among these was one of the first accounts that had ever been brought to Zuñi concerning us, and it ran thus: "A strange and unknown people are the Americans, and in a far-off and unknown land live they. Thus said Our Old Ones. It is said that they are white, with short hair, and that they touch not their food with their fingers, but eat with fingers and knives of iron, and talk much while eating." At last it was decided who were to form the party. Ki-ä-si or Ki-ä-si-wa, the junior priest of the Order of the Bow, was to accompany his colleague; but only after protracted discussion, for it was firmly believed that, should these two priests by any accident not be back in time for the important ceremonies of the summer solstice, some great catastrophe would befall the entire nation. The other Zuñis chosen for the party were Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, the governor, or political head-chief of Zuñi, and Mr. Cushing's brother by adoption; Lai-iu-ai-tsai-lu, or Pedro Pino, as he is commonly known, the father of Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, and formerly governor of Zuñi for thirty years, now a wrinkled old man of between eighty and ninety years; Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia, the priest of the temple and Mr. Cushing's father by adoption; and, finally, Na-na-he, a Moqui who had been adopted into the nation by marriage, a youthful-looking man of thirty-five years, and a member of the Order of the Lesser Fire.

At last the day for departure came, February 22, 1882. Before the Governor's house out-door services were held for the entire population, and the pilgrims were prayed over by the assembled priesthood within. With each there were the parting formalities of an embrace, heart to heart, hand in hand, and

breath to breath. Just before the start, Nai-iu-tchi ascended to the house-top and blessed the multitude in a loud voice. The first night they encamped at the piñon-covered foothills beyond the summer *pueblo* of Las Nutrias. They arrived at Fort Wingate the next afternoon. In the evening Mr. Cushing exchanged the picturesque Zuñi costume, which had been his garb for nearly three years, for the dress of civilization. The question of his wearing "American clothes" on the trip had been a serious one with the Zuñis, and it was a subject of many deliberations. Assent was given only on the representation that it would displease his brothers the Americans should he not do it, their feeling for conventionality in dress being as strong as that of the Zuñis. This motive was one that appealed to them forcibly and was readily understood.

When they arrived at the railway station the next morning, they stood close beside the track as the locomotive came up, and though three of them, Pedro Piño, Ki-ä-si, and Na-na-he, had never seen a locomotive, they never flinched. As they settled into their seats in the passenger-coach they breathed a long sigh of gratitude, followed by their exclamation of thanksgiving, "*E-lah kwa!*" When the train started they raised the window-sash and prayed aloud, each scattering a pinch of their prayer-meal, composed of corn-meal with an admixture of finely ground precious sea-shells, which they always carried with them in little bags.

During the afternoon they passed the *pueblo* of Laguna, at the sight of which they marveled greatly, saying: "Can it be that the sun has stood still in the heavens? For here in these few hours we have come to a place to reach which it used to take us three days upon our fleetest ponies!" And when at sundown they passed the *pueblo* of Isleta on the Rio Grande, their wonder was greater still. For the next three days they kept pretty closely on board the train, taking their meals in the baggage-car. They had brought with them great quantities of Zuñi food, for fear that they might not like the American diet. It proved afterward that they liked many articles of our *cuisine*, but the variety was too much for them. They thought that the Americans ate too many things and "dared their insides." One of them said one day:

"My inside is not only filled with food, but also with much fighting."

On the second day of the journey, the chief engineer of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, who was on the train, wanted Mr. Cushing to take one of the Indians on the locomotive. Nai-iu-tchi, who was always



FRANK H. CUSHING.

ready for anything, was selected. He stood unmoved while the whistle was blown at its shrillest, and regarding reverently the action of the locomotive, he exclaimed:

"The Americans are gods, only they have to eat material food!"

They were deeply interested in the farms that lined the railroad and wondered at their great number, and were struck by the increasing number and size of the rivers as they proceeded eastward, greeting every new body of water with prayers. One day on the train they talked incessantly about their leader, both to him and among themselves. the burden of their talk was what a great man Té-na-tsa-li was; everything had turned out as he had said it would be, and they begged his pardon that they had not fully believed

him in Zuñi, not deeming it possible that such wonders as he had described could exist. It showed that the Americans were truthful people, they said, and not liars like the Navajos.

At Quincy there was a long wait for the connecting train of the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad, and the conductor who had come with them from Kansas City invited the party to come up into the square with him. This was the first American city into which they had been, and they looked excitedly from one thing to another, each seeing something different and all talking at once, like pleased children.

At the hotel in Chicago they essayed their first meal in American fashion, making laughable attempts with their knives and forks, which the most of them used for the first time. But they were determined to do as the Americans did while in their land, and to honor their customs. At the water-tower in Chicago they were awe-struck in the presence of the mighty engine, and became vexed with Mr. Cushing because he prevented them from touching it, as they wished to, in every part, even where the action was most swift and powerful, with the thought thus to absorb its influence. "What if it should hurt us? It would nevertheless be all right, and just about as it should be!" said they, with their strange fatalism. They prayed before the engine, but not to it, as might have been supposed by some; their prayers were addressed to the god through whom the construction of such a mighty work was made possible.

Chicago-Quin, as they termed it, they called a city of *pueblos*. They said their hotel was a *pueblo* in itself, and they wondered if each of the large blocks of buildings was the dwelling-place of a separate clan of Chicagoans.

Driving through one of the parks they saw two sea-lions, or walruses, which were kept there. Recognizing that they were ocean animals they almost broke their drivers' arms in their impetuous haste to stop the carriages. They ran up to the animals, exclaiming: "At last, after long waiting, we greet ye, O our fathers!" considering them as "animal gods of the ocean," and began praying most fervently, first forcing a portion of prayer-meal into Té-na-tsa-li's hand. When they came in sight of the lake they could hardly be made to believe that it was not the ocean, and, until convinced that it was fresh water, they wanted to make their sacrifices and perform their ceremonies.

It was night when they arrived in Wash-



ZUÑI AUTOGRAPH OF F. H. CUSHING. TÉ-NA-TSA-LI OR MEDICINE FLOWER, WAR CHIEF, ORDER OF THE BOW.

ington, and when told that they were there at last they repeatedly stretched their hands out into the evening air, drawing them to their lips and inhaling, thus absorbing the sacred influence of the place. Arrived at the hotel Mr. Cushing broached to his companions the subject of cutting his hair, which was eighteen inches long, and which was making him unpleasantly conspicuous. His *caciques* desired it, he said, and it would gratify his brothers the Americans, and show them that the Zuñis were considerate of their wishes. The Zuñis could not see how it was that the Americans objected to long hair, which was the crowning glory of a man. They were slow in consenting, and could only be made to at last by the promise from Mr. Cushing that he would have it made up, so that he could wear it beneath his head-band when back at Zuñi, "for," said they, "no one could become a member of the Ká-ká without long hair."

The Zuñis were highly gratified at their reception by President Arthur. Old Pedro Pino was moved to tears at thus "grasp-



PEDRO PINO. LAI-U-AN-TSAL-LA. FORMERLY GOVERNOR OF ZUÑI FOR THIRTY YEARS.



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF NAI-U-TCHI, SENIOR PRIEST, ORDER OF THE BOW, CLAN OF THE EAGLES, SUN AND BATTLE-SNAKE, EMBLEMS OF HIS ORDERS.

ing the hand of Washington," which was the crowning event of his life, but his emotion was not so great as at the tomb of Washington, where he wept uncontrollably. The name of Washington was to him connected with the old army officers for whom he had such an affection years before. The old man took a severe chill on the steam-boat going down the Potomac. In his gallantry he refused to leave some ladies who were on deck, and the raw March air was too much for him. But he insisted that at the tomb of Washington, "while he was engaged in prayer, his heart wept until his thoughts decayed," and that was why he was made sick. He was too feeble to undertake the trip to Boston, and he was therefore left at the home of one of the staunchest friends of the Zuñis, Mr. James Stevenson, Mr. Cushing's colleague at the Bureau of Ethnology, and one of the bravest Rocky Mountain explorers of the Geological Survey. It was with Mr. Stevenson's expedition in 1879 that Mr. Cushing went to Zuñi. With Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson old Pedro quickly adapted himself to civilized ways, and even insisted on using a finger-bowl at the table. The old man's iron will was wonderful. One day, after the return of the others from Boston, his son, the Governor, took a notion while strolling out to climb the Washington Monument. He said that he went "up and up and up until his thighs said no," and his semi-humorous account of what he saw from the summit—"no longer the powerful Americans, but little men like ants creeping around on the



THE ZUÑI'S "STORY." TOLD BY NAI-U-TCHI AND TRANSLATED BY MR. CUSHING AT THE PAINT-AND-CLAY CLUB.

ground below, and horses no larger than mice, and instead of the great Potomac, a little stream hardly larger than the Zuñi River,"—all this so excited the curiosity of the old fellow that the next day he went quietly out and made the climb himself. It exhausted him so that he could scarcely move, but he was all right again in twenty-four hours.

The ocean ceremony was to be performed at Boston on account of the desire of the Zuñis to get the water as far to the eastward as possible, and because of the interest felt in Mr. Cushing's work by his scientific friends there and in Cambridge. The journey through New England was by daylight, and there were so many streams to pass that before the Indians could put away their bags of prayer-meal they would be required again. Praying was therefore almost incessant.

Their first social experience was at the Paint-and-Clay Club, which thus reciprocated the hospitality shown two of its members at Zuñi the previous summer. It was a most picturesque evening, and the scene was one

to delight both civilized and barbarous eyes. The ruddy walls glowed a cheery welcome, and two great high-reliefs upon them—the heads of an Indian and a Norseman, typical of the original possessors and discoverers of our soil—looked approvingly down. The Indians peered curiously about, exploring all nooks and corners, and when they saw the terra-cotta model of one of Barye's tigers, they formed a reverent group and prayed. The striking faces and brilliant native costumes of the Indians, almost wholly of articles made by themselves—beautifully woven serape shirts, deer-skin knee-breeches, and leggings adorned with rows of close-set silver buttons, moccasins and massive silver belts, necklaces of shell, coral, and turquoise—captivated the artists' eyes, and sketch-books and pencils were in use all the evening. The Governor, with his strong profile, was particularly in favor as a subject.

During their stay a thronged reception was held in the historic "Old South" Meeting-house, and Mr. Cushing told about Zuñi



THE "SONG." ZUÑIS AT FAINT-AND-CLAY CLUB.

customs, history, and mythology, while the Indians sang and danced. In one of the folk-lore stories he related there was a passage showing what seems to be an inherent knowledge of one of the great facts of the geological history of their country. It was a story of a young man who followed the spirit of his dead bride. He pursued her over the plains and mountains until he came to a cañon between two mesas, or table-lands. Now, *since the spirit of the earth was there*, the spirit crossed over, but the young man, being mortal, could not pass. Science tells us that the top of the mesas was the ancient level of the country, which has been reduced by the action of the elements, and this the Zuñis also appear to know. All stories seemed to show the intrinsic gentleness of the Zuñi faith, marked though it was by certain cruel and barbarous practices. A cardinal principle appeared to be that even evil things will ultimately become good, their very badness being an instrument to the attainment of that end.

One evening was spent at Wellesley College, with which the Indians were greatly pleased. "E-lu!" (enchantingly beautiful) was their constant exclamation. "What love must the Americans bear their children to send them so far away from home that they may become finished people!" they remarked, and they



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF KI-A-SI, JUNIOR PRIEST, ORDER OF THE BOW, CLAN OF THE BADGERS.



THE FIRST SIGHT OF THE ATLANTIC, AT BOSTON.

dwelt on the beauty of the place and its surroundings, of the hundreds of pretty things there, of their "little land of summer" (the conservatory), and when the time for the train came they could hardly be dragged away.

They were taken to see the negro minstrels one night by invitation of Mayor Green, who took a deep interest in Mr. Cushing's work. At first they were enthusiastic over the clog-dancing and various other feats, and expressed themselves in peculiar shrill cries of approbation. But suddenly they became silent, for they conceived the idea that they were witnessing the mysterious rites of one of the secret orders of America, and they therefore repeatedly stretched out their arms to draw in the spirit of the "holy men" upon the stage.

A memorable day was spent at Harvard University. A visit to the Peabody Museum of Archaeology resulted in the discovery by Mr. Cushing of a close relation between the religion of the Incas of Peru and that of the Zuñis. That afternoon there was an athletic tournament by the Harvard students in the gymnasium, at which the Indians were fairly beside themselves with delight at the per-

formances. They maintained that the students must be members of a grand "order of the Elks," an athletic order of the Zuñis, since to achieve such skill they must surely be inspired by the gods.

After a short acquaintance the marked individuality of each Indian was noticeable. The Governor's grave face would occasionally light up with an expressive smile, betraying a decided feeling for humor. Nai-iu-tchi had a genial, contemplative look, a kindly placidity of countenance, and he was full of poetry, telling folk-lore stories charmingly. Ki-ā-si was of a stern, ascetic nature. Old Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia was characterized by extreme amiability and reflectiveness, and the striking resemblance of his profile to that of Dante was frequently spoken of. Na-na-he was a great favorite with the ladies.

They had a way of giving names to people with whom they were often in contact. A reporter who was constantly with them they called O-ma-tsa-pa, the Little Sunflower, which with them is an emblem of smiling cheerfulness. Three of Mr. Cushing's friends, of whom they saw a good deal, were adopted

formally, two by Nai-iu-tchi, and one by Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia. The names given them were K'ia-u-lo-ki (the Great Swallow), O-nok-thli-k'ia (the Great Dance Plume), and Thli-a-kwa (the Blue Medicine Stone, or Turquoise), all names of great honor, being those of sacred objects. The following was the prayer said by Nai-iu-tchi on the adoption of the last:

"My child! this day I take you in my arms and clasp you strongly, and if it be well, then our father

their wonder when a Japanese representation of one was straightway produced.

They had been told of the persecution of the witches at Salem, and as witchcraft is a capital crime in Zuñi, they heartily commended the work, and said that it was on account of the energetic steps taken in those times that the Americans were prosperous to-day, and rid of the curse of witchery. At the public reception held for them in Salem, when told they were in the famous city of the witches,



THE RECEPTION AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

the sun will, in his road over the world, rise, reach his zenith, hold himself firmly, and smile upon you and me that our roads of life may be finished. Hence I grasp you by the hand with the hands and hearts of the gods. I add to thy wind of life, that our roads of life may be finished together. My child, may the light of the gods meet you! My child, *Thli-a-kwa*."

They visited Salem on the invitation of Professor E. S. Morse, and inspected his collection of Japanese articles. For Japanese art they had conceived a great veneration, saying that in one respect another people excelled the Americans—the art of making things beautiful to the eye. They here found many astonishing similarities to objects of their own mythology; among them the Great Swallow of the Sky, and their sacred turtles. The latter led them to mention a particularly revered mythological animal with them—the turtle with hair on his back; and great was

they fell into an animated discussion of the matter among themselves there on the platform. Ki-ä-si, when invited to address the audience, preached a little sermon on witchcraft, which would have pleased old Cotton Mather himself. He thanked the good people of Salem for the service they had done the world, and gave them some advice how to deal with witchcraft should it ever trouble them again. "Be the witches or wizards your dearest relatives or friends, consider not your own hearts," said he, "but remember your duty and spare them not; put them to death!"

They had been in Boston several days, and had not yet seen the ocean. One morning they were taken up into the tower of a lofty building. They stretched out their arms in adoration, and scattered their sacred meal. When the silence was broken, old Nai-iu-tchi



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF PA-LO-WAH-TI-WA, GOVERNOR OF ZURI, OR HEAD POLITICAL CHIEF. CLAN OF THE MACAWS.

exclaimed: "It is all as Our Old Ones said, and as I knew I should find it. The blue-black line out there is the ocean, and the marks of white are the foam it throws up when it is angry." They looked over the sea of buildings spreading out uninterruptedly, far beyond the city limits, and said: "See, on one side the ocean; on the other a world of houses—the great *pueblo* of Boston!"

After a week of sight-seeing, the day set for the rites at the sea-side arrived. It had been a week of chilly March weather, with rain and gray skies, fog, sleet, and few hours of sunshine, so that the Zuñis gave Boston the name of "the City of Perpetual Mists." It was, however, a fortunate city in their eyes to be blessed with so much moisture. In the afternoon, a special steamer took on board a company invited by the mayor and started for Deer Island. The Indians were given seats in the large pilot-house. As the boat sped out into the harbor the Indians fell at once to praying, and did not look up until the boat had nearly reached Deer Island.

Here a tent had been provided, and in this the Indians and Mr. Cushing costumed themselves for the ceremonial in accordance with their sacred ranks in the various orders of the

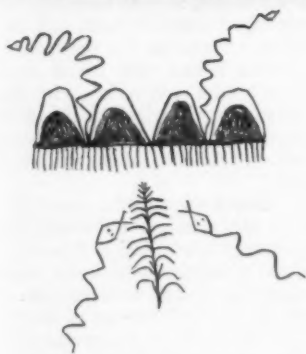
tribe. Nai-iu-tchi, the senior priest of the Bow and traditional priest of the Temple, was distinguished by a small bunch of feathers tied to his hair, over the crown of the head, composed like those of the plume-sticks sacrificed at the summer solstice, with added plumes to the gods of the ocean, or priest-god makers of the "roads of life." He—with the other three members of the Order of the Bow, Ki-ä-si, Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa, and Mr. Cushing—was distinguished by bands and spots of a kind of plumbago filled with shining particles upon the face—the war-paint of the Zuñis, and probably representing the twinkling stars, which are the gods of war. Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia wore a plume like Nai-iu-tchi's, with an added white plume as medicine priest of the Order of the Little Fire. His only paint was a faint streak of yellow, the color of the Ká-ká. Ki-ä-si wore upon his war-bonnet his plume of membership in the Order of the Bow, and an eagle-feather as a member of the Order of Coyotes or Hunters. All the members of the Bow wore across their shoulders their buckskin badges of rank, and the two priests



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF LAI-IU-AH-TSAI-LUN-K'IA, PRIEST OF THE TEMPLE, OR MEDICINE CACIQUE. CLAN OF THE PARROTS.

of the order carried war-clubs, bows, quivers, and emblematic shields. Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa wore a red eagle plume, the mark of his rank as chief warrior of the Little Fire Order. Na-na-he wore also a red plume and white eagle

plume, indicating his rank in the Little Fire and Rattlesnake Orders, and for the same reason was painted with red about the eyes, with yellow of the *Kâ-kâ* beneath. After the arrangement of their paraphernalia they were faced to the east, and *Nai-iu-tchi* blew over them the sacred medicine-powder of the flowers (yellow pollen), designed not only to insure good feeling from the gods, but also to make the hearts of all strangers present happy toward themselves.



PORTRAIT AND AUTOGRAPH OF NA-NA-HE, OR CORNFLOWER.  
MOQUI, MEMBER OF LITTLE FIRE ORDER IN ZUÑI,  
RATTLESNAKE ORDER IN MOQUI.

Each member took in his left hand the plume-sticks of his order, while the plumes of special sacrifice to the deities of the ocean, as well as the sacred-cane cigarettes prepared and consecrated in *Zuñi* by the Priest of the Sun, were placed in a sacred basket brought for the purpose. *Nai-iu-tchi*, who headed the

party, carried the ancient net-covered and fringed gourd which had held the water for centuries and was the vessel to be first filled; *Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia* followed with the basket and two vases of spar; *Ki-ä-si* and Mr. Cushing came next, each with one of the sacred "whizzers" without which no solemn ceremonial would be complete in the presence of the gods. Last came *Pa-lo-wah-ti-wa* and *Na-na-he*. Proceeding at once to the beach, *Nai-iu-tchi* silently directed the rest to a stony point off to the left, which he deemed preferable to the sandy shore for two reasons: because it entered farther east into the ocean, and because stony points and wild places are considered more frequented by the animal gods, and more acceptable places for the sacrifice of plumes. Sacred meal was there scattered about to form the consecrated bed of the ceremonials, and all squatted in regular order, facing the east and the open sea. Each member grasped in both hands his plumes and began moving them up and down as though to keep time with the song which followed, which was low, plaintive, and filled with expressions of praise and entreaty to the gods of the ocean. At four intervals during the singing of each stanza sacred meal was scattered out over the waves. This song-prayer, or chant, was, like most music of the *Zuñis*, in perfect unison. With every incoming wave the tide rose higher and higher, soon covering their feet, and at last the rocks upon which they were sitting. Being ignorant of the tidal laws, they recognized in the tide the coming of the beloved gods of the ocean to greet them in token of pleasure at their work. As Mr. Cushing shrank back, they said: "Little brother, be prepared and firm; why should you fear our beloved mother?—for that it should be thus we came over the road unto the land of sunrise. What though the waves swallow us up? They would embrace us, not in anger, but in gratitude for our trust, and who would hesitate to have his light of life cut off by the beloved?" At the close of their song, and urged by Mr. Cushing, the Indians reluctantly moved back to the sandy beach. Here a double row was formed not far from the water, the sacred cigarettes were lit by the two high priests, and after puffs to the six points of the universe—North, West, South, East, and the upper and lower regions—they were handed around. After the saying of a prayer by each, according to rank in the religious orders, the plumed prayer-sticks were invested with the influence of prayer by breathing smoke from the cigarette deeply into the lungs, and then blowing it out among the feathers. These were then taken up, and cast upon the waters.



BURYING THE SACRED PLUME-STICKS IN THE OCEAN.

The vessels were then grasped by Nai-iu-tchi and Lai-iu-ah-tsai-lun-k'ia, who, with bared legs and feet, waded into the sea and poured upon its surface the "meal of all foods," brought for the purpose from Zuñi. Then, first sprinkling water to the six regions and upon the assembled multitude, they dipped the sacred vessels full, and, while they were standing knee-deep engaged in prayer, Ki-a-si and Mr. Cushing advanced, dipping the points of their whizzers into the water, and followed them in prayer. The two priests started up out of the water, and the latter began, the one to the left and the other to the right, to whirl their whizzers, and followed the four others toward the tent. Inside, they formed in a row and sang a song celebrating the acquisition of the waters—a strange chant, which, from its regularity and form, Mr. Cushing considered traditional, yet which he had never before heard of. At the close of each stanza was the refrain:

"Over the road to the middle of the world [Zuñi] thou wilt go!"

On each repetition of this their hands were stretched far out toward the west, and sacred meal was scattered still farther in that direction. A prayer in which consideration was asked for the children of the Zuñis, of the Americans, and of all men, of the beasts and birds of the world, and of even the creeping and most vile beings of earth, and the most insignificant, concluded the ceremonial. The Indians then seized the seven demijohns given them by the city, which, with their patent wooden covering, looked like models of grain-elevators, and took them down to the beach, where they filled them without farther ceremony.

Before their return to the city a rite unexpected to Mr. Cushing followed, being the first step toward his initiation into the Ká-ká. It consisted of baptism with water taken from the sea, and embraces, with prayers. It was the ceremonial of adoption before the gods and in the presence of the spirits, preliminary to introduction into any of the orders of the Zuñis.

*Sylvester Baxter.*



NATIONAL SEAL OF THE ZUÑIS.

## THE LAMBS.

### A TRAGEDY.

By the author of "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl," "The Little Tin Gods on Wheels," etc.

#### *Dramatis Personæ :*

BRIGGS, a broker (Briggs, Brown & Co.)  
HOBBS, clerk of Briggs.  
CULLY, janitor of Briggs.

PHIPPS, a customer.  
MIKE, a telegraph boy.  
Choruses of Bulls, Bears, Shorn Lambs, etc.

[The scene of the tragedy is the outer office of Briggs, Brown & Co., "Bankers and Brokers in Stocks, Bonds, and other Securities," Wall street, New York. The rising of the curtain reveals the "ticker" in operation. The market has just opened. Upon the right and left of the stage, respectively, are arranged the choruses of bull and bear operators. In front, after the manner of the old Greek chorus, stand a group of speculators who have been sold out in former days, but still continue to shadow the tape as a chorus of shorn lambs. The office is handsomely furnished. The center-table is strewn with a variety of journals relating to money matters, such as the "Wall Street Daily Truth," "The Financial Independent," "The Investor's Electric Light," etc. Cully, the janitor, who has just finished sweeping, stands in the foreground, broom in hand.]

CULLY.—I am the Janitor of Briggs and Brown.

For many a day, year in, year out, have I  
Guarded the threshold of this ancient firm  
And earned my bread by sweeping. Time has scored  
Deep furrows on this brow, and tinged these locks  
That erst were brown, with silver. I have seen  
Since first the boss engaged me as a boy  
To run on errands and to fire the furnace,  
Full many a mortal rise from rags and ruin  
To ease and affluence and bonded greatness;  
Full many a mortal fall from splurge and splendor  
To care and debt and seedy unimportance,  
Ere on the tape the shrill recording "ticker"  
Has scored ten times its fate-abounding figures.  
Ah, Destiny! grim ruler of the ages,  
What boots it to resist thee? Thou art mighty.  
Stern and relentless as the flame and falchion,  
Thou hurriest man, the puppet, to his sorrow,  
E'en as a leaflet by the storm is hurried.  
Ah, venturesome mortal! though the heavens be smiling,  
And human plans prevail, trust not to seeming!  
An hour will come—who can foretell its coming?—  
When Até's torch shall blaze in cruel luster,  
And Até's brazen sandal stamp in ashes  
The fruit of man's endeavor. Lo! approaches  
With fawn-like tread that speaks the soul that gambols  
Upon the turf, nor dreams of wolf or vulture,  
Another innocent toward these shambles.  
Tears fill these ancient eyes, and fain would whisper:  
"Begone, fair youth! Who enters these pale portals  
Must leave all hope behind him." But I dare not,  
For here I earn the bread that feeds my children,  
Who, if I were shot out, would starve and perish.  
One must be selfish in this world of salvage.

[Enter Phipps, shyly.]

#### CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

Oh! mark the worthy man, whose cheeks are moist  
With anguish for another. Yet hot tears  
Appear not in the face of Heaven's decree.

Whate'er the gods have willed will come to pass,  
 Though Titans roar. Behold the gentle youth,  
 Who hither moves with velvet steps of fate,  
 Nor dreads the net the wily fowler spreads  
 For grass-green freshness. But we know, we know.

PHIPPS.—I prithee tell me, venerable man,  
 Whose silver locks proclaim thee one whom time  
 Has drawn and bent as hunters bend a bow,  
 If Briggs and Brown the brokers hang out here?

CULLY.—Aye, gentle youth, they do. Wouldst aught with them?

PHIPPS.—I fain would speak with either Briggs or Brown.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

I.

'Tis the time for a "flyer,"  
 The "shorts" have been fooled,  
 And stocks will go higher,  
 According to Gould;  
 For the trunk lines have made an arrangement by which all the freights will be pooled.

II.

A syndicate strong  
 Will bull "Wabash preferred"  
 Up to par before long,  
 We have secretly heard;  
 And the worm falleth not to the late but the matutine bird.

HOBBS (*advancing from inner office*).—

Pray take a seat, sir. Upon yonder table  
 You'll find the latest news. 'Twill not be long now  
 Ere Mr. Briggs returns. He's in the "board," sir.

PHIPPS.—How is the market?

HOBBS.—

Strong, sir; strong as death  
 Through the entire list. Even the "fancies"  
 That yesterday a little sagged and languished,  
 Like summer blooms that droop through lack of water,  
 Record a sharp advance. 'Tis said the chinch-bugs  
 Have perished in the rains, and all looks hopeful  
 Among the farmers for the coming grain crop.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

I.

For much higher prices  
 We're looking all round.  
 The Western advices  
 Read "chinch-bugs are drowned,"  
 And the fields where they formerly fattened with promise of plenty are crowned.

II.

"Insiders" report  
 That "N. P." is the card,  
 And the "point," it is thought,  
 Cometh straight from Villard;  
 As the shaft from the bow of the hunter flies straight to the heart of the pard.

STROPHE.—We once were as guileless and reckless as he.  
To-day we are wiser; but shaven are we

Of our wool.  
God tempers the wind to some lambs that are shorn.  
But alas! for the lamb that is tossed by the horn  
Of the bull.

We once were succulent as mountain kids;  
We once were full of blush and lush as he,  
And dreamed of fortunes made as fast as peas  
Fall from the pods when summer clothes the fields  
And maidens sit beside the kitchen door  
Pea-podding. But the end is far from this.  
There is a law as grim and grave as death,  
Which now we know, but then we did not know,  
That whosoever buys, though boasted cheap  
As dirt from ditches, the accursed thing  
For which he hath not in his private purse  
The power to pay, shall surely come to grief.  
And he who sells, although the market soar  
High as the kite which kisses the chaste sky,  
The baleful property he does not own  
With hopes to cover his defenseless "shorts"  
Before the advent of the settling day  
Shall surely lick the dust. And this is fate.  
Yet, though we know the law, and though we know  
That, from oblivion of the iron rule  
Of the dread gods who thunder through the sky,  
We all have lost, and, poor as maudlin mice  
Who house in churches, scamper hard for bread,  
There is a fatal charm which ties us down  
With soft yet stable fetter to the spot  
Where suffering struck us, and from day to day  
We hang about the tantalizing tape  
And pipe quotations in prophetic key,  
And make brash boasts of what we fain would do  
If we had money. And they let us stay—  
They who are masters of this sinful shop,  
They who wring capital from others' sorrow  
And batten upon grief; for well they know  
The moth who sizzles in the candle's flare  
Turns not his comrades from a garish doom;  
And sticky papers, spread for dog-day flies,  
Fright not survivors by their piles of dead.

[Enter Briggs.]

ANTISTROPHE.—See hither approaching, with jubilant mien,  
The fowler to gather this innocent green  
In his net.  
He's bullish to-day; he'll be bearish to-morrow,  
As this woodcock will find to his infinite sorrow,  
You may bet!

BRIGGS—(*portly, suave, sonorous, prominent check-suit and high standing collar with large points*).—What can I do for you, sir?

PHIPPS (*timidly*).— I should like  
To ask what stock you think a prudent purchase.

BRIGGS.—I never give advice.

## THE LAMBS.

## CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

Ah! specious fairness!  
He never gives advice! No, not for Joseph!

[Enter Mike. He hands Briggs a telegram, and exit.]

BRIGGS (*reading*).—

Advices from Amsterdam say that the Dutch are investing in "Denver."  
Its earnings for April show more than eighty per centum of increase  
Over those for the same month last year, and the mileage is not any greater.

## SEMI-CHORUS OF BULLS.

The earnings of "Denver" are something immense.  
There's no ground to suspect there's a "nig" in the fence.  
We put every reliance on Palmer; he's one of the squarest of gents.

PHIPPS.—Do you not think that "Denver" has a future?

BRIGGS.—It shows great strength. I think it will go higher  
Before it goes much lower. The Dutch are buying.  
They are a prudent race, and ne'er slop over.

PHIPPS.—I think myself it is a first-rate buy.

## CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

He thinks it is a buy! O sapient lamb!  
He read it in the "Wall Street Truth" this morning.

BRIGGS.—I am a bull upon the present market  
And see an undertone of strength. I look  
For higher prices in the immediate future.  
There is no fear, I think, of shipping gold.  
The prospects for the crops are most assuring.  
The statement of the banks allays suspicion.  
And, if there comes not some untoward feature,  
Now unforeseen, to startle the investor,  
I prophesy a boom.

PHIPPS.— Buy me a hundred  
Of "Denver."

BRIGGS.— At what limit, sir?

PHIPPS.— The market.  
I may be "left" if I prescribe a limit.  
He ne'er grows rich who is afraid to climb.

[Briggs sends an order to buy 100 "Denver" at market to Brown in the "Board."]

## CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

Thus is it ever.  
We have been there ourselves.  
The innocent lamb  
Delighteth to clam  
At highest of water,  
And thinks himself clever  
While going to slaughter.  
We have been there ourselves.

[Enter Mike, with telegrams.]

BRIGGS (*reading*).—

Mr. Vanderbilt's brokers have orders to buy, at one hundred and twenty,  
Every share of "Lake Shore" that is offered. He wishes to bolster the market  
And strengthen the popular pulse, which of late has been weak and capricious.

THE LAMBS.

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CHORUS OF BULLS.

I.

Mr. V. in "Lake Shore"  
Has inserted a "peg,"  
Which, sooner than draw,  
He'd go short of a leg,

For he means to do well by the public; he's not such a very bad egg.

BRIGGS (*reading*).—

We hear that Jay Gould has displayed to a party of prominent magnates,  
In order to prove that the rumors about him are wholly unfounded,  
The stocks in his safe, and the showing reveals him surprisingly solvent.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

II.

Those taking a squint  
At the state of Gould's stocks  
Report there's a mint  
Of strong stuff in his box;

And it's meet that the market should stiffen when the king-pin is rolling in rocks.

[*Enter messenger with report of purchase of "Denver."*]

BRIGGS.—We filled your order, but we had to climb.  
We bought at seventy.

CHORUS OF BULLS.

It now is seventy-two.  
O fortunate young man! freeze onto it,  
And you will reap a bigger profit yet.

PHIPPS.—I knew that "Denver" was a first-rate purchase.  
It will go higher, and I mean to hold.

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

We have been there ourselves.  
This lamb will, sure pop,  
Hold on till the drop.  
For to buy at the top  
And sell out at hard pan  
Is the favorite plan  
Of the lamb.  
We have been there ourselves.

PHIPPS.—Buy me two hundred "Lake Shore" at the market.

BRIGGS (*sends order*).—

That "Denver" shows you quite a handsome profit.

PHIPPS.—I mean to hold; it will go higher still.

BRIGGS.—I see no cause for selling at the moment.

PHIPPS.—Is "Louisville and Nashville" a sound property?

BRIGGS.—Parties who claim to know are bullish on it.

HOBBS (*enters*).—

Your order, sir, is filled. Two hundred "Lake Shore"  
We bought at twenty.

## THE LAMBS.

## CHORUS OF BULLS.

And it now is higher.  
It will touch twenty-three before the close.

PHIPPS.—Buy me a hundred "Louisville and Nashville."  
The profit I have made upon this "Denver"  
Will help me out in case of a reaction.

HOBBS (*to Briggs*).—

The market, sir, is feverish, Mr. Brown thinks.

## CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

O luckless lamb!  
The end is not far off. We understand  
Thy fleece already by the butcher's hand  
Is grasped, and soon the shears will make thee shorn.  
Then wilt thou wish that thou hadst ne'er been born.  
The crafty gains that looked so well on paper  
Are fading now from sight as fades the taper  
At breath of flame, or as the ripened corn  
Falls 'neath the scythe.  
We grieve to see thee writhe  
Between the bear's paw and the base bull's horn.  
O luckless lamb!

## CHORUS OF BEARS.

The market weakens. See how "Western Union"  
Sags on free selling. Sorely sick is "Denver,"  
On rumors a receiver 'll be appointed.  
The Granger stocks are "off," and "North-west" staggers  
E'en as an overloaded ship when Boreas bellows.

PHIPPS.—Do you advise me, sir, to sell my "Denver"?

[*Enter Mike, with telegram.*]

BRIGGS.—We've bought one hundred "Louisville and Nashville"  
For your account, at seventy-nine. The market  
Looks very sick to me.

[*Going to ticker.*]

I see that "Denver"  
Has no support. I think things will go lower  
In the immediate future.

PHIPPS.—Do you think, sir,  
It would be wise in me to sell my "Denver"?

[*Enter messenger, with telegram.*]

BRIGGS (*reading*).—

We hear that insiders to-day have been sellers of "Denver,"  
And have plastered the market with stock at the present high figures.  
There is reason to think that the pool has unloaded completely  
Its block on the public. We deem it an excellent short sale.

## CHORUS OF BEARS.

## I.

In "Denver" a break!  
It is rotten as punk,  
And the road-bed would make  
A poor lot of old junk.  
We've long had our eye upon Palmer; he's sly as a pot-bellied monk.

BRIGGS (*reading*).—

The latest reports from the West declare that the terrible chinch-bugs  
Have climbed up the telegraph poles to escape from the violent rain-storms,  
And are eating the tops of the poles, which makes "Western Union" unsteady.

CHORUS OF BEARS.

II.

The steamer *Britannic*  
Will carry more gold.  
We look for a panic,  
And freely have sold

The market on news that the wheat crop is certainly nipped by the cold.

BRIGGS.—I've always said that "Denver" would sell lower.  
Its management has caused me much suspicion.

PHIPPS.—Do you anticipate a large decline?

BRIGGS.—I am a bear upon the situation.

[*Hobbs enters and whispers to Briggs.*]

We need more "margin," Mr. Phipps, for "Denver"  
Has broken six points in the last few minutes.

PHIPPS.—I think it best to let my "Denver" go.  
Don't you?

BRIGGS.—How does it stand you in at present?

PHIPPS.—The last quotation is just three per cent.  
Below the price at which I bought.

BRIGGS.— You might  
Give a stop order. That, you know, would limit  
Your loss. I'm much annoyed to think you didn't  
Salt down your profit. It is always best  
To take a moderate profit.

PHIPPS.— If it falls  
To sixty-four I order you to sell.  
Oh, wretched fool, to let my profit slide!

BRIGGS.—To get out at the top is only granted  
The happy few. I think it will go lower  
Before it goes much higher. The Dutch are selling.

[*Enter Mike, excitedly, with telegrams.*]

MIKE.—The "peg," sir, in "Lake Shore" 's been taken out.

CHORUS OF BEARS.

The shrimps have got caught  
Who went into "Lake Shore,"  
Supposing they bought  
On an utter ground floor.

If they think it is cheap at that figure we're ready to give them some more.

[*Enter messenger.*]

BRIGGS.—We've sold your "Denver," sir, at sixty-four.

PHIPPS.—I am well out of it. It will go lower.

BRIGGS.—To sell it "short" might make you whole again.

## THE LAMBS.

## CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

Within that argument much cunning lies.  
A specious bait conceals the bitter hook.

[Enter messenger.]

BRIGGS.—The bottom's dropping out of everything.  
We need more "margin," Mr. Phipps, for "Lake Shore"  
Has broken open. If this racket lasts  
You'll see a panic.

PHIPPS.— Then tip out my "Lake Shore."

BRIGGS.—What do you think of selling "Denver" short?

PHIPPS.—Should you consider it a prudent move?

BRIGGS.—I see no reason for stocks selling higher.

PHIPPS.—I'll go short of two hundred at the market.

[Briggs sends orders.]

## CHORUS OF BEARS.

We hear that "L. N."  
Is encumbered with debt.  
There ne'er was a hen  
That was able to set  
On more eggs than her body would cover, without some eggs rotting, you bet!

PHIPPS.—Is what they say of "Louisville and Nashville"  
Authentic?

BRIGGS.— I have reason to believe so.  
It has absorbed a host of other lines,  
And is much watered. I should feel alarm  
If I owned any at these fancy prices.

PHIPPS.—Tip out my "Louisville and Nashville," then,  
And sell two hundred "Lake Shore" short. I fancy  
I'll get it back at largely lower figures.

[Briggs sends orders.]

## CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

We have been there ourselves.  
To sell what he's bought,  
If he thinks himself caught  
By the bears and go short,  
When the market's hard pan  
Is the favorite plan  
Of the lamb.  
We have been there ourselves.

[Enter messenger.]

BRIGGS.—We've sold your "Denver" short. We had to slaughter  
Your "Lake Shore," as the best bid was eleven.

[Hobbs enters and whispers to Briggs.]

I think we're near the bottom. Mr. Brown  
Sends word the market is a first-class buy.

## SEMI-CHORUS OF BULLS.

The earnings of "Denver" are something immense.  
 There's no ground to suspect there's a "nig" in the fence.  
 We put every reliance on Palmer; he's one of the squarest of gents.

[Enter Mike, with telegrams.]

BRIGGS (*reading*).—

No gold will be shipped by the steamer *Britannic* to-day, and the grain crop  
 Looks healthy, and only requires a little more rain to make certain  
 A plentiful harvest. We think that all sound stocks are cheap at these figures.

PHIPPS.—Perhaps it would be wise in me to cover.

## CHORUS OF BULLS.

The market's whooping. "Denver" has advanced  
 Two points. The boastful bears will have to climb.

PHIPPS.—Do you advise me to take back my "Denver"  
 And "Lake Shore"?

BRIGGS.— I'm a bull upon this market.  
 I see an undertone of strength. I look  
 For higher prices in the immediate future.

[Enter messenger.]

The late advices say the Dutch are buying,  
 And Gould has told his friends that "Western Union"  
 Is good for par.

PHIPPS.— Then I prefer to cover  
 And stand the loss.

BRIGGS.— You'll just have time, I think,  
 Before the market closes. Hurry, Mike,  
 And fill these orders. Lively, now! Look sharp!

[Exit messenger.]

PHIPPS.—'Tis a cold day for me. This loss, I fear,  
 Will wipe me out.

BRIGGS.— 'Tis never wise to sell  
 The market short upon a large decline.

## CHORUS OF BULLS.

For much higher prices  
 We're looking all round.  
 The Western advices  
 Read "Chinch-bugs are drowned."  
 And the fields where they formerly fattened with promise of plenty are crowned.

## CHORUS OF BEARS.

The steamer *Britannic*  
 Will carry more gold.  
 We look for a panic,  
 And freely have sold  
 The market on news that the wheat crop is certainly nipped by the cold.

[Enter Mike, with telegrams.]

BRIGGS.—We filled your orders, but we had to climb.  
We covered all your shorts—"Denver" at sixty-seven,  
And "Lake Shore" at thirteen.

HOBBS (*coming from ticker*).—

The market sags

And closes weak.

[*The ticker stops.*]

PHIPPS.—

Please make up my account.

I am cleaned out; no "margin" have I left  
With which to venture further. I am dry  
As summer brook beneath an August sun.  
Thus, as we live, we learn. The hoarded gains  
Of three long years of toil are swept away  
E'en in a breath. Such is the fate of him  
Who seeks to climb to fortune by short cuts.

[*Hobbs presents him with his account.*]

Three thousand out of pocket! Ah, Fifine!  
How shall I wed thee now? Oh, hapless hour  
When first I shadowed this seducing shop!

[*As, overcome with distress, he peruses the account, the choruses of bulls and bears pass off the stage, repeating their last stanzas. The market is closed.*]

BRIGGS (*putting on his overcoat*).—

The market has closed weak. I rather think  
We shall see lower prices still to-morrow;  
But yet there is an undertone of strength  
That may at any time develop into  
A buying movement. Well, I'm off. Good-night!

[*Exit Briggs.*]

CULLY (*advancing with broom*).—

The day declines. A silvern silence soon  
Will hold these halls until to-morrow's sun  
Awakes once more the "ticker's" tedious tune,  
And, swathed in sleep, will weary mortals rest.  
Who shall escape his fate? Fate never sleeps,  
But ever stalks abroad, with Argus eyes,  
And weaves the woof beneath the twinkling stars  
As surely as at noon. Alas! poor lamb!  
So falls the curse upon the head of him  
Who seeks to garner wealth by ways the gods  
Have interdicted to the race of man.  
Nought in this world is stable save the fruit  
Of honest industry. The sweat of brows  
Is sweeter than the gambler's ardent breath.  
Who delves in ditches, sleeps secure at night  
Upon a falling market, and, though poor,  
Laughs in the face of destiny; but what  
Shall salve the spirit of the wretch who trades  
On "margins"? Yet time flies. I must to work.  
Who grieves too much for others suffers loss.

[*Phipps sinks into a chair, and covers his face with his hands.*]

CHORUS OF SHORN LAMBS.

I.

The gods who in heaven abide,  
And preside o'er the planet of man,

To stimulate laudable pride  
 In his heart, since time began,  
 For mortals a law have cast,  
 As the pitcher is cast for the ewer,  
 That the slow alone shall last,  
 The gradual only endure;  
 And that wealth which grows in a night,  
 In a night shall fade away,  
 As the morning mists take flight  
 At a glance of the eye of day.

## II.

Success is labor's prize,  
 Work is the mother of Fame,  
 And who on a "boom" shall rise  
 To the height of an honest name?  
 The bee by industry reapeth  
 The stores which enrich the hives;  
 All that is thrifty creepeth,  
 For toil is the law of lives.  
 And he who reaps without sowing  
 A bitter harvest reaps.  
 The law of gradual growing  
 Is a law that never sleeps.

[CURTAIN.]

*Robert Grant.*

## A SNOW-STORM.

THAT is a striking line with which Emerson opens his beautiful poem of the Snow-storm:

"Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
 Seems nowhere to alight."

One seems to see the clouds puffing their cheeks as they sound the charge of their white legions. But the line is more accurately descriptive of a rain-storm, as, in both summer and winter, rain is usually preceded by wind. Homer, describing a snow-storm in his time, says:

"The winds are lulled."

The preparations of a snow-storm are, as a rule, gentle and quiet; a marked hush pervades both the earth and the sky. The movements of the celestial forces are muffled as if the snow already paved the way of their coming. There is no uproar, no clashing of arms, no blowing of wind trumpets. These soft, feathery, exquisite crystals are formed as if in the silence and privacy of the inner cloud-chambers. Rude winds would break the spell and mar the process. The clouds are smoother, with less definite outlines and slower move-

ments than those which bring rain. In fact, everything is prophetic of the gentle and noiseless meteor that is approaching, and of the stillness that is to succeed it, when "all the batteries of sound are spiked," as Lowell says, and "we see the movements of life as a deaf man sees it—a mere wraith of the clamorous existence that inflicts itself on our ears when the ground is bare." After the storm is fairly launched, the winds not infrequently awake, and, seeing their opportunity, pipe the flakes a lively dance. I am speaking now of the typical, full-born mid-winter storm that comes to us from the North or N. N. E., and that piles the landscape knee-deep with snow. Such a storm came to us the last day of January—the master-storm of the winter. Previous to that date we had had but light snow. The spruces had been able to catch it all upon their arms and keep a circle of bare ground beneath them where the birds scratched. But the day following this fall they stood with their lower branches completely buried. If the Old Man of the North had but sent us his couriers and errand-boys before! The old gray-beard appeared himself at our doors on this occasion, and we were all his subjects. His flag was upon every tree and roof, his seal

upon every door and window, and his embargo upon every path and highway. He slipped down upon us, too, under the cover of such a bright seraphic day,—a day that disarmed suspicion with all but the wise ones, a day without a cloud or a film, a gentle breeze from the west, a dry, bracing air, a blazing sun that brought out the bare ground under the lee of the fences and farm buildings, and at night a spotless moon near her full. The next morning the sky reddened in the east, then became gray, heavy, and silent. A seamless cloud covered it. The smoke from the chimneys went up with a barely perceptible slant toward the north. In the forenoon the cedar birds, purple-finches, yellow-birds, nut-hatches, blue-birds, were in flocks, or in couples or trios about the trees, more or less noisy and loquacious. About noon a thin, white veil began to blur the distant Southern mountains. It was like a white dream slowly descending upon them. The first flake or flakelet that reached me was a mere white speck that came idly circling and eddying to the ground. I could not see it after it alighted. It might have been a scale from the feather of some passing bird, or a larger mote in the air that the stillness was allowing to settle. Yet it was the altogether inaudible and infinitesimal trumpeter that announced the coming storm, the grain of sand that heralded the ocean. Presently another fell, then another; the white mist was creeping up the river valley. How slowly and loiteringly it came, and how microscopic its first siftings! This mill is bolting its flour very fine, you think. But wait a little; it gets coarser by and by; you begin to see the flakes; they increase in numbers and in size, and before one o'clock it is snowing steadily. The flakes come straight down, but in a half-hour they have a marked slant toward the north; the wind is taking a hand in the game. By mid-afternoon the storm is coming in regular pulse-beats or in vertical waves. The wind is not strong, but seems steady; the pines hum, yet there is a sort of rhythmic throb in the meteor; the air toward the winds looks ribbed with steady-moving vertical waves of snow. The impulses travel along like undulations in a vast suspended white curtain, imparted by some invisible hand then in the northeast. As the day declines the storm waxes, the wind increases, and the snow-fall thickens. Then comes that

—“tumultuous privacy of storm,”

of Emerson's famous line, which you feel outside as well as in. Out of doors you seem in a vast tent of snow; the distance is shut out, near by objects are hidden; there is a white

curtain above you and white screens about you, and you feel housed and secluded in storm. Your friend leaves your door and he is wrapped away in white obscurity, caught up in a cloud, and his footsteps are obliterated. Travelers meet on the road and do not see or hear each other till they are face to face. The passing train, half a mile away, gives forth a near wraith of sound. Its whistle is deadened as in a dense wood. Still the storm rose. At five o'clock I went forth to face it in a two-mile walk. It was exhilarating in the extreme. The snow was lighter than chaff. It had been dried in the Arctic ovens to the last degree. The foot sped through it without hindrance. I fancied the grouse and quails quietly sitting down in the open places, and letting it drift over them. With head under wing and wing snugly folded they would be softly and tenderly buried in a few moments. The mice and the squirrels were in their dens, but I fancied the fox asleep upon some rock or log, and letting the flakes cover him. The hare in her form, too, was being warmly sepulchered with the rest. I thought of the young cattle and the sheep huddled together on the lee side of a haystack in some remote field, all enveloped in mantles of white.

“I thought me on the ourie cattle,  
Or silly sheep, wha bide this brattle  
O' wintry war,  
Or thro' the drift, deep-lairing sprattle,  
Beneath a scaur.

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,  
That in the merry months o' spring  
Delighted me to hear thee sing,

What comes o' thee?  
Where will thou cow'r thy chattering wing,  
And close thy ee?”

As I passed the creek I noticed the white woolly masses that filled the water. It was as if somebody up above had been washing his sheep and the water had carried away all the wool, and I thought of the Psalmist's phrase, “He giveth snow like wool.” On the river a heavy fall of snow simulates a thin layer of cotton batting. The tide drifts it along, and where it meets with an obstruction along shore, it folds up and becomes wrinkled or convoluted like a fabric, or like cotton sheeting. Attempt to row a boat through it, and it seems indeed like cotton or wool, every fiber of which resists your progress.

As the sun went down and darkness fell, the storm impulse reached its full. It became a wild conflagration of wind and snow; the world was wrapt in frost flame; it enveloped one, and penetrated his lungs and caught away his breath like a blast from a burning city. How it whipped around and under

every cover and searched out every crack and crevice, sifting under the shingles in the attic, darting its white tongue under the kitchen door, puffing its breath down the chimney, roaring through the woods, stalking like a sheeted ghost across the hills, bending in white and even changing forms above the fences, sweeping across the plains, whirling in eddies behind the buildings, or leaping spitefully up their walls—in short, taking the world entirely to itself and giving a loose rein to its desire.

But in the morning, behold! the world was not consumed; it was not the besom of destruction, after all, but the gentle hand of mercy. How deeply and warmly and spotlessly Earth's nakedness is clothed!—the "wool" of the Psalmist nearly two feet deep. And, as far as warmth and protection are concerned, there is a good deal of the virtue of wool in such a snow-fall. How it protects the grass, the plants, the roots of the trees, and the worms, insects, and smaller animals in the ground! It is a veritable fleece, beneath which the shivering earth ("the frozen hills ached with pain," says one of our young poets) is restored to warmth. When the temperature of the air is at zero, the thermometer, placed at the surface of the ground beneath a foot and a half of snow, would probably indicate but a few degrees below freezing; the snow is rendered such a perfect non-conductor of heat mainly by reason of the quantity of air that is caught and retained between the crystals. Then how, like a fleece of wool, it rounds and fills out the landscape, and makes the leanest and most angular field look smooth.

The day dawned and continued as innocent and fair as the day which had preceded—two mountain-peaks of sky and sun, with their valley of cloud and snow between. Walk to the nearest spring run on such a morning, and you can see the Colorado valley and the great cañons of the West in miniature, carved in alabaster. In the midst of the plain of snow lie these chasms; the vertical walls, the bold headlands, the turrets and spires and obelisks, the rounded and tower-

ing capes, the carved and buttressed precipices, the branch valleys and cañons, and the winding and tortuous course of the main channel are all here—all that the Yosemite or Yellowstone have to show, but the terraces and the cascades. Sometimes my cañon is bridged, and one's fancy runs nimbly across a vast arch of Parian marble, and that makes up for the falls and the terraces. Where the ground is marshy I come upon a pretty and vivid illustration of what I have read and been told of the Florida formation. This white and brittle limestone is undermined by water. Here are the dimples and depressions, the sinks and the wells, the springs and the lakes. Some places a mouse might break through the surface and reveal the water far beneath, or the snow gives way of its own weight and you have a minute Florida well, with the truncated cone-shape and all. The arched and subterranean pools and passages are there likewise.

But there is a more beautiful and fundamental geology than this in the snow-storm: we are admitted into nature's oldest laboratory and see the working of the law by which the foundations of the material universe were laid,—the law or mystery of crystallization. The earth is built upon crystals; the granite rock is only a denser and more compact snow, or a kind of ice that was vapor once and may be vapor again. A little more time, a little more heat, and the hills are but April snow-banks. Nature has but two forms: the cell and the crystal—the crystal first, the cell last. All organic nature is built up of the cell; all inorganic of the crystal. Cell upon cell rises the vegetable, rises the animal; crystal wedded to and compacted with crystal stretches the earth beneath them. See in the falling snow the old cooling and precipitation, and the shooting, radiating forms, that are the architects of planet and globe.

We love the sight of the brown and ruddy earth; it is the color of life, while a snow-covered plain is the face of death; yet snow is but the mark of the life-giving rain; it, too, is the friend of man—the tender, sculpturesque immaculate, warning, fertilizing snow.

*John Burroughs.*



## DINAH MORRIS AND MRS. ELIZABETH EVANS.

AMONG the thousands of readers and admirers of George Eliot's great novel "Adam Bede," there were, until lately, comparatively few who knew with any certainty that the principal characters in that book were drawn from life. The attempt to identify the characters in the novel with real people has given rise to much discussion, and many contradictory statements have been made. When the novel appeared in 1859 there were several people who at once declared that Dinah Morris was intended to represent a Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, of Wirksworth, in Derbyshire, an aunt of George Eliot. The identification of other characters followed, Adam Bede being supposed to represent Robert Evans, the father of the author, and Seth his brother Samuel, both carpenters of Ellaston, near Ashbourne. Incident after incident was recognized as having occurred in the lives of these people, and great interest was excited throughout Derbyshire among the numerous friends of Mr. and Mrs. Evans.

The opinion has been frequently expressed that Dinah was "an impossible character;" but that such a woman really did live and work among the Methodists of Derbyshire, there are many witnesses ready to testify.

In 1876 a book was published, entitled "George Eliot in Derbyshire," in which the writer pointed out some of the resemblances which have led to the identification of the various characters, quoting passages from a short account of Mrs. Evans's life, written by herself. The writer of this book received a letter, in which "George Eliot" begged him to understand that Dinah Morris was never intended to be a representation of Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, and that any identification of the two (or of any other characters in "Adam Bede," with real persons) would be protested against as not only false in fact and tending to perpetuate false notions about art, but also as a gross breach of social decorum." This letter was, I believe, written by the late Mr. G. H. Lewes.

Having been acquainted with the family of Mrs. Evans for many years, I am possessed of some facts which make it difficult for me to believe that George Eliot herself would have made such a statement; and I now propose to give a few incidents which came under my own notice some years ago, and which have not before been published. In doing this I have no intention of going over the same

ground as that already trodden by Guy Roslyn in the book before mentioned, but it will be necessary to give a few of the comparisons made by him between the characters in the novel and real persons.

The description of Dinah's personal appearance and peculiar dress tallies almost exactly with that of Mrs. Evans. The scenes of their labor were identical (for I think no one will attempt to deny that the scenes in "Adam Bede" are laid in Derbyshire and Staffordshire), and the manner of the two women preachers was the same. Dinah felt a conviction that she was "called" to preach the Gospel, and that her life had been given her to "devote to the Lord, to help, to comfort and strengthen the little flock at Snowfield, and to call in many wanderers." And she says: "My soul is filled with these things from my rising up to my lying down." Mrs. Evans says: "I believe the kind hand of God had been upon me all the days of my life. I believe the Lord directed me to leave my father's house when I was little more than fourteen years old. \* \* \* He blessed me with clear light concerning the nature of preaching." Dinah says: "My life is too short, and God's work is too great for me to think of making a home for myself in this world." Mrs. Evans writes: "I was powerfully impressed with the shortness of time. I saw it my duty to be wholly devoted to God, and to be set apart for the Master's use." We are told that Dinah and Seth were Methodists "of a very old-fashioned kind. They believed in present miracles, in instantaneous conversions, in revelations by dreams and visions. They drew lots and sought for divine guidance by opening the Bible at hazard." In like manner, Mrs. Evans says: "I saw in the night seasons the places I must speak in, the roads to some of those places, the people I must speak to, and the thing on which I must stand, together with the opposition I should meet with, before I took my journey. If I wanted to know anything I had only to ask, and it was given, generally in a moment, whether I was in the public street or at my work, or in my private room; and many—I think I may say hundreds of times—the Lord shone upon His word and shewed me the meaning thereof." The expression, "It has been borne in upon my mind," was an expression frequently used by both Dinah and Mrs. Evans. In Dinah's sermon on Hayslope Green

she singles out and addresses Bessie Cranage, and tells her of a young woman who "thought of her lace caps and saved all her money to buy 'em. \* \* \* And one day, when she put her new cap on and looked in the glass, she saw a bleeding Face, crowned with thorns." This idea George Eliot has said she received from Mrs. Evans, who often told it as a miracle in which she firmly believed. In the description of Dinah's sermon on the green, the author speaks of "the charm of Dinah's mellow treble tones, which had a variety of modulation, like that of a fine instrument touched with the unconscious skill of musical instinct. \* \* \*

The effect of her speech was produced entirely by the inflections of her voice." No words could better describe the wonderful influence of Mrs. Evans's voice. Wherever she was people seemed compelled to listen, sometimes against their will. In support of this statement I will relate a circumstance which occurred at the time of Mrs. Evans's death in 1849. It was told me by an eye-witness, and I give it in her own words:

"I was in the habit of visiting Mrs. Evans almost every day during the latter years of her life, and I have sat for hours listening as she related her experience. The day after her death I was in the house when two strangers came to the door and asked if Mrs. Evans lived there, and upon hearing the news of her death expressed great sorrow. They said that many years ago she was preaching in the village where they lived, as young men, and they went to the place for the purpose of making fun of and persecuting her, even contemplating throwing stones at the woman preacher. They hid themselves behind a hedge, close to where Mrs. Evans was standing, and waited for her to begin. The moment she commenced speaking their attention was arrested; they did not know at first what she was saying, but felt compelled to listen; her voice seemed to fascinate them: it was like nothing they had ever heard before. They listened throughout the prayer and sermon and went home forgetting all about the purpose that had taken them to the spot. Soon after this they became local preachers, and they had searched almost throughout England to find the woman to whom they owed so much, thinking how pleased she would be to hear that her efforts had been so successful. They had only found her when it was too late, for she had died a few hours before their arrival."

The same person says, "I could have filled volumes with the remarkable stories she told me of her remarkable life, of her dreams and their alleged fulfillment, of the 'revelations' of the Divine Presence which she frequently experienced; of the way in which she had

had strength given her to fulfill her duties, when it seemed impossible to carry out her plans. I well remember her telling me that one Sunday she was 'planned' to preach at Bakewell, ten miles from Wirksworth. The week before she was seized with a violent attack of rheumatic fever and could not move a limb; her body was full of pain, and her mind was disturbed about the following Sunday's duties. She prayed constantly, night and day—the impression was strong that she was needed at Bakewell. The pain continued until the Saturday night, when it suddenly left her, she fell into a deep, untroubled sleep, and arose the next morning perfectly free from pain. She walked to Bakewell through pouring rain, preached in her wet clothes, and returned home the same day, and felt no ill effects from her journey, but a blessed sense of having been given special strength to do the Lord's work.

"She also told me of her first meeting with her husband; how he followed her about from place to place, how for a long time she resisted his earnest pleading, but at last yielded and became his wife, and how she had found him a great help and not a hinderance in her work. Mr. Evans would sit in his corner by the fire and laugh in his own hearty way as his wife related the particulars of his courtship. Mr. Evans always enjoyed a joke, and would join in a laugh against himself with a heartiness which proved its sincerity. Sometimes, when several friends were in the house, laughing and talking, Mrs. Evans would express a fear that they were getting too worldly, and say, in her quiet, gentle way, 'My dear, shall we have a word of prayer?' 'Yes, dear, if thee likes,' her husband would reply; and I think no one could have failed to feel better for hearing her prayers. They were so simple, so loving, so full of faith; she never got excited, or shouted, but seemed to be speaking to some one present."

In the paragraph preceding Dinah's prayer on Hayslope Green it is said, "She (Dinah) closed her eyes, and hanging her head down a little, continued in the same moderate tones, as if speaking to some one quite near her."

If it were an ordinary character we are considering, one that may be met with in everyday life, these points of resemblance might be accepted as merely coincidences. But where throughout the length and breadth of England can such a woman be found? How many such women have the last two centuries given to the world?

It may be asked why has the world never heard of Mrs. Evans? How is it her life has never been written? The answer to this is, first, that it was Mrs. Evans's wish that it should not be done; and secondly, those of her friends who would or could have done it

said it would be superfluous to attempt a thing that had already been so well done. A life of Mrs. Evans could only be a repetition of Dinah Morris's, and no one could give to the world such a picture of Mrs. Evans as the writer of "Adam Bede" had done. The scenes and situations, and the circumstances, even to the veriest details, agree, and, fortunately, we have some evidence as to how and under what circumstances these particulars were obtained.

In a letter written by George Eliot to a friend, in 1859, she gives the dates of her visits to her aunt, Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, at Wirksworth, the first being when she was quite a child, and again some years after, when she stayed *one night* at the "Wirksworth cottage." But, strange to say, she makes no mention of a visit in 1842, when she remained a week at the house of her cousin, Mr. Samuel Evans. During that visit Mary Ann Evans was with her aunt every day for several hours. They used to go to the house of one of Mrs. Evans's married daughters, where they had the parlor to themselves and had long conversations. These secret conversations excited some curiosity in the family, and one day Mrs. Evans's daughter said, "Mother, I can't think what thee and Mary Ann have got to talk about so much." To which Mrs. Evans replied, "Well, my dear, I don't know what she wants, but she gets me to tell her all about my life and my religious experience, and she puts it all down in a little book. I can't make out what she wants it for." While at Wirksworth Miss Evans made a note of everything people said in her hearing: no matter who was speaking, down it went into the note-book, which seemed never out of her hand. These notes she transcribed every night before retiring to rest. After her departure Mrs. Evans said to her daughter, "Oh dear, Mary Ann has got one thing I did not mean her to take away, and that is the notes of the first sermon I preached on Ellaston Green." The sermon preached by Dinah on Hayslope Green has been recognized as one of Mrs. Evans's. In the letter before referred to, Miss Evans, or George Eliot, mentioned some conversations she had with her aunt when the latter was on a visit to them, and particularly

one from which she got the idea of Hetty Sorrel's character. This is what George Eliot wrote:

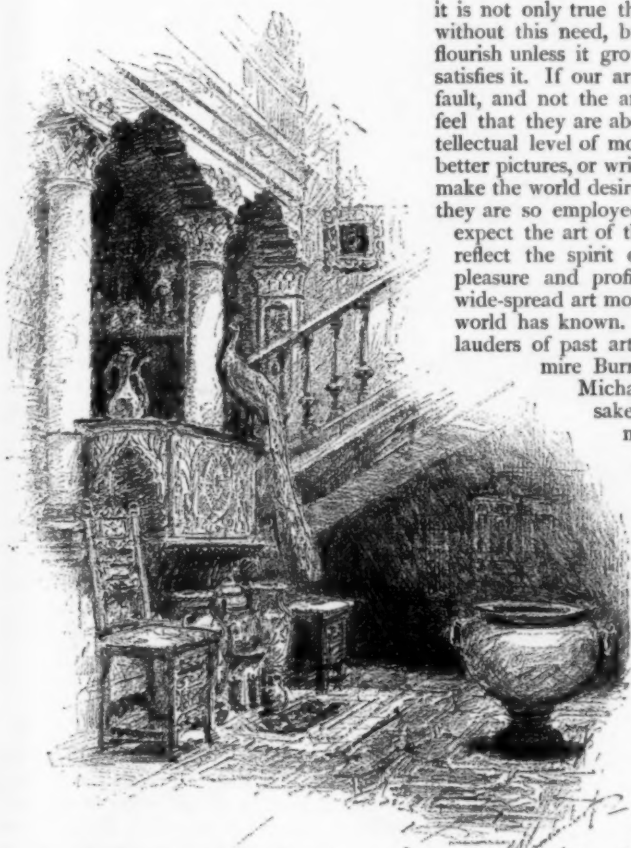
"As to my aunt's conversation, it is a fact, that the only two things of any interest I remember in our lonely sittings and walks, are her telling me one sunny afternoon how she had, with another pious woman, visited an unhappy girl in prison, stayed with her all night, and gone with her to execution, and one or two accounts of supposed miracles in which she believed—among the rest, *the face with the crown of thorns seen in the glass*. In her account of the prison scenes, I remember no word she uttered—I only remember her tone and manner, and the deep feeling I had under the recital. Of the girl she knew nothing, I believe—or told me nothing—but that she was a common, coarse girl, convicted of child-murder. The incident lay in my mind for years on years, as a dead germ, apparently—till time had made my mind a nidus in which it could fructify; it then turned out to be the germ of 'Adam Bede.'"

Whether, in Dinah Morris, George Eliot intended to represent Mrs. Evans or not, she did represent her faithfully and fully. The influence of her aunt's holy life and simple faith on the youthful but troubled mind of Mary Ann Evans was very great, as may be seen from her own words. In writing of her aunt, she says: "She was very gentle and quiet in her manners, very loving, and (what she must have been from the very first) a truly religious soul, in whom the love of God and love of man were fused together." This was written in 1859. I have had the pleasure and privilege of reading some letters from the great novelist to Mrs. Elizabeth Evans, written during the years 1839, 1840, and 1841, in which the writer regrets her inability to realize for herself the deep spiritual peace and happiness experienced by Mrs. Evans. That a great admiration and affection was felt by the writer of these letters for her aunt is evident, and when all form of religious belief was given up by George Eliot, the grief of Mrs. Evans can be better imagined than described. With such evidence before them, it is hardly to be wondered at if the public believe that Mrs. Elizabeth Evans more than "suggested" Dinah Morris. The only point at which the writer has deviated from fact is in the marriage of Dinah and Adam. As a matter of fact the real Dinah married Seth Bede (Samuel Evans). Adam was George Eliot's father, Robert Evans.

L. Bulkeley.



## SOME ENGLISH ARTISTS AND THEIR STUDIOS.\*



HALL IN SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON'S STUDIO.

WHATEVER may be said against the art of the present day, its strongest detractor cannot deny that it is flourishing; and although art may flourish without many desirable elements, such as sincerity, moral refinement, and a high sense of beauty, there is one thing without which it cannot flourish, and that is a root.

The root is in all cases a popular need, and

it is not only true that art will not flourish without this need, but also that it will not flourish unless it grows out of that need and satisfies it. If our art is poor it is our own fault, and not the artist's, and if some men feel that they are above the spiritual and intellectual level of modern art, let them paint better pictures, or write nobler books, so as to make the world desire nobler pictures. While they are so employed, the rest, who do not expect the art of the nineteenth century to reflect the spirit of any other, may find pleasure and profit in studying the most wide-spread art movement that the modern world has known. The cry, indeed, of the lauders of past art—those who cannot admire Burne Jones for thinking of

Michael Angelo, Watts for the sake of Titian, Millais for the memory of Leonardo—would have been the same in almost any age. Their minds imbued with Greek Art, they would have shaken their heads at Raphael; loving Raphael would have hated Velasquez; devoted to Velasquez have scorned Boucher, and charmed with Boucher despised Teniers. But there is not any excuse to-day for such narrow views of art.

We can, or should, see the special interest of each of its phases, and admitting that each of the old schools has its peculiar excellence, and a *cachet* which is inimitable, we should not fail to observe, also, that the artists of the present day have found for us many ways of giving pictorial pleasure unknown to former generations. Here is a handful only of these artists, plucked almost at random out of one city.

\* Sir Frederick Leighton, P. R. A., 2 Holland Park Road, Kensington.

John Everett Millais, R. A., 2 Palace Gate, Kensington.

John Pettie, R. A., The Lothians, Fitzjohn's Avenue, South Hampstead. Late 21 St. John's Wood Road.

Valentine Cameron Prinsep, A. R. A., Holland Park Road, Kensington.

George H. Boughton, A. R. A., West House, Campden Hill Road, Kensington.

Philip Richard Morris, A. R. A., 33 St. John's Wood Road.

James Drogmole Linton, Eltrick House, Steele's Road, Haverstock Hill.

Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., Townshend House, North Gate, Regent's Park.



WINDOW FROM CAIRO IN LEIGHTON'S RESIDENCE.

Studios are the pleasantest workshops in the world, and no artist has a more delightful one than Sir Frederick Leighton, the President of the Royal Academy. In this case Diderot's maxim\* applies admirably: the artist and the studio, the man and the house, fit one another—a fact which is no small compliment to either. If my duty were panegyric I could say some pretty things about both, which represent so well two of the characteristics of the century—desire for beauty and diligence in the search of it. In other words, known well to all of us, Sir Frederick's house is a temple of "sweetness and light," and he is the cultured priest thereof. It is possible that Number Two Holland Park Road might be passed without attracting any special attention, except for its tower; it is not pretentious, and it stands in a little-frequented thorough-

fare. The approach to it skirts two sides of a public house, and we seem rather as if going to the stables than to one of the most beautiful of London houses, when the cab turns suddenly to the right and draws up before a red brick villa of the Italian style. The door once opened, and the hall entered, the charm works suddenly. It is "Open Sesame." What you see may be partially realized by looking at our picture of the hall. That large vase is in the very center of the hall. It is of brass, and was brought from India by Mr. Valentine Prinsep. Last summer a small palm spread from it on all sides and overhead, its broad, dentated leaves breaking the studied lines and fixed hues of art with the freshness and freedom of nature. This office is in winter and summer alike performed, in some sort, by the stuffed peacock which, with the Persian ewer, stands on that chest-like projection between the rich marble pillars. To ascend the stairs you have to pass behind these pillars, and then you see

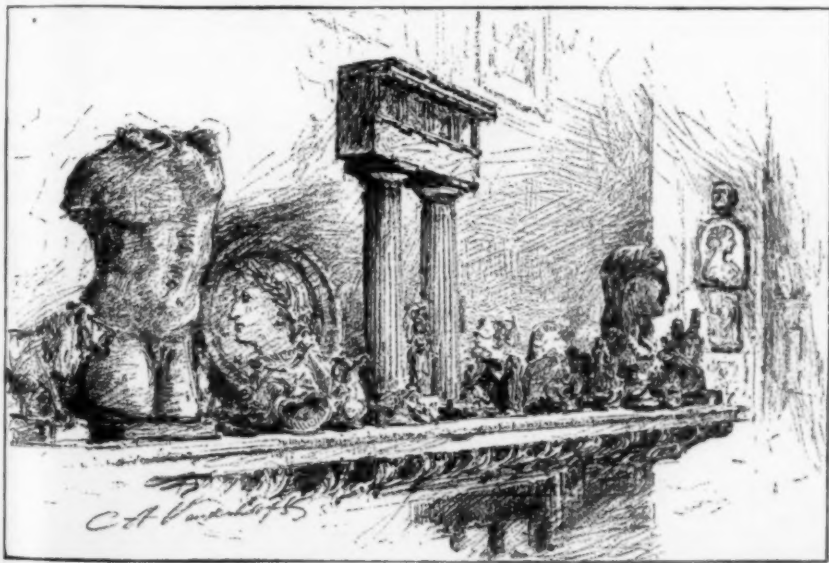
\* "Le milieu explique l'homme, l'atelier commente l'œuvre."

that this projection is a balcony, fitted with luxurious cushions—a pleasant place to sit, to chat, and to admire at your ease the many beauties around you. If you turn your back upon the scene of our engraving you have before you a broad passage, floored with cool mosaic and roofed with gold and silver, in whose richly glinting twilight you see a green-bronze statuette of Narcissus, standing on a plinth between you and the blue-green tiles on the farther side of the famous Arab Hall. As you pass down this passage, if their doors be open, you catch glimpses of the library to the left and the drawing-room to the right, rich with pictures and china, and then the low gilt roof ends and you are in the Arab Hall itself. In the center a fountain plashes in its marble basin where gold-fish swim; on either hand are large windows, with divans cushioned with rich tissues and veiled with the elaborate woodwork of Egyptian *jalousies*. Above the arch by which we enter is a case-ment, the other side of which is given in our wood-cut of a bay of a room on the first floor. The walls are covered with Damascus tiles, with their subdued rich hues of green and blue and plum colors, and graceful patterns of bird and flower. Above, just before the fuller light of the lower story merges in the splendid gloom of the dome, bands of glass mosaic, made in Venice after designs by Walter Crane, show figures of deer entangled in elegant arabesques. The dome, which recalls the Alhambra, with its delicate elaboration

of form and variegated color, is pierced with small windows of oriental glass, thick and rich, holding the light like uncut gems. Looking back from the charmed obscurity of this oriental chamber, through the gold-roofed passage with its marble columns, we see the hall of our illustration, with its black marble balustrade, in full light of day standing out against a plain background of peacock-blue tiles. Probably for pure luxury of light and color there is no such other sight in Christian Europe; and as we pass back and note the change of architecture from Oriental to Italian, and the various objects of art with which floors and tables are strewn, it seems as though the Caliph Haroun Alraschid and Lorenzo de' Medici had set up house together.

If, when Sir Frederick welcomes you at the top of the stairs, you express to him your admiration of what you have seen, he will probably hasten to assure you that the pleasure is none of his giving. He will tell you that all the merit of the building is due to the genius of Mr. Aitchison, his architect; that it is to Mr. De Morgan that he owes the perfection of the tiling of the Arab Hall—that many of the old tiles were missing and have been supplied by that gentleman, with perfect artistic sympathy; and that the designs of Mr. Walter Crane for the mosaics are the most beautiful things of the kind he has ever seen.

Once inside the studio and you become aware of that third kind of beauty which has delighted the artist's mind and senses and



MANTEL IN LEIGHTON'S STUDIO.

inspired his work—the beauty of precise form which reached perfection in the arts of ancient Greece. It is true that the Narcissus has given a hint of this before, but its influence has been drowned in the colored mystery of Eastern light and the grave splendor of Italian marbles. Here, however, though a chair may serve as a resting-place for a Persian tile, and majolica plates and bowls from Anatolia may lie on table and piano, a classic tone is distinctly felt if it does not prevail. The south wall of the room bears a cast of that famous Panathenaic frieze with which Phidias decorated the dim hall of the Parthenon, and on the sill of the gallery (which in our wood-cut is partially concealed by a curtain) are seen other casts of fragments of the same sculptor's work. Along the broad shelf, above one of the fire-places, are ranged (as shown in another of our illustrations) torso and medallion, bust and mask, mixed with little models of his own, including the sketch of his famous "Athlete Struggling with a Python."

All later art that seeks (like Leighton's) first of all things after beauty, and not the beauty that we all see, but the beauty which is ideal, must be in a measure eclectic, and the later it be the more eclectic it becomes, because there is more from which to choose.

But there are different kinds of eclecticism, and that term, as applied to Leighton, means only that he has studied art of all times and in all places, and that his own natural feeling for what is beautiful has fed upon all he has seen and has assimilated all that was nutritious to itself. No artist has probably learned more from his precursors, and none is more individual, for he has loved nature as well as art, and has a true original faculty of poetic vision. The luxury of the East, the splendor of Italy, and the repose of Greece have all left their influence upon his work, but he is the follower of no particular school, still less of any particular master. Such pictures as his "Helios and Rhodos" or his "Theocritan Idyl" of last year show, by the largeness of their design and the harmony of their color, that his visual pleasures and pictorial aims are similar in quality to the pleasures and aims of the great Venetians; but he sees with nineteenth-century eyes and uses a scale of tints which is peculiarly his own. When we look at his grand composition of "Heracles Struggling with Death," his majestic "Helen" on the walls of Troy, or his "Clytemnestra" watching pitiless for the baleful fires, we are not reminded of any statue or bass-relief, but of the poetry of ancient Greece.



LEIGHTON'S STUDIO.



J. E. MILLAIS' STUDIO.

The portraits upon the easels in our woodcut show that Leighton does not confine himself to painting the unseen. Like most of the best artists of all schools, he has helped to record for posterity the character and beauty of individuals of his own generation. None of his portraits is finer than that of himself, painted for the Uffizi at Florence, where, with his friends Watts and Millais, his effigy will hang surrounded by those of the greatest painters of Europe. Nor has he left the interval between such realistic work and his poetical creations unfilled. Witness the lovely gallery of beauties of all types, Moretta, Fatima, Rubinella, Teresina, etc., which are perhaps the most popular of his works.

Nevertheless, it is as the painter of that beauty which is not seen (except in his pictures) that his distinction lies, while of Millais the reverse is true. This thoroughly modern

artist finds rather than creates, expresses rather than idealizes. The one paints visions, the other sights; the one forms and drapery, the other men and women and their clothes. Leighton's work represents the learned culture and æsthetic appetite of his century, but Millais paints the century itself. Though more entirely a painter than any Englishman of his time, the range of his artistic interest is comparatively confined. Little pleasure in composition for its own sake—for purely decorative combinations of color and line—is shown in his pictures. They spring into their beautiful being by a process almost exactly converse to that of the minds of such men as Leighton, and each artist is supreme at his opposite pole of art. His peculiar gifts of seizing the very life he sees around him, and of painting it, with a power of expression and splendor of color never surpassed, hold the



V. C. PRINSEP'S STUDIO.

secret of his great and deserved popularity—a popularity the like of which has never been seen in England since the death of Landseer. Nor is this confined to his own country. By means of engravings (and he has been singularly fortunate in his engravers) his name is a household word in the colonies and America, and has spread all over the world. Witnesses

of his wide fame in the shape of letters from persons, great and obscure, at home and abroad, arrive daily. But the other day the note of the late Lord Beaconsfield, which we all read, spoke of him as "Apelles"; still more recently has arrived a command from the Queen to paint the portrait of Princess Marie, the daughter of the Duke of Edin-



GEORGE H. BOUGHTON'S HOUSE.

burgh; but perhaps still more gratifying are those epistles that show that his works penetrate, like the poems of Burns, into lowly cottages and uncultured minds, and there do their beneficent mission of happiness and beauty. Once a gentleman, of mean vocation but æsthetic tastes, wrote and offered his services for three years as a man-of-all-work, in return for board and lodging and the privilege of seeing Millais paint. He represented that

ties do not encumber even his studio, which, but for its large north window, is like any spacious chamber in any rich man's house. The few Italian vases which decorate its chimney-piece are the only articles of bric-à-brac to be seen. Even the two fine oak cabinets have something more than an artistic interest. The one beyond the fire-place once belonged to Charles I., and has been painted in Millais' pathetic picture of that hapless Princess



BOUGHTON'S STUDIO.

his present employment, which was cutting the throats of pigs in a great bacon factory at Chicago, was uncongenial to a man of taste and imagination. He longed for brighter climes, in other words, and was willing to "work his passage." Was Millais right in rejecting so touching an appeal? Who knows? The fellow might have been another Pareja, or at least as good a painter as Murillo's Moor! But it was not to be. With sound sense, if imperfect sympathy, the artist advised him to stick to sticking pigs.

Millais' house, a fine specimen of modern architecture, Italian in style, spacious, finely proportioned, full of light, elegant but not elaborate in decoration, was designed by Mr. Hardwick. There is nothing in its noble hall and staircase which expresses the personality of the artist, except his desire that each art should keep within its proper limits and have an uninterrupted field for the display of its peculiar beauty. Artistic proper-

ties do not encumber even his studio, which, but for its large north window, is like any spacious chamber in any rich man's house.

Always defiant of convention, Millais' works have had an extraordinary effect on the art of his time. He has been a pioneer, seeking in all directions for unhackneyed combinations of the beautiful, and having found the track has often left it to be followed by others. Such works as the "Huguenot," "Autumn Leaves," and the "Vale of Rest" attain separate heights of beauty of expression and sentiment which he has scarcely endeavored to reach again; but these works have been the inspiration of thousands of pictures by younger men. His drawings on wood for "Once a Week" and the "Cornhill" are not only the starting-points of the modern style of illustration, but have also affected modern wood-cutting. The genius of those two young artists—beloved of the gods—Frederick Walker and George Mason is said to have owed much of its development to Millais,



OTHER SIDE OF BOUGHTON'S STUDIO.

and the influence of his later work, especially in portrait and expression of the beauty and sweetness of children, is likely to be as wide and as wholesome as that of his earlier and (apparently) more serious labors. I say "apparently," because, as a matter of fact, the splendid ease of his mature skill is not a sign of carelessness, but of admiration for the art of Velasquez and Sir Joshua Reynolds. He, like all great artists, is, and ever will be, a student—his "course" unfinished and his professional ambition unsatisfied. I have his own authority for saying that it is not because it is easy to paint a child, but because it is the most difficult of all artistic exercises, that he has devoted so much of his later years to expressing the innocence and sweetness of tender age.

Variety of artistic impulse, frankness, manliness, boldness of design, and decorative feeling are some of the characteristics of the art of Valentine Prinsep, A. R. A. At present it has been mainly tentative, and is representative of his age principally as an instance of that intellectual vacillation which results from the possession of natural gifts unaccompanied by a strong instinct as to the best way to employ them. Such at present seems to me the reason why Prinsep has not yet fulfilled the promise of such pictures as the elegant

"Minuet" (1875), the poetical "Linen Gatherers" of the following year, or even his "Venetian Gaming House" of 1867. He is always showing originality, as in his remarkable picture of the "Gadarene Swine"; his manner, if hard, is strong; his color simple and effective, often crude but seldom disagreeable. Some of his studies of natives of India (Rajahs, Maharanas, and Nautch girls) have astonishing force of portraiture and color. His large picture of the imperial assemblage held at Delhi by Lord Lytton when Viceroy, which was exhibited in 1880, was a triumph over great artistic difficulties. Nevertheless, "What will he do with it?" is a question still to be asked in reference to the undoubted talent of Valentine Prinsep.

His house is remarkable, not so much for its beauty as its quaintness, and for being one of the first of those large red-brick houses with which not only the artists' quarter at Kensington but the whole of England is now studded. Its style is almost monastic in severity, and its quaint, long windows, with their heavy sashes and many panes, would give it as good a title to be called "Queen Anne" as many which have been so christened since. Built sixteen years ago, it was a daring innovation on the conventional and

featureless architecture of the day, and even now, in the midst of grander and more beautiful buildings, it maintains a striking and interesting character of its own. Our wood-cut gives the characteristic features of its spacious and curious studio, with its gallery and arched roof, its litter of bric-à-brac and "properties," and its large folding-doors. These separate the studio from the artist's bedroom, and the large aperture in the wall, which they close,

boats, or peasants of France chatting over their midday meal. Acting on the imagination it conjures up scenes of the "good old times." Heavier wagons lumber more slowly along rougher lanes, the spinning-wheel sings at the door, the houses are more picturesque, the costumes strange, but human nature and "the country" are unchanged. In Boughton's work figures are no more subordinate to the landscape than landscape to figures; both are



PHILIP R. MORRIS'S STUDIO.

was opened for the passage of the huge Indian picture before referred to.

Not far off, on the higher land called Campden Hill, is the beautiful new house of G. H. Boughton, A. R. A., an artist who found his line early and has kept to it. This line is the expression of a sentiment very characteristic of the age in which he lives. It may be called "idyllic," as that term is now used, and its source of pleasure is a sympathy with the out-door lives of ordinary persons, in states of society different from our own. This feeling, acting in the field of reality, gives interest to pictures of the fishwomen of Holland watching on the misty sands for the return of the

of equal importance, and the artist must be equally proficient in both. Conventional systems of art-teaching are of little use to a man who wishes to excel in "idyllic" *genre*, and so Boughton cut short his studies at the Royal Academy in London, and did not enter the *atelier* of any "professor" in Paris. Fruitful words of kindly help by Edouard Frère and other artists and unceasing study of nature have made him what he is—one of the most original and accomplished of modern English artists. A whole summer devoted to nothing but studies of sea has enabled him to make his waves break upon the shore as naturally as Mesdag can; and



JOHN PETTIE'S STUDIO.

another occupied exclusively in sketching the forms of trees has made his woodland scenes no less remarkable for correctness in drawing than for a masterly generalization, which, if suggestive of the French school, is yet distinctly his own. Great facility for rapid sketching enables him, as his innumerable sketch-books bear witness, to seize in a moment any chance attitude which is expressive or beautiful, so that his figures, though generally quiet in gesture, are always alive. Sometimes, as in an unfinished picture now on his easel, he catches an attitude so grand and yet so natural as to be sculpturesque. Despite his changes of scene from New England to Brittany, from France to Scheveningen, from Holland to Cornwall, and corresponding changes in type of feature and costume, despite also great variety in motive-touching history in his "March of Miles Standish" and humor in his "Wane of the Honeymoon," "people say" his pictures are too much alike. It is difficult to decide in what this likeness consists, but it is chiefly, I think, in color and in an air of quietism which spreads from his "Priscilla" and "Hester Prynne" all over his pictures. To some it may appear "mannerism"; to me it is only a personal flavor of great charm.

The beautiful house which Mr. Norman Shaw has built for him and his large, bright studio are well represented in our engravings, but the art of Boughton and of his class, such as Philip Morris, A. R. A., which seeks for its inspiration out-of-doors, is not likely to be reflected in the studio. Boughton's is full of china, bronzes, and curiosities of all kinds, but it is the unusual size of the window which floods the whole room with light which is the thing in it most characteristic of the artist as such. The rest of its rich and beautiful appointments are personal to the man of travel and culture. So modern is the art of Morris, so identified with the streets and fields, that its little screen, covered with his beautiful copies of the old masters, seems almost out of place, and the green leaves of his conservatory a more appropriate decoration. Yet it is no doubt greatly due to the patience with which he has executed these careful studies of the masterpieces of Giorgione and Titian that he has been able to excel in pictures which do not remind you of them in the least. From the first Morris seems to have determined to express himself only, and himself in his own language. He studied his classics, but refused to compose in a dead tongue. His desire to be new led him to attempt success in so many direc-

tions that his versatility was at one time a matter of danger. Nevertheless, he hit the mark more than once before his success was assured by his very original picture of "The Sailor's Wedding" (1876)—a procession by the sea in half a gale of wind, with the figures as lively as the bunting and the petticoats. The animation of a large group with one sentiment, popular and easily understood, has been the motive of his larger works, which abound in freshness of observation, both of nature and human expression. The idea is new and yet old. The "Kermesses" of Jan Steen are the ancestors of his "Sailor's Wedding," but the boorish excess is changed for the jollity of the tar. A sentiment still more refined and more modern, also in connection with art, inspired the white-robed maidens of his "Première Communion" (1878) and his "Sons of the Brave" (1880). The latter especially was sure to be popular. With its fresh boy faces and young limbs trained to march like real soldiers, with its pathos in a past of dead heroes and its hope in a future of young ones, it could not fail to strike home to the hearts, not only of fathers and mothers, but of all patriotic Englishmen. Like Boughton, Morris studies inanimate nature with the same care as men and women; and his many

pastoral subjects, such as "The Mowers" or "Fording the Stream," are remarkable for their truthful rendering of the softer graces of English scenery.

The neighborhood of St. John's Wood, where Morris lives, has, like that of Kensington, long been a favorite resort of artists, and, as it happens, all who are the subjects of this article live in or near one or other of these two quarters.

It was in the same road as Morris that J. Pettie, R. A., lived a few months ago, but this famous Scotch artist has recently moved to a larger house, and the room represented in our engraving knows him no more. The new studio is a magnificent apartment, lofty and wide enough to contain a small house, and lit by two large windows (south and east). These are fitted with such an ingenious arrangement of curtains that the artist can flood his model with sunshine from one or the other window, and manage cross-light and *demi-teinte* at his will. But this studio is not the place where those fine works by which we know him were conceived, and the scene of our illustration makes up in interest what it misses in splendor. It was here that he painted his terrible "Hunted Down" (1877) and "Sanctuary" (1873), his powerful scene in that of the



JAMES D. LINTON'S STUDIO.



IN MRS. ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

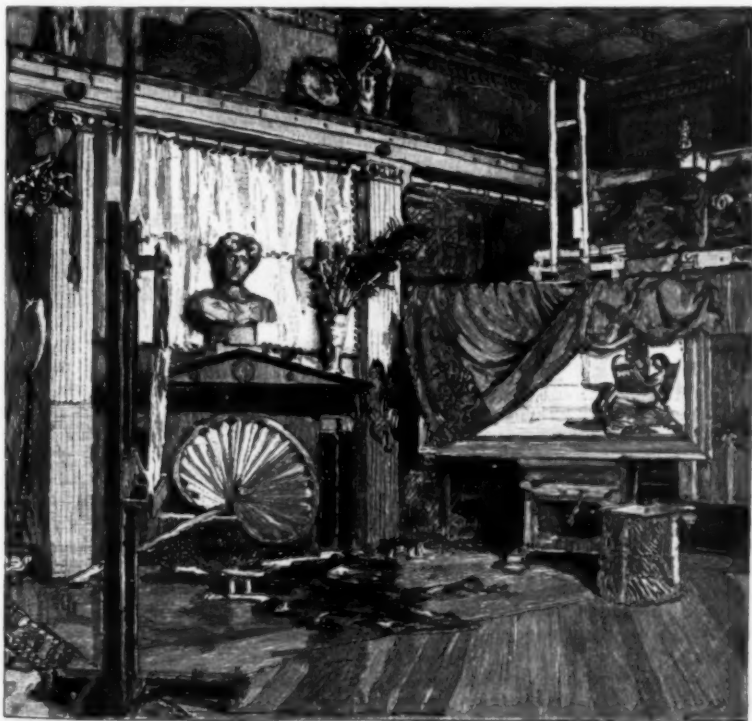
"Wynd's Smithy" (1875), and that perhaps finest of all his pictures, "The Death Warrant" (1879). Few artists have won fame and honor with greater ease than Pettie. He received his art training in Edinburgh, and came to London when twenty-three. He has now been an Academician about eight years and is but forty-three. In skill and force, as a draughtsman and colorist, he has few rivals, and these qualities would be alone sufficient to account for the high esteem in which he is held by artists. If, however, to his power as a painter he did not unite a vigorous and sometimes almost passionate imagination, he might, indeed, have become an Academician, but he would never have been the great and popular artist that he is. His, unlike those of the artists whose homes we have just visited, is essentially the art of romance and drama. His pictures recall for us the stirring scenes of hot blood, the pomp of attire, the cruel statecraft, and all the splendor and crime of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. He also recalls many of the great artists of those days,—Titian, Rembrandt, Franz Hals, Vandyke,—now one, now the other, or more frequently two or more together. It is not, therefore, directly

that he appeals to the present generation, but his art is modern for all that, and the source of its attraction the same as that of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. As his palette is richer and fuller than those of most men, so is his range of feeling wider. He does not confine his steps to the easy paths of modern sentiment, its commonplace courtings, its mean vice, and pretty piety, and the public follows him gladly to times less civilized and more frank, when men gave blow for blow, without bringing actions for assault, and dared crime without fear of the policeman. The search for unsophisticated feeling, when passion had not lost its splendor and guilt could be grand, is common to all art, but old times, good or bad, are especially dear to painters for the richness and strangeness of their costumes and the strength of their human types. The pictorial sense is strongly developed in Pettie. He likes to set even the modern faces of his friends in some splendid or quaint costume of their forefathers. "Every one his own ancestor" was the humorous subscription of a clever caricature of one of these portraits, in the costume of this or that century, which he has from time to time exhibited; and the rich contrasts, both of color and texture, afforded by

black velvet and gray steel, blue ribbon and *dérou* lace, scarlet cope and buff jerkin, are the luxuries of his art both to himself and the public. It is, however, in his power of expression and in its tenderness, no less than its force, that his highest merit lies. Few who have seen them will ever forget either the face or figure of Wolsey in his disgrace, or those of the delicate young king, summoned from his playmates to the council chamber to dip his innocent pen in human blood. This incident of "The Death Warrant" is one of many, true only to days long dead, which Pettie has painted for us for the first time in the days that are.

In Steele's Road, Haverstock Hill, a debatable land, which is neither Hampstead nor St. John's Wood, but is about equidistant from either, lives James Drogmole Linton, who, after achieving very high success as a water-color painter, has only of late years taken to oils, and twice only (in 1878 and last year) exhibited at the Royal Academy. He was elected a member of the Institute of Painters in Water-colors in 1871, and was appointed one of the artists of the "Graphic" during the Franco-German war. In 1873, he

obtained a medal at Philadelphia for his picture of the Emperor and Empress of Austria washing the feet of beggars on Maunday Thursday, according to custom. Though he has changed his medium he has not changed his method, and his pictures in oil have much the same qualities as his water-colors, being singularly bright and pure in color and painted with a technical skill which is almost unrivaled. In an important series of six pictures which he is now engaged upon, illustrating the life of a soldier of the sixteenth century, he shows much of the feeling of the great Venetian artists for grandeur of composition and beauty of color. The first, called "Victorious," was exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery in 1880, and the second, "Benediction," at the Royal Academy of last year. Both of them attracted much attention, and the latter has had the honor of a full-page engraving in "L'Art." The picture upon which he is now engaged, the third of this series, will have more movement than the others. It represents a banquet in a grand hall with long table, at which a number of gayly dressed guests are assembled. Between them and the spectator a beautiful girl is dancing for their



ALMA-TADEMA'S STUDIO.

amusement. In general composition and glow of color it reminds one of Paul Veronese; in precision of execution and clarity of pigment, of the early Flemish masters.

Linton's studio, as will be seen from our engraving, is full of armor and weapons, tapestry, china, and Venetian glass. It has also at this moment some very fine specimens of Etty, an artist whom Linton justly values very highly. Of Linton's future much may be expected, because he has spent so much careful labor in perfecting himself in the grammar of his art. Whatever he may paint will be valuable for its purely artistic qualities, but at present he has shown no strong individuality, and his pictures have been deficient in human interest. He must therefore remain in this article as the representative not so much of his age as of that thoroughly English quality—good work.

If, however, Linton has at present given us little that is new, this charge cannot be laid against Lawrence Alma-Tadema, R. A., the most original artist of the day. The sixteenth century painted itself, but what visible objects have we to recall the life and heat, the costume and the color, the manners and the customs, of Egypt, Athens, Rome, before their fall? Nothing but mutilated statues, crushed columns, scattered mosaics, broken pottery, and buried bones. Even Alma-Tadema could have done little with these alone. But Nature, "careless of the single life" in one sense, is very "careful of the type" in another, and suffers little to die without some written record. Without both the material fragments and spiritual letters no artist could have done what Alma-Tadema has done—reconstructed not only the "buried cities," but raised their denizens from the grave. Nor could this unique artist's strange imagination have done its special work in any other of former generations. His art is essentially the product of his time. His ground has been prepared for him by hundreds of patient archaeologists and scholars, and his work, deal as it does with "ages ago," is as modern as an Edison lamp.

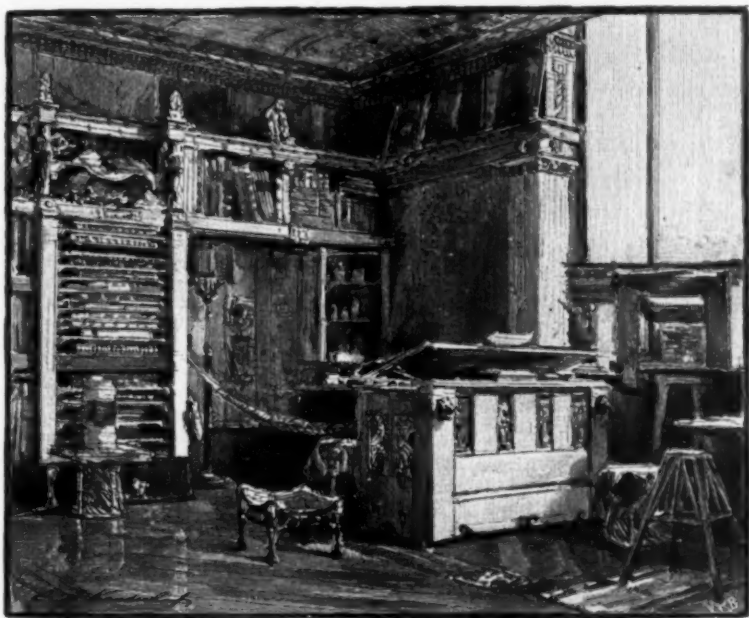
Perhaps the most remarkable thing about Alma-Tadema is that all his learning seems to have refreshed rather than dulled his imagination, so that he is no more a pedant in his art than in his home. This is because he has studied for a definite purpose, and has not allowed his love of knowledge to become an end to itself. Coleridge, when once asked why he attended lectures on some science which the questioner thought out of his line, answered that it was to increase his stock of images. So Tadema has studied, and what a stock of images he has! As his mind, so his

house—not a corner of which does not contain a suggestion for a picture. Although it is but an ordinary house outside, built not for him, the door of brilliantly polished oak, with its brass mask for a knocker, gives a suspicion that all is not ordinary within—and the suspicion is well grounded. If, instead of passing through the hall and going up the staircase, with their walls covered with framed photographs of the artist's pictures, difficult to number, we turn to the left, we find ourselves in the studio of Mrs. Alma-Tadema. This, as shown in our wood-cut, is divided into three. The largest of the small chambers, with its oak piano fitted with candlesticks of *cloisonné* enamel, is that from which the view is taken. In each of the lower panes of its windows is inserted a portrait of one of the artist's two daughters, painted on glass. On the right wall hangs the weird picture of "The Death of the First-born"; on the right, portraits of Mrs. Alma-Tadema by Bastien-Lepage and John Collier. In the next small room, where the hammock hangs, the panels of the door (on the right, and not shown), as well as those between the columns of the temple-like press in the corner, are being painted with landscape, each by one of the artist's friends, Mesdag, Boughton, Bastien-Lepage, etc. The third is a little yard, which has been converted into a room with glass roof and sides, and it is here that Mrs. Alma-Tadema paints in the summer. Like Mrs. Bisschop (also an English lady), the wife of the famous Dutch painter, who was a school-fellow of Alma-Tadema, she paints almost as well as her husband.

His studio is on the first floor. You can enter it either up the brazen stairs, which lead from a little room furnished in the Dutch style, or through the drawing-room. Our view is taken near the drawing-room door, and a year ago you might have seen what you see there: the bust of Mrs. Alma-Tadema, by Amendola, and a glimpse of the artist's beautiful picture of "Sappho," which delighted visitors to the Academy and has since been etched by C. O. Murray, for "L'Art." The room is like a room in ancient Rome, with classical cupboards and pigeon-holes, and its ceiling painted like that of a famous bath in the Imperial City. The artist appears to have been even more than usually industrious lately, and there are many pictures finished and unfinished, on easels and off them. One of the most interesting is of Antony abandoning his fleet to join Cleopatra in her gorgeous galley bestrewn with roses. The completion of this picture has given the artist great trouble. "You do not know how difficult it is to paint pictures," he said to me.

The principal difficulty in his case is, I suspect, to select the best of the many visions conceived by his teeming fancy. One of the most gifted female artists of the day, Miss Clara Montalba, informed me that she had seen four or five different backgrounds to this very picture. Now it is all sea and shipping, once there was land and a town in the distance. Alma-Tadema alters much and never makes a drawing. On the other hand he *plans* his pictures with the greatest accuracy—a precaution of absolute necessity in designs like his, in which one plane is seen so often

pressed science with such telling effect into the service of art. Both these will be fine pictures in his peculiar style, but he has some others which will be a greater surprise to the public, on account of their scale, which is life-size, and their period, which is to-day. These are portraits. One is of Herr Barnay, the celebrated actor, in a toga, with the pediment of a temple introduced as a background in a bold and original manner. This temple has its ornaments decorated with colors, and while its striking architecture does not distract the attention from the fine face of the tragedian, it



TADEMA'S DESIGNING-ROOM.

through, as it were, a hole cut in another, without any gradually lessening objects to help the eye.

"How do I manage to hit the right height of that figure seated in a chariot on the hill?" I know it," he said, "because the road there is exactly thirty feet below the level of the mosaic pavement of the hall in the foreground." This was with reference to another unfinished painting, to be called "The Parting Kiss," or some such title, in which we see a Roman mother embracing her young daughter before going out to take a drive in the *barouche* of the period that is standing at the door. Of course, calculations of this sort are made by many artists, but few, if any, have

adds greatly to the effect of the composition.

I have no space to write much of the wonders of the artist's house. The celebrated piano, the drawing-room, with double row of pillars, onyx window, and dado hung with rich Persian embroidery; the dining-room, with papered ceiling and great oak cabinets crowned with dishes and bowls of rare china; the library, with portraits of host and hostess on the door, the air of culture, design, learning, and beauty everywhere must be imagined. I will only mention specially its numerous divisions, and absence or concealment of doors, so that as in his pictures there are vistas everywhere, and from each room you can see another, if not more. This



ENTRANCE TO TADEMA'S STUDIO.

is not only characteristic of his own art but of that of his nation. "One room beyond another, and an open yard beyond that,

giving different strata of light, of various intensities and endless accidents of color," is a general description of the pictures by De Hooch, and such effects are dearly loved by Alma-Tadema, who, naturalized in England, and painting Rome, is Dutch still.

Tadema may be said to be without a rival in satisfying the desire of all the cultivated minds of his day to realize what ancient life was like. Gérôme is the only artist who can be compared with him in this, while as a colorist he is greatly Tadema's inferior. Moreover, though Gérôme is great, he is theatrical; though his efforts are grand, they are forced. These restorations possess probably many anachronisms, and there is a limit even to his invention; but, except, perhaps, to a few men still more deeply learned than himself, there is no ignorance discoverable and his revelations are without end. And all this learning and magic are, it may be observed, little more than surplage to his art, which does not need such aids to popularity and fame. If, like some of his ancestors of the seventeenth century, he had confined himself to painting interiors, with ugly women peeling carrots, he could not have failed to make his mark, for he is, if not first of all things, at least supremely, a painter; and charmed as we are to enter with him the studio of Apelles, the temple of Minerva, or the galley of Cleopatra, we could follow him to a modern cottage or drawing-room with equal artistic, if not the same intellectual, pleasure.

*Cosmo Monkhouse.*

#### REALITY.

LIFT me, loved Jesus! for the time is nigh  
That I must climb unto thy cross at last;  
The world fades out, its lengthening shadows fly;  
Earth's pomp is passing, all its joys have past;  
Phantoms flock round me, multiplying fast;  
Nothing seems tangible. The good I thought  
Most permanent hath perished. Come away,  
O sated Spirit! from the vacant scene;  
The curtain drops upon the mimic play,  
The benches are deserted, we will go—  
Forget the foolish clown, the king, the queen,  
The idle story, with its love and woe.  
I seem to stand before a minster screen,  
And hear faint organs in the distance blow.

*Thomas W. Parsons.*

## A MODERN INSTANCE.\*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Chance Acquaintance," "The Undiscovered Country," etc.

### XXVII.

"Of course," said Marcia, when she and Bartley recurred to the subject of her visit to Equity, "I have always felt as if I should like to have you with me, so as to keep people from talking, and show that it's all right between you and father. But if you don't wish to go, I can't ask it."

"I understand what you mean, and I should like to gratify you," said Bartley. "Not that I care a rap what all the people in Equity think. I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll go down there with you and hang round a day or two; and then I'll come after you, when your time's up, and stay a day or two there. I *couldn't* stand three weeks in Equity."

In the end, he behaved very handsomely. He dressed Flavia out to kill, as he said, in lace hoods and embroidered long-clothes, for which he tossed over half the ready-made stock of the great dry-goods stores; and he made Marcia get herself a new suit through-out, with a bonnet to match, which she thought she could not afford; but he said he should manage it somehow. In Equity he spared no pains to deepen the impression of his success in Boston, and he was affable with everybody. He hailed his friends across the street, waving his hand to them, and shouting out a jolly greeting. He visited the hotel office and the stores to meet the loungers there; he stepped into the printing-office and congratulated Henry Bird on having stopped the "Free Press" and devoted himself to job-work. He said "Hallo, Marilla! Hallo, Sally!" and he stood a good while beside the latter at her case, joking and laughing. He had no resentments. He stopped old Morrison on the street and shook hands with him. "Well, Mr. Morrison, do you find it as easy to get Sally's wages advanced nowadays as you used to?"

As for his relations with Squire Gaylord, he flattened public conjecture out like a pancake, as he told Marcia, by making the old gentleman walk arm-and-arm with him the whole length of the village street the morning after his arrival. "And I never saw your honored father look as if he enjoyed a thing

less," added Bartley. "Well, what's the use? He couldn't help himself." They had arrived on Friday evening, and after spending Saturday in this social way, Bartley magnanimously went with Marcia to church. He was in good spirits, and he shook hands, right and left, as he came out of church. In the afternoon he had up the best team from the hotel stable, and took Marcia the Long Drive, which they had taken the day of their engagement. He could not be contented without pushing the perambulator out after tea, and making Marcia walk beside it, to let people see them with the baby.

He went away the next morning on an early train, after a parting which he made very cheery, and a promise to come down again as soon as he could manage it. Marcia watched him drive off toward the station in the hotel barge, and then she went upstairs to their room, where she had been so long a young girl, and where now their child lay sleeping. The little one seemed the least part of all the change that had taken place. In this room she used to sit and think of him; she used to fly up thither when he came unexpectedly, and order her hair or change a ribbon or her dress, that she might please him better; at these windows she used to sit and watch and long for his coming; from these she saw him go by that day when she thought she should see him no more, and took heart of her despair to risk the wild chance that made him hers. There was a deadly, unsympathetic stillness in the room, which seemed to leave to her all the responsibility for what she had done.

The days began to go by in a sunny, still, midsummer monotony. She pushed the baby out in its carriage, and saw the summer boarders walking or driving through the streets; she returned the visits that the neighbors paid her; in-doors she helped her mother about the house-work. An image of her maiden life reinstated itself. At times it seemed almost as if she had dreamed her marriage. When she looked at her baby in these moods, she thought she was dreaming yet. A young wife, suddenly parted for the first time from her husband, in whose intense

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possession she has lost her individual existence, and devolving upon her old separate personality, must have strong fancies, strange sensations. Marcia's marriage had been full of such shocks and storms as might well have left her dazed in their entire cessation.

"She seems to be pretty well satisfied here," said her father, one evening when she had gone upstairs with her sleeping baby in her arms.

"She seems to be pretty quiet," her mother non-committally assented.

"M-yes," snarled the Squire, and he fell into a long reverie, while Mrs. Gaylord went on crocheting the baby a bib, and the smell of the petunia-bed under the window came in through the mosquito-netting. "M-yes," he resumed, "I guess you're right. I guess it's only quiet. I guess she aint any more likely to be satisfied than the rest of us."

"I don't see why she shouldn't be," said Mrs. Gaylord, resenting the compassion in the squire's tone with that curious jealousy a wife feels for her husband's indulgence of their daughter. "She's had her way."

"She's had her way, poor girl,—yes. But I don't know as it satisfies people to have their way always."

Doubtless Mrs. Gaylord saw that her husband wished to talk about Marcia, and must be helped to do so by a little perverseness.

"I don't know but what most of folks would say't she'd made out pretty well. I guess she's got a good provider."

"She didn't need any provider," said the Squire haughtily.

"No; but so long as she would have something, it's well enough that she should have a provider." Mrs. Gaylord felt that this was reasoning, and she smoothed out so much of the bib as she had crocheted across her knees with an air of self-content. "You can't have everything in a husband," she added, "and Marcia ought to know that by this time."

"I've no doubt she knows it," said the Squire.

"Why, what makes you think she's disappointed any?" Mrs. Gaylord came plump to the question at last.

"Nothing she ever said," returned her husband promptly. "She'd die first. When I was up there I thought she talked about him too much to be feeling just right about him. It was Bartley this and Bartley that, the whole while. She was always wanting me to say that I thought she had done right to marry him. I *did* sort of say it, at last—to please her—but I kept thinking that if she felt sure of it, she wouldn't want to talk it into me so. Now, she never mentions him

at all, if she can help it. She writes to him every day, and she hears from him often enough—postals, mostly—but she don't talk about Bartley. Bartley!" The Squire stretched his lips back from his teeth, and inhaled a long breath, as he rubbed his chin.

"You don't suppose anything's happened since you was up there," said Mrs. Gaylord.

"Nothing but what's happened from the start. *He's* happened. He keeps happening right along, I guess."

Mrs. Gaylord found herself upon the point of experiencing a painful emotion of sympathy, but she saved herself by saying:

"Well, Mr. Gaylord, I don't know as you've got anybody but yourself to thank for it all. You got him here, in the first *place*."

She took one of the kerosene lamps from the table and went upstairs, leaving him to follow at his will.

Marcia sometimes went out to the Squire's office in the morning, carrying her baby with her, and propping her with law-books on a newspaper in the middle of the floor, while she dusted the shelves, or sat down for one of the desultory talks or the satisfactory silences which she had with her father.

He usually found her there when he came up from the post-office, with the morning mail in the top of his hat: the last evening's "Events,"—which Bartley had said must pass for a letter from him when he did not write,—and a letter or a postal card from him. She read these, and gave her father any news or message that Bartley sent; and then she sat down at his table to answer them. But one morning, after she had been at home nearly a month, she received a letter for which she postponed Bartley's postal. "It's from Olive Halleck!" she said, with a glance at the handwriting on the envelope; and she tore it open, and ran it through. "Yes, and they'll come here, any time I let them know. They've been at Niagara, and they've come down the St. Lawrence to Quebec, and they will be at North Conway the last of next week. Now, father, I want to do something for them!" she cried, feeling an American daughter's right to dispose of her father and all his possessions for the behoof of her friends at any time. "I want they should come to the house."

"Well, I guess there wont be any trouble about that, if you think they can put up with our way of living." He smiled at her over his spectacles.

"Our way of living! Put up with it! I should hope as *much*! They're just the kind of people that will put up with anything, because they've had everything, and because they're all as sweet and good as they can be.

You don't know them, father, you don't half know them! Now, just get right away"—she pushed him out of the chair he had taken at the table—"and let me write to Bartley this instant. He's *got* to come when they're here and I'll invite them to come over at once before they get settled at North Conway."

He gave his dry chuckle to see her so fired with pleasure, and he enjoyed the ardor with which she drove him up out of his chair and dashed off her letters. This was her old way; he would have liked the prospect of the Hallecks' coming, because it made his girl so happy, if for nothing else.

"Father, I will tell you about Ben Halleck," she said, pounding her letter to Olive with the stick of her hand to make the envelope thick. "You know that lameness of his?"

"Yes."

"Well, it came from his being thrown down by another boy when he was at school. He knew the boy that did it; and the boy must have known that Mr. Halleck knew it; but he never said a word to show that he was sorry, or did anything to make up for it. He's a man, now, and lives there in Boston, and Ben Halleck often meets him. He says that if the man can stand it *he* can. Don't you think that's grand? When I heard that I made up my mind that I wanted Flavia to belong to Ben Halleck's church—or the church he did belong to; he doesn't belong to any now!"

"He couldn't have got any damages for such a thing anyway," the Squire said.

Marcia paid no heed to this legal opinion of the case. She took off her father's hat to put the letters into it, and replacing it on his head,—“Now, don't you forget them, father,” she cried.

She gathered up her baby and hurried into the house, where she began her preparations for her guests.

The elder Miss Hallecks had announced with much love, through Olive, that they should not be able to come to Equity, and Ben was to bring Olive alone. Marcia decided that Ben should have the guest chamber and Olive should have her room; she and Bartley could take the little room in the L, while their guests remained.

But when the Hallecks came, it appeared that Ben had engaged quarters for himself at the hotel, and no expostulation would prevail with him to come to Squire Gaylord's house.

"We have to humor him in such things, Mrs. Hubbard," Olive explained to Marcia's distress. "And most people get on very well without him."

This explanation was, of course, given in Halleck's presence. His sister added, behind his back:

"Ben has a perfectly morbid dread of giving trouble in a house. He won't let us do anything to make him comfortable at home, and the idea that you should attempt it drove him distracted. You *mustn't* mind it. I don't believe he'd have come if his bachelor freedom couldn't have been respected; and we both wanted to come very much."

The Hallecks arrived in the forenoon and Bartley was due in the evening. But during the afternoon Marcia had a telegram, saying that he could not come till two days later, and asking her to postpone the picnic she had planned. The Hallecks were only going to stay three days, and the suspicion that Bartley had delayed in order to leave himself as little time as possible with them, rankled in her heart so that she could not keep it to herself when they met.

"Was that what made you give me such a cool reception?" he asked, with cynical good-nature. "Well, you're mistaken; I don't suppose I mind the Hallecks any more than they do me. I'll tell you why I staid. Some people dropped down on Witherby, who were a little out of his line—fashionable people that he had asked to let him know if they ever came to Boston; and when they did come and let him know he didn't know what to do about it, and he called on me to help him out. I've been almost boarding with Witherby for the last three days; and I've been barouching round all over the moral vine-yard with his friends: out to Mount Auburn and the Washington Elm and Bunker Hill and Brookline and the Art Museum and Lexington; we've been down the harbor, and we haven't left a monumental stone unturned. They were going north, and they came down here with me; and I got them to stop over a day for the picnic."

"You got them to stop over for the picnic? Why, I don't want anybody but ourselves, Bartley! This spoils everything."

"The Hallecks are not ourselves," said Bartley. "And these are jolly people; they'll help to make it go off."

"Who are they?" asked Marcia, with provisional self-control.

"Oh, some people that Witherby met in Portland at Willett's, who used to have the logging camp out here."

"That Montreal woman!" cried Marcia, with fatal divination.

Bartley laughed.

"Yes, Mrs. Macallister and her husband. She's a regular case. She'll amuse you."

Marcia's passionate eyes blazed.

"She shall never come to my picnic in the world!"

"No?" Bartley looked at her in a certain way. "She shall come to mine, then. There will be two picnics. The more the merrier."

Marcia gasped, as if she felt the clutch, in which her husband had her, tightening on her heart. She saw that she could only carry her point against him at the cost of disgraceful division before the Hallecks, for which he would not care in the least. She moved her head a little from side to side, like one that breathes a stifling air. "Oh, let her come," she said quietly, at last.

"Now you're talking business," said Bartley. "I haven't forgotten the little snub Mrs. Macallister gave me, and you'll see me pay her off."

Marcia made no answer, but went down stairs to put what face she could upon the matter to Olive, whom she had left alone in the parlor, while she ran up with Bartley immediately upon his arrival to demand an explanation of him. In her wrathful haste she had forgotten to kiss him, and she now remembered that he had not looked at the baby, which she had all the time had in her arms.

The picnic was to be in a pretty glen three or four miles north of the village, where there was shade on a bit of level green, and a spring bubbling out of a fern-hung bluff: from which you looked down the glen over a stretch of the river. Marcia had planned that they were to drive thither in a four-seated carryall, but the addition of Bartley's guests disarranged this.

"There's only one way," said Mrs. Macallister, who had driven up with her husband from the hotel to the Squire's house in a buggy. "Mr. Halleck tells me he doesn't know how to drive, and me husband doesn't know the way. Mr. Hubbard must get in here with me, and you must take Mr. Macallister in your party." She looked authoritatively at the others.

"First-rate!" cried Bartley, climbing to the seat which Mr. Macallister left vacant. "We'll lead the way."

Those who followed had difficulty in keeping their buggy in sight. Sometimes Bartley stopped long enough for them to come up, and then, after a word or two of gay banter, was off again.

They had taken possession of the picnic grounds, and Mrs. Macallister was disposing shawls for rugs and drapery, while Bartley, who had got the horse out, and tethered where he could graze, was pushing the buggy out of the way by the shafts when the carryall came up.

"Don't we look quite domestic?" she asked of the arriving company, in her neat English tone, and her rising English inflection. "You know I like this," she added, singling Halleck out for her remark, and making it as if it were brilliant. "I like being out of doors, don't you know. But there's one thing I don't like: we weren't able to get a drop of champagne at that ridiculous hotel. They told us they were not allowed to keep 'intoxicating liquors.' Now I call that jolly stupid, you know. I don't know whatever we shall do if you haven't brought something."

"I believe this is a famous spring," said Halleck.

"How droll you are! Spring, indeed!" cried Mrs. Macallister. "Is *that* the way you let your brother make game of people, Miss Halleck?" She directed a good deal of her rattle at Olive; she scarcely spoke to Marcia, but she was nevertheless furtively observant of her. Mr. Macallister had his rattle, too, which after trying it unsatisfactorily upon Marcia he plied almost exclusively for Olive. He made puns; he asked conundrums; he had all the accomplishments which keep people going in a lively, unintellectual, colonial society; and he had the idea that he must pay attentions and promote repartee. His wife and he played into each other's hands in their *jeux d'esprit*; and kept Olive's inquiring Boston mind at work in the vain endeavor to account for and to place them socially. Bartley hung about Mrs. Macallister, and was nearly as obedient as her husband. He felt that the Hallecks disapproved his behavior, and that made him enjoy it; he was almost rudely negligent of Olive.

The composition of the party left Marcia and Halleck necessarily to each other, and she accepted this arrangement in a sort of passive seriousness; but Halleck saw that her thoughts wandered from her talk with him, and that her eyes were always turning with painful anxiety to Bartley. After their lunch, which left them with the whole afternoon before them, Marcia said, in a timid effort to resume her best leadership of the affair:

"Bartley, don't you think they would like to see the view from the Devil's Backbone?"

"Would you like to see the view from the Devil's Backbone?" he asked in turn of Mrs. Macallister.

"And *what* is the Devil's Backbone?" she inquired.

"It's a ridge of rocks on the bluff above here," said Bartley, nodding his head vaguely toward the bank.

"And *how* do you get to it?" asked Mrs. Macallister, pointing her pretty chin at him in lifting her head to look.

"Walk."

"Thanks; then I shall try to be satisfied with me own backbone," said Mrs. Macallister, who had that freedom in alluding to her anatomy which marks the superior civilization of Great Britain and its colonial dependencies.

"Carry you," suggested Bartley.

"I dare say you'd be very sure-footed; but I'd quite enough of donkeys in the hills at home."

Bartley roared with the resolution of a man who will enjoy a joke at his own expense.

Marcia turned away, and referred her invitation with a glance to Olive.

"I don't believe Miss Halleck wants to go," said Mr. Macallister.

"I couldn't," said Olive, regretfully. "I've neither the feet nor the head for climbing over high rocky places."

Marcia was about to sink down on the grass again, from which she had risen in the hopes that her proposition would succeed, when Bartley called out:

"Why don't you show Ben the Devil's Backbone? The view is worth seeing, Halleck."

"Would you like to go?" asked Marcia, listlessly.

"Yes, I should, very much," said Halleck, scrambling to his feet, "if it wont tire you too much?"

"Oh, no," said Marcia, gently, and led the way. She kept ahead of him in the climb, as she easily could, and she answered briefly to all he said. When they arrived at the top, "There is the view," she said coldly. She waved her hand toward the valley; she made a sound in her throat as if she would speak again, but her voice died in one broken sob.

Halleck stood with downcast eyes and trembled. He durst not look at her, not for what he should see in her face, but for what she should see in his: the anguish of intelligence, the helpless pity. He beat the rock at his feet with the ferule of his stick, and could not lift his head again. When he did, she stood turned from him and drying her eyes on her handkerchief. Their looks met, and she trusted her self-betrayal to him without any attempt at excuse or explanation.

"I will send Hubbard up to help you down," said Halleck.

"Well," she answered, sadly.

He clambered down the side of the bluff, and Bartley started to his feet in guilty alarm when he saw him approach. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing. But I think you had better help Mrs. Hubbard down the bluff."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Macallister, "A panic! How interesting!"

Halleck did not respond. He threw himself on the grass, and left her to change or pursue the subject as she liked. Bartley showed more *savoir-faire* when he came back with Marcia, after an absence long enough to let her remove the traces of her tears.

"Pretty rough on your game foot, Halleck. But Marcia had got it into her head that it wasn't safe to trust you to help her down, even after you had helped her up."

"Ben," said Olive, when they were seated in the train the next day, "why *did* you send Marcia's husband up there to her?" She had the effect of not having rested till she could ask him.

"She was crying," he answered.

"What do you suppose could have been the matter?"

"What you do: she was miserable about his coquetting with that woman."

"Yes. I could see that she hated terribly to have her come; and that she felt put down by her all the time. What kind of person is Mrs. Macallister?"

"Oh, a fool," replied Halleck. "All flirts are fools."

"I think she's more wicked than foolish."

"Oh, no, flirts are better than they seem—perhaps because men are better than flirts think. But they make misery just the same."

"Yes," sighed Olive. "Poor Marcia, poor Marcia! But I suppose that if it were not Mrs. Macallister it would be some one else."

"Given Bartley Hubbard,—yes."

"And given Marcia. Well,—I don't like being mixed up with other people's unhappiness, Ben. It's dangerous."

"I don't like it either. But you can't very well keep out of people's unhappiness in this world."

"No," assented Olive, ruefully.

The talk fell, and Halleck attempted to read a newspaper, while Olive looked out of the window. She presently turned to him.

"Did you ever fancy any resemblance between Mrs. Hubbard and the photograph of that girl we used to joke about—your lost love?"

"Yes," said Halleck.

"What's become of it—the photograph? I can't find it any more; I wanted to show it to her, one day."

"I destroyed it. I burnt it the first evening after I had met Mrs. Hubbard. It seemed to me that it wasn't right to keep it."

"Why, you don't think it was *her* photograph!"

"I think it was," said Halleck.

He took up his paper again, and read on till they left the cars.

That evening, when Halleck came to his sister's room to bid her good-night, she threw her arms round his neck, and kissed his plain, common face, in which she saw a heavenly beauty.

"Ben, dear," she said, "if you don't turn out the happiest man in the world, I shall say there's no use in being good!"

"Perhaps you'd better say that after all I wasn't good," he suggested, with a melancholy smile.

"I shall know better," she retorted.

"Why, what's the matter, now?"

"Nothing. I was only thinking. Good-night!"

"Good-night," said Halleck. "You seem to think my room is better than my company, good as I am."

"Yes," she said, laughing, in that breathless way, which means weeping next, with women. Her eyes glistened.

"Well," said Halleck, limping out of the room, "you're quite good-looking with your hair down, Olive."

"All girls are," she answered. She leaned out of her door-way to watch him as he limped down the corridor to his own room. There was something pathetic, something disappointed and weary in the movement of his figure, and when she shut her door, and ran back to her mirror, she could not see the good-looking girl there for her tears.

#### XXVIII.

"HELLO!" said Bartley, one day after the autumn had brought back all the summer wanderers to the city, "I haven't seen you for a month of Sundays." He had Ricker by the hand, and he pulled him into a door-way to be a little out of the rush on the crowded pavement, while they chatted.

"That's because I can't afford to go to the White Mountains, and swell round at the aristocratic summer resorts like some people," returned Ricker. "I'm a horny-handed son of toil, myself."

"Pshaw!" said Bartley. "Who isn't? I've been here hard at it, except for three days at one time and five at another."

"Well, all I can say is that I saw in the 'Record' personals, that Mr. Hubbard, of the 'Events,' was spending the summer months with his father-in-law, Judge Gaylord, among the spurs of the White Mountains. I supposed you wrote it yourself. You're full of ideas about journalism."

"Oh, come! I wouldn't work that joke any more. Look here, Ricker, I'll tell you what I want. I want you to dine with me."

"Dines people!" said Ricker, in an awestricken aside.

"No,—I mean business! You've never seen my kid yet, and you've never seen my house. I want you to come. We've all got back, and we're in nice running order. What day are you disengaged?"

"Let me see," said Ricker, thoughtfully. "So many engagements! Wait! I could squeeze your dinner in some time next month, Hubbard."

"All right. But suppose we say next Sunday. Six is the hour."

"Six? Oh, I can't dine in the middle of the forenoon that way! Make it later!"

"Well, we'll say one P.M., then. I know your dinner hour. We shall expect you."

"Better not, till I come," Bartley knew that this was Ricker's way of accepting, and he said nothing, but he answered his next question with easy joviality. "How are you making it with old Witherby?"

"Oh, hand over hand! Witherby and I were formed for each other. By-by!"

"No, hold on! Why don't you come to the club any more?"

"We-e-ll! The club isn't what it used to be," said Bartley, confidentially.

"Why, of course! It isn't just the thing for a gentleman moving in the select circles of Clover street, as you do; but why not come, sometimes, in the character of distinguished guest, and encourage your humble friends? I was talking with a lot of the fellows about you the other night."

"Were they abusing me?"

"They were speaking the truth about you, and I stopped them. I told them that sort of thing wouldn't do. Why, you're getting fat!"

"You're behind the times, Ricker," said Bartley. "I began to get fat six months ago. I don't wonder the 'Chronicle-Abstract' is running down on your hands. Come round and try my Tivoli on Sunday. That's what gives a man girth, my boy." He tapped Ricker lightly on his hollow waistcoat, and left him with a wave of his hand.

Ricker leaned out of the door-way and followed him down the street with a troubled eye. He had taken stock in Bartley, as the saying is, and his heart misgave him that he should lose on the investment; he could not have sold out to any of their friends for twenty cents on the dollar. Nothing that any one could lay his finger on had happened, and yet there had been a general loss of confidence in that particular stock. Ricker himself

had lost confidence in it, and when he lightly mentioned that talk at the club, with a lot of the fellows, he had a serious wish to get at Bartley some time, and see what it was that was beginning to make people mistrust him. The fellows who liked him at first and wished him well, and believed in his talent, had mostly dropped him. Bartley's associates were now the most raffish set on the press, or the green hands; and something had brought this to pass in less than two years. Ricker had believed that it was Witherby; at the Club he had contended that it was Bartley's association with Witherby that made people doubtful of him. As for those ideas that Bartley had advanced in their discussion of journalism, he had considered it all mere young man's nonsense that Bartley would outgrow. But now, as he looked at Bartley's back, he had his misgivings; it struck him as the back of a degenerate man, and that increasing bulk seemed not to represent an increase of wholesome substance, but a corky, buoyant tissue, materially responsive to some sort of moral dry-rot.

Bartley pushed on to the "Events" office in a blithe humor. Witherby had recently advanced his salary; he was giving him fifty dollars a week now; and Bartley had made himself necessary in more ways than one. He was not only readily serviceable, but since he had volunteered to write those advertising articles for an advance of pay, he was in possession of business facts that could be made very uncomfortable to Witherby in the event of a disagreement. Witherby not only paid him well, but treated him well; he even suffered Bartley to bully him a little, and let him foresee the day when he must be recognized as the real editor of the "Events."

At home everything went on smoothly. The baby was well and growing fast; she was beginning to explode airy bubbles on her pretty lips that a fond superstition might interpret as papa and mamma. She had passed that stage in which a man regards his child with despair; she had passed out of slipperiness and evasive doughiness into a firm tangibility that made it some pleasure to hold her.

Bartley liked to take her on his lap, to feel the spring of her little legs, as she tried to rise on her feet; he liked to have her stretch out her arms to him from her mother's embrace. The innocent tenderness which he experienced at these moments, was satisfactory proof to him that he was a very good fellow, if not a good man. When he spent an evening at home, with Flavia in his lap for half an hour after dinner, he felt so domestic that he seemed to himself to be spending all his evenings at home now. Once or

twice it had happened, when the house-maid was out, that he went to the door with the baby on his arm, and answered the ring of Olive and Ben Halleck, or of Olive and one or both of the intermediary sisters.

The Hallecks were the only people at all apt to call in the evening, and Bartley ran so little chance of meeting any one else, when he opened the door with Flavia on his arm, that probably he would not have thought it worth while to put her down, even if he had not rather enjoyed meeting them in that domestic phase. He had not only long felt how intensely Olive disliked him, but he had observed that somehow it embarrassed Ben Halleck to see him in his character of devoted young father. At those times he used to rally his old friend upon getting married, and laughed at the confusion to which the joke put him. He said more than once afterward that he did not see what fun Ben Halleck got out of coming there; it must bore even such a dull fellow as he was to sit a whole evening like that and not say twenty words. "Perhaps he's livelier when I'm not here, though," he suggested. "I always did seem to throw a wet blanket on Ben Halleck." He did not at all begrudge Halleck's having a better time in his absence if he could.

One night when the bell rung Bartley rose, and saying, "I wonder which of the tribe it is this time," went to the door. But when he opened it, instead of hearing the well-known voices, Marcia listened through a hesitating silence, which ended in a loud laugh from without, and a cry from her husband of "Well, I swear! Why, you infamous old scoundrel, come in out of the wet!" There ensued, amidst Bartley's voluble greetings, a noise of shy shuffling about in the hall, as of a man not perfectly master of his footing under social pressure, a sound of husky, embarrassed whispering, a dispute about doffing an overcoat, and question as to the disposition of a hat, and then Bartley re-appeared, driving before him the lank, long figure of a man who blinked in the flash of gaslight, as Bartley turned it all up in the chandelier overhead, and rubbed his immense hands in cruel embarrassment at the beauty of Marcia, set like a jewel in the pretty comfort of the little parlor.

"Mr. Kinney, Mrs. Hubbard," said Bartley, and, having accomplished the introduction, he hit Kinney a thwack between the shoulders with the flat of his hand that drove him stumbling across Marcia's foot-stool into the seat on the sofa to which she had pointed him. "You old fool, where did you come from?"

The refined warmth of Bartley's welcome

seemed to make Kinney feel at home, in spite of his trepidations at Marcia's presence. He bobbed his head forward, and stretched his mouth wide, in one of his vast, silent laughs. "Better ask where I'm goin' to."

"Well, I'll ask that, if it'll be any accommodation. Where you going?"

"Illinois."

"For a divorce?"

"Try again."

"To get married?"

"Maybe, after I've made my pile." Kinney's eyes wandered about the room, and took in its evidences of prosperity, with simple, unenvious admiration; he ended with a furtive glimpse of Marcia, who seemed to be a climax of good-luck too dazzling for contemplation; he withdrew his glance from her as if hurt by her splendor, and became serious.

"Well, you're the *last* man I ever expected to see again," said Bartley, sitting down with the baby in his lap, and contemplating Kinney with deliberation. Kinney was dressed in a long frock coat of cheap diagonals, black cassimere pantaloons, a blue neck-tie, and a celluloid collar. He had evidently had one of his encounters with a cheap clothier, in which the Jew had triumphed; but he had not yet visited a barber, and his hair and beard were as shaggy as they were in the logging camp; his hands and face were as brown as leather. "But I'm as glad," Bartley added, "as if you had telegraphed you were coming. Of course, you're going to put up with us." He had observed Kinney's awe of Marcia, and he added this touch to let Kinney see that he was master in his house, and lord even of that radiant presence.

Kinney started in real distress.

"Oh, no! I couldn't do it! I've got all my things round at the Quincy House."

"Trunk or bag?" asked Bartley.

"Well, it's a bag; but —"

"All right. We'll step round and get it together. I generally take a little stroll out, after dinner," said Bartley, tranquilly.

Kinney was beginning again when Marcia, who had been stealing some covert looks at him under her eyelashes, while she put together the sewing she was at work on, preparatory to going up-stairs with the baby, joined Bartley in his invitation.

"You wont make us the least trouble, Mr. Kinney," she said. "The guest-chamber is all ready, and we shall be glad to have you stay."

Kinney must have felt the note of sincerity in her words. He hesitated, and Bartley clinched his tacit assent with a quotation:

"'The chief ornament of a house is the guests who frequent it.' Who says that?"

Kinney's little blue eyes twinkled.

"Old Emerson."

"Well, I agree with him. We don't care anything about your company, Kinney; but we want you for decorative purposes."

Kinney opened his mouth for another noiseless laugh, and said:

"Well, fix it to suit yourselves."

"I'll carry her up for you," said Bartley to Marcia, who was stooping forward to take the baby from him, "if Mr. Kinney will excuse us a moment."

"All right," said Kinney.

Bartley ventured upon this bold move, because he had found that it was always best to have things out with Marcia at once, and if she was going to take his hospitality to Kinney in bad part, he wanted to get through the trouble.

"That was very nice of you, Marcia," he said, when they were in their own room. "My invitation rather slipped out, and I didn't know how you would like it."

"Oh, I'm very glad to have him stay. I never forget about his wanting to lend you money that time," said Marcia, opening the baby's crib.

"You're a mighty good fellow, Marcia!" cried Bartley, kissing her over the top of the baby's head as she took it from him. "And I'm not half good enough for you. You never forget a benefit. Nor an injury, either," he added, with a laugh. "And I'm afraid that I forget one about as easily as the other."

Marcia's eyes suffused themselves at this touch of self-analysis which, coming from Bartley, had its sadness; but she said nothing, and he was eager to escape and get back to their guest. He told her he should go out with Kinney, and that she was not to sit up, for they might be out late.

In his pride, he took Kinney down to the "Events" office, and unlocked it, and lit the gas, so as to show him the editorial rooms; and then he passed him into one of the theaters, where they saw part of an Offenbach opera; after that they went to the Parker House and had a New York stew. Kinney said he must be off by the Sunday-night train, and Bartley thought it well to concentrate as many dazzling effects upon him as he could in the single evening at his disposal. He only regretted that it was not the club night, for he would have liked to take Kinney round and show him some of the fellows.

"But never mind," he said. "I'm going to have one of them dine with us to-morrow, and you'll see about the best of the lot."

"Well, sir," observed Kinney, when they had got back into Bartley's parlor, and he was again drinking in its prettiness in the subdued

light of the shaded Argand burner. "I hain't seen anything yet that suits me much better than this."

"It isn't bad," said Bartley. He had got up a plate of crackers and two bottles of Tivoli, and was opening the first. He offered the beaded goblet to Kinney.

"Thank you," said Kinney. "Not any. I never do."

Bartley quaffed half of it in tolerant content.

"I *always* do. Find it takes my nerves down at the end of a hard week's work. Well, now, tell me something about yourself. What are you going to do in Illinois?"

"Well, sir, I've got a friend out there that's got a coal mine, and he thinks he can work me in somehow. I guess he can; I've tried pretty much everything. Why don't you come out there and start a newspaper? We've got a town that's bound to grow."

It amused Bartley to hear Kinney bragging already of a town that he had never seen. He winked a good-natured disdain over the rim of the goblet which he tilted on his lips. "And give up my chances here?" he said, as he set the goblet down.

"Well, that's so!" said Kinney, responding to the sense of the wink. "I'll tell you what, Bartley, I didn't know as you'd speak to me when I rung your bell to-night. But thinks I to myself, 'Dumn it! look here! He can't more'n slam the door in your face, anyway. And you've hankered after him so long—go and take your chances, you old buzzard!' And so I got your address at the 'Events' office pretty early this morning; and I went round all day screwing my courage up, as old Macbeth says—or Kitchloo; I don't know which it was—and at last I *did* get myself so that I toed the mark like a little man."

Bartley laughed so that he could hardly get the cork out of the second bottle.

"You see," said Kinney, leaning forward, and taking Bartley's plump, soft knee between his thumb and forefinger, "I felt awfully about the way we parted that night. I felt *bad*. I hadn't acted well, just to my own mind; and it cut me to have you refuse my money; it cut me all the worse because I saw that you was partly right; I *hadn't* been quite fair with you. But I always did admire you, and you know it. Some them little things you used to get off in the old 'Free Press'—well, I could see't you was *smart*. And I liked you; and it kind o' hurt me when I thought you'd been makin' fun o' me to that woman. Well, I could see't I was a dummed old fool, afterward. And I always wanted to tell you so. And I always *did* hope that I should be able to offer you that money again,

twice over, and get you to take it just to show that you didn't bear malice." Bartley looked up, with quickened interest. "But I can't do it now, sir," added Kinney.

"Why, what's happened?" asked Bartley, in a disappointed tone, pouring out his second glass from his second bottle.

"Well, sir," said Kinney, with a certain reluctance, "I undertook to provision the camp on spec, last winter, and,—well, you know, I always run a little on food for the brain"—Bartley broke into a reminiscent cackle, and Kinney smiled forlornly,—"*and* thinks I 'Dumn it, I'll give 'em the real thing, every time.' And I got hold of a health-food circular; and I sent on for a half a dozen barrels of their crackers and half a dozen of their flour, and a lot of cracked cocoa, and I put the camp on a health-food basis. I calculated to bring those fellows out in the spring physically vigorous and mentally enlightened. But my goodness! After the first bakin' o' that flour and the first round o' them crackers it was all up! Fellows got so mad that I suppose if I hadn't gone back to doughnuts and sody biscuits and Japan tea, they'd 'a' burnt the camp down. Of course I yielded. But it ruined me, Bartley; it bu'st me."

Bartley dropped his arms upon the table, and, hiding his face upon them, laughed and laughed again.

"Well, sir," said Kinney, with sad satisfaction, "I'm glad to see that you don't need any money from me." He had been taking another survey of the parlor and the dining-room beyond. "I don't know as I ever saw anybody much better fixed. I should say that you was a success; and you deserve it. You're a smart fellow, Bart, and you're a good fellow. You're a generous fellow." Kinney's voice shook with emotion.

Bartley having lifted his wet and flushed face, managed to say: "Oh, there's nothing mean about *me*, Kinney," as he felt blindly for the beer bottles, which he shook in succession with an evident surprise at finding them empty.

"You've acted like a brother to me, Bartley Hubbard," continued Kinney, "and I shan't forget it in a hurry. I guess it would about broke my heart if you hadn't taken it just the way you did to-night. I should like to see the man that didn't use you well; or the woman, either!" said Kinney, with vague defiance. "Though *they* don't seem to have done so bad by you," he added, in recognition of Marcia's merit. "I should say *that* was the biggest part of your luck. She's a lady, sir, every inch of her. Mighty different stripe from that Montreal woman that cut up so that night."

"Oh, Mrs. Macallister wasn't such a scamp, after all," said Bartley, with magnanimity.

"Well, sir, *you* can say so. I ain't going to be too strict with a *girl*; but I like to see a married woman *act* like a married woman. Now, I don't think you'd catch Mrs. Hubbard flirting with a young fellow the way that woman carried on with you, that night?"

Bartley grinned.

"Well, sir, you're getting along, and you're happy."

"Perfect clam," said Bartley.

"Such a position as you've got—such a house, such a wife, *and* such a baby. Well," said Kinney, rising, "it's a little too much for me."

"Want to go to bed?" asked Bartley.

"Yes, I guess I better turn in," returned Kinney, despairingly.

"Show you the way."

Bartley tripped upstairs with Kinney's bag, which they had left standing in the hall, while Kinney creaked carefully after him; and so led the way to the guest chamber, and turned up the gaslight, which had been left burning low.

Kinney stood erect, dwarfing the room, and looked round on the pink chintzing and soft carpet and white coverletted bed and lace-hooded dressing-mirror, with meek veneration.

"Well, I swear!"

He said no more, but sat hopelessly down, and began to pull off his boots.

He was in the same humble mood the next morning, when, having got up inordinately early, he was found trying to fix his mind on a newspaper by Bartley, who came down late to the Sunday breakfast, and led his guest into the dining-room. Marcia, in a bewitching morning-gown, was already there, having put the daintier touches to the meal herself, and the baby in a fresh white dress was there, tied into its arm-chair with a napkin, and beating on the table with a spoon. Bartley's nonchalance amidst all this impressed Kinney with yet more poignant sense of his superiority, and almost deprived him of the powers of speech. When, after breakfast, Bartley took him out to Cambridge on the horse-cars, and showed him the College Buildings and Memorial Hall and the Washington Elm and Mount Auburn, Kinney fell into such a cowed and broken condition that something had to be specially done to put him in repair against Ricker's coming to dinner. Marcia luckily thought of asking him if he would like to see her kitchen. In this region Kinney found himself at home, and praised its neat perfection with professional intelligence. Bartley followed them round with Flavia on his arm, and put in a jocose word here and there,

when he saw Kinney about to fall a prey to his respect for Marcia, and so kept him going till Ricker rang. He contrived to give Ricker a hint of the sort of man he had on his hands, and by their joint effort they had Kinney talking about himself at dinner before he knew what he was about. He could not help talking well upon this theme, and he had them so vividly interested, as he poured out adventure after adventure in his strange career, that Bartley began to be proud of him.

"Well, sir," said Ricker, when he came to a pause, "you've lived a romance."

"Yes," replied Kinney, looking at Bartley for his approval, "and I've always thought that if I ever got run clean ashore, high and dry, I'd make a stagger to write it out and do something with it. Do you suppose I could?"

"I promise to take it for the Sunday edition of the 'Chronicle-Abstract,' whenever you get it ready," said Ricker.

Bartley laid his hand on his friend's arm.

"It's bought up, old fellow. That narrative—'Confessions of an Average American'—belongs to the 'Events.'"

They had their laugh at this, and then Ricker said to Kinney:

"But look here, my friend! What's to prevent our interviewing you on this little personal history of yours, and using your material any way we like? It seems to me that you've put your head in the lion's mouth."

"Oh, I'm amongst gentlemen," said Kinney, with an innocent swagger. "I understand that."

"Well, I don't know about it," said Ricker.

"Hubbard, here, is used to all sorts of hard names; but I've never had that epithet applied to me before."

Kinney doubled himself up over the side of his chair in recognition of Ricker's joke; and when Bartley rose and asked him if he would come into the parlor and have a cigar, he said, with a wink, no, he guessed he would stay with the ladies. He waited with great mystery till the folding-door were closed and Bartley had stopped peeping through the crevice between them, and then he began to disengage from his watch-chain the golden nugget, shaped to a rude sphere, which hung there. This done, he asked if he might put it on the little necklace—a christening gift from Mrs. Halleck—which the baby had on, to see how it looked. It looked very well, like an old Roman *bolla*, though neither Kinney nor Marcia knew it.

"Guess we'll let it stay there," he suggested, timidly.

"Mr. Kinney!" cried Marcia, in amaze, "I can't let you!"

"Oh, *do* now, ma'am!" pleaded the big

fellow, simply. "If you knew how much good it does me, you would. Why, it's been like heaven to me to get into such a home as this, for a day; it has indeed."

"Like heaven?" said Marcia, turning pale. "Oh, my!"

"Well, I don't mean any harm. What I mean is, I've knocked about the world so much, and never had any home of my own, that to see folks as happy as you be makes me happier than I've been since I don't know when. Now, you let it stay. It was the first piece of gold I picked up in California when I went out there in '50, and it's about the last; I didn't have very good luck. Well, of course! I know I ain't fit to give it; but I want to do it. I think Bartley's about the greatest fellow, and he's the best fellow this world can show. That's the way I feel about him. And I want to do it. Sho! the thing wa'n't no use to me!"

Marcia always gave her maid of all work Sunday afternoon, and she would not trespass upon her rule because she had guests that day. Except for the confusion to which Kinney's unexpected gift had put her, she would have waited for him to join the others before she began to clear away the dinner; but now she mechanically began, and Kinney, to whom these domestic occupations were a second nature, joined her in the work, equally absent-minded in the fervor of his petition.

Bartley suddenly flung open the doors. "My dear, Mr. Ricker says he must be go——" He discovered Marcia with the dish of potatoes in her hand, and Kinney in the act of carrying off the platter of turkey. "Look here, Ricker!"

Kinney came to himself, and opening his mouth above the platter, wide enough to swallow the remains of the turkey, slapped his leg with the hand that he released for the purpose, and shouted, "The ruling passion, Bartley, the ruling passion!"

The men roared; but Marcia, even while she took in the situation, did not see anything so ridiculous in it as they. She smiled a little in sympathy with their mirth, and then said, with a look and tone which he had not seen or heard in her since the day of their picnic at Equity, "Come, see what Mr. Kinney has given baby, Bartley."

They sat up talking Kinney over after he was gone; but even at ten o'clock Bartley said he should not go to bed; he felt like writing.

## XXIX.

BARTLEY lived well, now. He felt that he could afford it, on fifty dollars a week; and yet somehow he had always a sheaf of unpaid

bills on hand. Rent was so much, the butcher so much, the grocer so much; these were the great outlays, and he knew just what they were; but the sum total was always much larger than he expected. At a pinch, he borrowed; but he did not let Marcia know of this, for she would have starved herself to pay the debt; what was worse, she would have wished him to starve with her. He kept the purse and he kept the accounts; he was master in his house, and he meant to be so.

The pinch always seemed to come in the matter of clothes, and then Marcia gave up whatever she wanted, and said she must make the old things do. Bartley hated this; in his position he must dress well, and as there was nothing mean about him, he wished Marcia to dress well too. Just at this time he had set his heart on her having a certain sacque which they had noticed in a certain window one day when they were on Washington Street together. He surprised her a week later by bringing the sacque home to her, and he surprised himself with a sealskin cap which he had long coveted: it was coming winter, now, and for half a dozen days of the season he would really need the cap. There would be many days when it would be comfortable, and many others when it would be tolerable; and he looked so handsome in it that Marcia herself could not quite feel that it was an extravagance. She asked him how they could afford both of the things at once, but he answered with easy mystery that he had provided the funds; and she went gaily round with him to call on the Hallecks that evening and show off her sacque. It was so stylish and pretty that it won her a compliment from Ben Halleck, which she noticed because it was the first compliment, or anything like it, that he had ever paid her. She repeated it to Bartley. "He said that I looked like a Hungarian Princess that he saw in Vienna."

"Well, I suppose it has a hussar kind of look, with that fur trimming and that broad braid. Did anybody say anything about my cap?" asked Bartley with burlesque eagerness.

"Oh, poor Bartley!" she cried in laughing triumph. "I don't believe any of them noticed it; and you kept twirling it round in your hands all the time to make them look."

"Yes, I did my level best," said Bartley.

They had a jolly time about that. Marcia was proud of her sacque; when she took it off and held it up by the loop in the neck, so as to realize its prettiness, she said she should make it last three winters at least; and she leaned over and gave Bartley a sweet kiss of gratitude and affection, and told him not to try to

make up for it by extra work, but to help her scrimp for it.

"I'd rather do the extra work," he protested. In fact he already had the extra work done. It was something that he felt he had the right to sell outside of the "Events," and he carried his manuscript to Ricker and offered it to him for his Sunday edition.

Ricker read the title and ran his eye down the first slip, and then glanced quickly at Hubbard. "You don't mean it?"

"Yes, I do," said Bartley. "Why not?"

"I thought he was going to use the material himself some time."

Bartley laughed. "He use the material! Why he can't write, any more than a hen; he can make tracks 'on paper, but nobody would print 'em, much less buy 'em. I know him; he's all right. It wouldn't hurt the material for his purpose, any way; and he'll be tickled to death when he sees it, if he ever does. Look here, Ricker!" added Bartley, with a touch of anger at the hesitation in his friend's face, "if you're going to spring any conscientious scruples on me, I prefer to offer my manuscript elsewhere. I give you the first chance at it; but it needn't go begging. Do you suppose I'd do this if I didn't understand the man and know just how he'd take it?"

"Why, of course, Hubbard! I beg your pardon. If you say it's all right I'm bound to be satisfied. What do you want for it?"

"Fifty dollars."

"That's a good deal, isn't it?"

"Yes, it is. But I can't afford to do a dishonorable thing for less money," said Bartley with a wink.

The next Sunday, when Marcia came home from church, she went into the parlor a moment to speak to Bartley, before she ran upstairs to the baby. He was writing, and she put her left hand on his back while with her right she held her sacque slung over her shoulder by the loop, and leaned forward with a wandering eye on the papers that strewed the table. In that attitude he felt her pause and grow absorbed, and then rigid; her light caress tightened into a grip. "Why how base! How shameful! That man shall never enter my doors again! Why, it's stealing!"

"What's the matter? What are you talking about?" Bartley looked up with a frown of preparation.

"This!" cried Marcia, snatching up the "Chronicle-Abstract" at which she had been looking. "Haven't you seen it? Here's Mr. Kinney's life all written out! And when he said that he was going to keep it, and write it out himself. That thief has stolen it!"

"Look out how you talk," said Bartley.

"Kinney's an old fool, and he never could have written it out in the world——"

"That makes no difference. He said that he told the things because he knew he was among gentlemen. A great gentleman Mr. Ricker is! And I thought he was so nice!" The tears sprang to her eyes, which flashed again. "I want you to break off with him, Bartley; I don't want you to have anything to do with such a *thief*! And I shall be proud to tell everybody that you've broken off with him *because* he was a thief. Oh, Bartley——"

"Hold your tongue!" shouted her husband.

"I *won't* hold my tongue! And if you defend——"

"Don't you say a word against Ricker. It's all right, I tell you. You don't understand such things. You don't know what you're talking about. I—I—I wrote the thing myself."

He could face her, but she could not face him. There was a subsidence in her proud attitude, as if her physical strength had snapped with her breaking spirit.

"There's no theft about it," Bartley went on. "Kinney would never write it out, and if he did, I've put the material in better shape for him here than he could ever have given it. Six weeks from now nobody will remember a word of it; and he could tell the same things right over again, and they would be just good as new." He went on to argue the point.

She seemed not to have listened to him. When he stopped, she said in a quiet, passionless voice:

"I suppose you wrote it to get money for this sacque."

"Yes; I did," replied Bartley.

She dropped it on the floor at his feet.

"I shall never wear it again," she said in the same tone, and a little sigh escaped her.

"Use your pleasure about that," said Bartley, sitting down to his writing again, as she turned and left the room.

She went upstairs and came down immediately, with the gold nugget, which she had wrenched from the baby's necklace, and laid it on the paper before him.

"Perhaps you would like to spend it for Tivoli beer," she suggested. "Flavia shall not wear it."

"I'll get it fitted on to my watch-chain." Bartley slipped it into his waistcoat pocket.

The sacque still lay on the floor at his feet; he pulled his chair a little forward and put his feet on it. He feigned to write awhile longer, and then he folded up his papers and went out, leaving Marcia to make her Sunday dinner alone. When he came home

late at night, he found the sacque where she had dropped it, and with a curse he picked it up and hung it on the hat-rack in the hall.

He slept in the guest-chamber, and at times during the night the child cried in Marcia's room and waked him; and then he thought he heard a sound of sobbing which was not the child's. In the morning, when he came down to breakfast, Marcia met him with swollen eyes.

"Bartley," she said tremulously, "I wish you would tell me how you felt justified in writing out Mr. Kinney's life in that way."

"My dear," said Bartley, with perfect amiability, for he had slept off his anger, and he really felt sorry to see her so unhappy, "I would tell you almost anything you want on any other subject; but I think we had better remand that one to the safety of silence, and go upon the general supposition that I know what I'm about."

"I can't, Bartley!"

"Can't you? Well, that's a pity." He pulled his chair to the breakfast-table. "It seems to me that girl's imagination always fails her on Mondays. Can she never give us anything but hash and corn-bread when she's going to wash? However, the coffee's good. I suppose you made it?"

"Bartley!" persisted Marcia, "I want to believe in everything you do—I want to be proud of it——"

"That will be difficult," suggested Bartley, with an air of thoughtful impartiality, "for the wife of a newspaper man."

"No, no! It needn't be! It mustn't be! If you will only tell me——"

She stopped, as if she feared to repeat her offense.

Bartley leaned back in his chair and looked at her intense face with a smile.

"Tell you that in some way I had Kinney's authority to use his facts? Well, I should have done that yesterday if you had let me. In the first place, Kinney's the most helpless ass in the world. He could never have used his own facts. In the second place, there was hardly anything in his rigmarole the other day that he hadn't told me down there in the lumber camp, with full authority to use it in any way I liked; and I don't see how he could revoke that authority. That's the way I reasoned about it."

"I see—I see!" said Marcia, with humble eagerness.

"Well, that's all there is about it. What I've done can't hurt Kinney. If he ever does want to write his old facts out, he'll be glad to take my report of them, and—spoil it," said Bartley, ending with a laugh.

"And if—if there had been anything

wrong about it," said Marcia, anxious to justify him to herself, "Mr. Ricker would have told you so when you offered him the article."

"I don't think Mr. Ricker would have ventured on any impertinence with me," said Bartley, with grandeur. But he lapsed into his wonted, easy way of taking everything. "What are you driving at, Marsh? I don't care particularly for what happened yesterday. We've had rows enough before, and I dare say we shall have them again. You gave me a bad quarter of an hour, and you gave yourself"—he looked at her tear-stained eyes—"a bad night, apparently. That's all there is about it."

"Oh, no, that isn't all! It isn't like the other quarrels we've had. When I think how I've felt toward you ever since, it *scared* me. There can't be anything sacred in our marriage unless we trust each other in everything."

"Well, I haven't done any of the mistrusting," said Bartley, with humorous lightness. "But isn't sacred rather a strong word to use in regard to our marriage, anyway?"

"Why—why—what do you mean, Bartley? We were married by a minister."

"Well, yes, by what was left of one," said Bartley. "He couldn't seem to shake himself together sufficiently to ask for the proof that we had declared our intention to get married."

Marcia looked mystified.

"Don't you remember his saying there was something else, and my suggesting to him that it was the fee?"

Marcia turned white.

"Father said the certificate was all right——"

"Oh, he asked to see it, did he? He is a prudent old gentleman. Well, it is all right."

"And what difference did it make about our not proving that we had declared our intention?" asked Marcia, as if only partly reassured.

"No difference to us; and only a difference of sixty dollars fine to him, if it was ever found out."

"And you let the poor old man run that risk?"

"Well, you see, it couldn't be helped. We hadn't declared our intention, and the lady seemed very anxious to be married. You needn't be troubled. We are married, right and tight enough; but I don't know that there's anything *sacred* about it."

"No," Marcia wailed out, "it's tainted with fraud from the beginning."

"If you like to say so," Bartley assented, putting his napkin into its ring.

Marcia hid her face in her arms on the table; the baby left off drumming with its spoon, and began to cry.

Witherby was reading the Sunday edition of the "Chronicle-Abstract" when Bartley got down to the "Events" office; and he cleared his throat with a premonitory cough as his assistant swung easily into the room. "Good-morning, Mr. Hubbard," he said. "There is quite an interesting article in yesterday's 'Chronicle-Abstract.' Have you seen it?"

"Yes," said Bartley. "What article?"

"This 'Confessions of an Average American.'" Witherby held out the paper, where Bartley's article, vividly head-lined and sub-headed, filled half a page. "What is the reason *we* cannot have something of this kind?"

"Well, I don't know," Bartley began.

"Have you any idea who wrote this?"

"Oh, yes, I wrote it."

Witherby had the task before him of translating an expression of rather low cunning into one of wounded confidence, mingled with high-minded surprise. "I thought it had your ear-marks, Mr. Hubbard; but I preferred not to believe it till I heard the fact from your own lips. I supposed that our contract covered such contributions as this."

"I wrote it out of time, and on Sunday night. You pay me by the week, and all that I do throughout the week belongs to you. The next day after that Sunday I did a full day's work on the 'Events.' I don't see what you have to complain of. You told me when I began that you would not expect more than a certain amount of work from me. Have I ever done less?"

"No, but——"

"Haven't I always done more?"

"Yes; I have never complained of the amount of work. But upon this theory of yours, what you did in your summer vacation would not belong to the 'Events,' or what you did on legal holidays."

"I never have any summer vacation or holidays, legal or illegal. Even when I was down at Equity last summer I sent you something for the paper every day."

This was true, and Witherby could not gainsay it. "Very well, sir. If this is to be your interpretation of our understanding for the future, I shall wish to revise our contract," he said, pompously.

"You can tear it up if you like," returned Bartley. "I dare say Ricker would jump at a little study of the true inwardness of counting-room journalism. Unless you insist upon having it for the 'Events.'" Bartley gave a chuckle of enjoyment as he sat down at his desk; Witherby rose and stalked away.

He returned in half an hour and said, with an air of frank concession, touched with

personal grief: "Mr. Hubbard, I can see how, from your point of view, you were perfectly justifiable in selling your article to the 'Chronicle-Abstract.' My point of view is different, but I shall not insist upon it; and I wish to withdraw—and—and apologize for—any hasty expressions I may have used."

"All right," said Bartley, with a wicked grin. He had triumphed; but his triumph was one to leave some men with an uneasy feeling, and there was not altogether a pleasant taste in Bartley's mouth. After that his position in the "Events" office was whatever he choose to make it, but he did not abuse his ascendancy, and he even made a point of increased deference toward Witherby. Many courtesies passed between them; each took some trouble to show the other that he had no ill feeling.

Three or four weeks later Bartley received a letter with an Illinois postmark which gave him a disagreeable sensation, at first, for he knew it must be from Kinney. But the letter was so amusingly characteristic, so helplessly ill-spelled and ill-constructed, that he could not help laughing. Kinney gave an account of his travels to the mining town, and of his present situation and future prospects; he was full of affectionate messages and inquiries for Bartley's family, and he said he should never forget that Sunday he had passed with them. In a postscript he added: "They copied that String of lies into our paper, here, out of the 'Chron.-Ab.' It was pretty well done, but if your friend Mr. Ricker done it, I'm not goen to Insult him soon again by calling him a gentleman."

This laconic reference to the matter in a postscript was delicious to Bartley; he seemed to hear Kinney saying the words, and imagined his air of ineffective sarcasm. He carried the letter about with him, and the first time he saw Ricker he showed it to him. Ricker read it without appearing greatly diverted; when he came to the postscript he flushed, and demanded, "What have you done about it?"

"Oh, I haven't done anything. It wasn't necessary. You see, now, what Kinney could have done with his facts if we had left them to him. It would have been a wicked waste of material. I thought the sight of some of his literature would help you wash up your uncleanly scruples on that point."

"How long have you had this letter?" pursued Ricker.

"I don't know. A week or ten days."

Ricker folded it up and returned it to him. "Mr. Hubbard," he said, "the next time we meet will you do me the favor to cut my acquaintance?"

Bartley stared at him; he thought he must be joking. "Why, Ricker, what's the matter? I didn't suppose you'd care anything about old Kinney. I thought it would amuse you. Why confound it! I'd just as soon write out and tell him that I did the thing." He began to be angry. "But I can cut your acquaintance fast enough, or any man's, if you're really on your ear!"

"I'm on my ear," said Ricker. He left Bartley standing where they had met.

It was peculiarly unfortunate, for Bartley had occasion within that week to ask Ricker's advice, and he was debarred from doing so by this absurd displeasure. Since their recent perfect understanding, Witherby had slighted no opportunity to cement their friendship, and to attach Bartley more and more firmly to the "Events." He now offered him some of the "Events" stock on extremely advantageous terms, with the avowed purpose of attaching him to the paper. There seemed nothing covert in this, and Bartley had never heard any doubts of the prosperity of the "Events," but he would have especially liked to have Ricker's mind upon this offer of stock. Witherby had urged him not to pay for the whole outright, but to accept a somewhat lower salary, and trust to his dividends to make up the difference. The shares had paid fifteen per cent. the year before, and Bartley could judge for himself of the present chances from that showing. Witherby advised him to borrow only fifteen hundred dollars on the three thousand of stock which he offered him, and to pay up the balance in three years by dropping five hundred a year from his salary. It was certainly a flattering proposal; and, under his breath, where Bartley still did most of his blaspheming, he cursed Ricker for an old fool; and resolved to close with Witherby on his own responsibility. After he had done so he told Marcia of the step he had taken.

Since their last quarrel there had been an alienation in her behavior toward him, different from any former resentment. She was submissive and quiescent; she looked carefully after his comfort, and was perfect in her housekeeping; but she held aloof from him somehow, and left him to a solitude in her presence, in which he fancied, if he did not divine, her contempt. But in this matter of common interest, something of their community of feeling revived; they met on a lower level, but they met, for the moment, and Marcia joined eagerly in the discussion of ways and means.

The notion of dropping five hundred from his salary delighted her, because they must now cut down their expenses as

much; and she had long grieved over their expenses without being able to make Bartley agree to their reduction. She went upstairs at once and gave the little nurse-maid a week's warning; she told the maid-of-all-work that she must take three dollars a week hereafter, instead of four, or else find another place; she mentally forewent new spring dresses for herself and the baby, and arranged to do herself all of the wash she had been putting out; she put a note in the mouth of the can at the back-door, telling the milkman to leave only two quarts in future; and she came radiantly back to tell Bartley that she had saved half of the lost five hundred a year already. But her countenance fell. "Why, where are you to get the other fifteen hundred dollars, Bartley?"

"Oh, I've thought of that," said Bartley, laughing at her swift alternations of triumph and despair. "You trust to me for that."

"You're not—not going to ask father for it?" she faltered.

"Not very much," said Bartley, as he took his hat to go out.

He meant to make a raise out of Ben Halleck, as he phrased it to himself. He knew that Halleck had plenty of money; he could make the stock itself over to him as security; he did not see why Halleck should hesitate. But when he entered Halleck's room, having asked Cyrus to show him directly there, Halleck gave a start which seemed ominous to Bartley. He had scarcely the heart to open his business, and Halleck listened with changing color, and something only too like the embarrassment of a man who intends a refusal. He would not look Bartley in the face, and when Bartley had made an end he sat for a time without speaking. At last he said, with a quick sigh, as if at the close of an internal conflict: "I will lend you the money!"

Bartley's heart gave a bound, and he broke out into an immense laugh of relief, and clapped Halleck on the shoulder. "You looked deucedly as if you *wouldn't*, old man! By George, you had on such a dismal, hang-dog expression that I didn't know but *you'd* come to borrow money of *me*, and I'd made up my mind not to let you have it! But I'm everlastingly obliged to you, Halleck, and I promise you that you won't regret it."

"I shall have to speak to my father about this," said Halleck, responding coldly to Bartley's robust pressure of his hand.

"Of course—of course."

"How soon shall you want the money?"

"Well, the sooner the better, now. Bring the check round,—can't you?—to-morrow night, and take dinner with us, you and Olive;

and we'll celebrate a little. I know it will please Marcia when she finds out who my hard-hearted creditor is!"

"Well," assented Halleck, with a smile so ghastly that Bartley noticed it even in his joy.

"Curse me," he said to himself, "if ever I saw a man so ashamed of doing a good action!"

xxx.

THE presidential canvas of the summer which followed upon these events in Bartley's career was not very active. Sometimes, in fact, it languished so much that people almost forgot it, and a good field was afforded the "Events" for the practice of independent journalism. To hold a course of strict impartiality, and yet come out on the winning side, was a theory of independent journalism which Bartley illustrated with cynical enjoyment. He developed into something rather artistic the gift which he had always shown in his newspaper work for ironical persiflage. Witherby was not a man to feel this burlesque himself; but when it was pointed out to him by others, he came to Bartley in some alarm for its effect upon the fortunes of the paper. "We can't afford, Mr. Hubbard," he said, with virtuous trepidation, "we can't *afford* to make fun of our friends!"

Bartley laughed at Witherby's anxiety. "They're no more our friends than the other fellows are. We are independent journalists; and this way of treating the thing leaves us perfectly free hereafter to claim, just as we choose, that we were in fun or in earnest on any particular question if we're ever attacked. See?"

"I see," said Witherby, with not wholly subdued misgiving. But after due time for conviction no man enjoyed Bartley's irony more than Witherby when once he had mastered an instance of it. Sometimes it happened that Bartley found him chuckling over a perfectly serious paragraph, but he did not mind that; he enjoyed Witherby's mistake even more than his appreciation.

In these days Bartley was in almost uninterrupted good humor, as he had always expected to be when he became fairly prosperous. He was at no time an unamiable fellow, as he saw it; he had his sulks, he had his moments of anger; but generally he felt good, and he had always believed, and he had promised Marcia, that when he got squarely on his legs he should feel good perpetually. This sensation he now agreeably realized; and he was also now in that posi-

tion in which he had proposed to himself some little moral reforms. He was not much in the habit of taking stock; but no man wholly escapes the contingencies in which he is confronted with himself and sees certain habits, traits, tendencies, which he would like to change for the sake of his peace of mind hereafter. To some souls these contingencies are full of anguish, of remorse for the past, of despair; but Bartley had never yet seen the time when he did not feel himself perfectly able to turn over a new leaf and blot the old one. There were not many things in his life which he really cared to have very different; but there were two or three shady little corners which he always intended to clean up. He had meant some time or other to have a religious belief of some sort, he did not much care what; since Marcia had taken to the Hallecks' church, he did not see why he should not go with her, though he had never yet done so. He was not quite sure whether he was always as candid with her as he might be, or as kind; though he maintained against this question that in all their quarrels it was six of one and half a dozen of the other. He had never been tipsy but once in his life, and he considered that he had repented and atoned for that enough, especially as nothing had ever come of it; but sometimes he thought he might be overdoing the beer; yes, he thought he must cut down on the Tivoli; he was getting ridiculously fat. If ever he met Kinney again he should tell him that it was he and not Ricker who had appropriated his facts; and he intended to make it up with Ricker somehow.

He had not found just the opportunity yet; but in the meantime he did not mind telling the real cause of their alienation to good fellows who could enjoy a joke. He had his following, though so many of his brother journalists had cooled toward him, and those of his following considered him as smart as chain-lightning and bound to rise. These young men and not very wise elders roared over Bartley's frank declaration of the situation between himself and Ricker, and they contended that if Ricker had taken the article for the "Chronicle-Abstract" he ought to take the consequences. Bartley told them that of course he should explain the facts to Kinney; but that he meant to let Ricker enjoy his virtuous indignation a while. Once, after a confidence of this kind at the club, where Ricker had refused to speak to him, he came away with a curious sense of moral decay. It did not pain him a great deal, but it certainly surprised him that now with all these prosperous conditions, so favorable for cleaning up,

he had so little disposition to clean up. He found himself quite willing to let the affair with Ricker go, and he suspected that he had been needlessly virtuous in his intentions concerning church-going and beer. As to Marcia, it appeared to him that he could not treat a woman of her disposition otherwise than as he did. At any rate, if he had not done everything he could to make her happy she seemed to be getting along well enough, and was probably quite as happy as she deserved to be. They were getting on very quietly now; there had been no violent outbreak on her part since the trouble about Kinney, and then she had practically confessed herself in the wrong, as Bartley looked at it. At last, there was now what might be called a perfect business amity between them. If her life with him was no longer an expression of that intense devotion which she used to show him, it was more like what married life generally comes to, and he accepted her tractability and what seemed her common-sense view of their relations as greatly preferable. With his growth in flesh, Bartley liked peace more and more.

Marcia had consented to go down to Equity alone, that summer; for he had convinced her that during a heated political contest it would not do for him to be away from the paper. He promised to go down for her when she wished to come home; and it was easily arranged for her to travel as far as the Junction under Halleck's escort, when he went to join his sisters in the White Mountains. Bartley missed her and the baby at first. But he soon began to adjust himself with resignation to his solitude. They had determined to keep their maid over the summer, for they had so much trouble in replacing her the last time after their return; and Bartley said he should live very economically. It was quiet, and the woman kept the house cool and clean; she was a good cook, and when Bartley brought a man home to dinner she took an interest in serving it well. Bartley let her order the things from the grocer and butcher, for she knew what they were used to getting, and he had heard so much talk from Marcia about bills since he bought that "Events" stock, that he was sick of the prices of things. There was no extravagance, and yet he seemed to live very much better after Marcia went. There is no doubt but he lived very much more at his ease. One little restriction after another fell away from him; he went and came with absolute freedom, not only without having to account for his movements, but without having a pang for not doing so. He had the sensation of stretching himself after a cramped

posture; and he wrote Marcia the cheerfulness letters, charging her not to cut short her visit from anxiety on his account. He said that he was working hard, but hard work evidently agreed with him, for he was never better in his life. In this high content he maintained a feeling of loyalty by going to the Hallecks, where Mrs. Halleck often had him to tea in pity of his loneliness. They were dull company, certainly; but Marcia liked them, and the cooking was always good. Other evenings he went to the theaters, where there were amusing variety bills; and sometimes he passed the night at Nantasket, or took a run for a day to Newport; he always reported these excursions to Marcia, with expressions of regret that Equity was too far away to run down to for a day.

Marcia's letters were longer and more regular than his; but he could have forgiven some want of constancy, for the sake of a less searching anxiety on her part. She was anxious not only for his welfare, which was natural and proper, but she was anxious about the housekeeping and the expenses, things Bartley could not afford to let trouble him, though he did what he could in a general way to quiet her mind. She wrote fully of the visit which Olive Halleck had paid her, but said that they had not gone about much, for Ben Halleck had only been able to come for a day. She was very well, and so was Flavia.

Bartley realized Flavia's existence with an effort, and for the rest this letter bored him. What could he care about Olive Halleck's coming, or Ben Halleck's staying away? All that he asked of Ben Halleck was a little extension of time when his interest fell due. The whole thing was disagreeable; and he resented what he considered Marcia's endeavor to clasp the domestic harness on him again. His thoughts wandered to conditions, to contingencies of which a man does not permit himself even to think without a degree of moral disintegration. In these ill-advised reveries he mused upon his life as it might have been if he had never met her, or if they had never met after her dismissal of him. As he recalled the facts, he was at that time in an angry and embittered mood, but he was in a mood of entire acquiescence; and the reconciliation had been of her own seeking. He could not blame her for it; she was very much in love with him, and he had been fond of her. In fact, he was still very fond of her; when he thought of little ways of hers, it filled him with tenderness. He did justice to her fine qualities, too: her generosity, her truthfulness, her entire loyalty to his best interests; he smiled to realize that he himself

preferred his second-best interests, and in her absence he remembered that her virtues were tedious and even painful at times. He had his doubts whether there was sufficient compensation in them. He sometimes questioned whether he had not made a great mistake to get married; he expected now to stick it through; but this doubt occurred to him. A moment came in which he asked himself, What if he had never come back to Marcia that night when she locked him out of her room? Might it not have been better for both of them? She would soon have reconciled herself to the irreparable; he even

thought of her happy in a second marriage; and the thought did not enrage him; he generously wished Marcia well. He wished—he hardly knew what he wished. He wished nothing at all but to have his wife and child back again as soon as possible; and he put aside with a laugh the fancies which really found no such distinct formulation as I have given them; which were mere vague impulses, arrested mental tendencies, scraps of undirected reverie. Their recurrence had nothing to do with what he felt to be his sane and waking state. But they recurred, and he even amused himself in turning them over.

(To be continued.)



### TO AN INTRUSIVE BUTTERFLY.

"Kill not—for Pity's sake—and lest ye slay  
The meanest thing upon its upward way."

—Five Rules of Buddha.

I WATCH you through the garden walks,  
I watch you float between  
The avenues of dahlia stalks,  
And flicker on the green;  
You hover round the garden seat,  
You mount, you waver. Why,  
Why storm us in our still retreat,  
O saffron Butterfly!

Across the room in loops of flight  
I watch you wayward go;  
Dance down a shaft of glancing light,  
Review my books a-row;  
Before the bust you flaunt and flit  
Of "blind Mæonides"—  
Ah, trifle, on his lips there lit  
Not butterflies, but bees!

You pause, you poise, you circle up  
Among my old Japan;  
You find a comrade on a cup,  
A friend upon a fan;  
You wind anon, a breathing while,  
Around Amanda's brow,—  
Dost dream her then, O Volatile!  
E'en such an one as thou?

Away! Her thoughts are not as thine  
A sterner purpose fills  
Her steadfast soul with deep design  
Of baby bows and frills;  
What care hath she for worlds without,—  
What heed for yellow sun,  
Whose endless hopes revolve about  
A planet, *atat* One!

Away! Tempt not the best of wives!  
Let not thy garish wing  
Come fluttering our Autumn lives  
With truant dreams of spring!  
Away! Reseck thy "Flowery Land";  
Be Buddha's law obeyed;  
Lest Betty's undiscerning hand  
Should slay—a future Præd!

Austin Dobson.



## THE PHANTOM SAILOR.

### I.

ONE sunny afternoon in October, just after the village school had been dismissed for the day, a sailor-like young fellow, apparently about twenty-five years old, sauntered down the main street of Fairport, Maine. The town, an old-fashioned sea-port, now dead and dull, but in those far-off days tolerably active and bustling, is nestled on the side of a promontory which slopes to the bay on the east and to a series of coves and inlets on the west. The promontory is joined to the main-land by a narrow isthmus in the midst of a marsh, and the only highway from the town to the rest of the world passes over a narrow bridge built on the aforesaid neck of land, a canal having been cut across it by the British troops during the occupation of the place in the war of the Revolution. So, when the townsfolk beheld the stranger walking down their main street, they knew that, unless he had dropped from the skies, he must have come into the village over the neck and up the hill.

He was a handsome young fellow, with curly hair, and with a face tanned and roughened by the winds of many seas. He wore canvas trousers, once white, a checked shirt with a wide-rolling collar, and a blue-jacket cut and trimmed in what is known as "man-o'-war" style. On his head, jauntily cocked over his dark curls, was a flat knit cap without a visor, and of the pattern known as Scotch. He was in light walking trim, this sea-faring stranger, carrying over his shoulder, lightly swinging from a stout stick, a bundle of "dunnage" tied in a bandana handkerchief.

Into the back of his right hand had been pricked with a needle a female figure in red, presumably the Goddess of Liberty, leaning on a blue anchor. In the middle of his left hand was a cruel scar, that looked as if it might have been made by the thrust of a cutlass or a boarding-pike.

We boys had just been let out of school, and, whooping and racing down the common, in a very ecstasy of animal spirits, we were confronted by this somewhat unusual apparition. For, since the steam-frigate *Missouri* had made a short call at the old port, several years before, nothing like a man-o'-war's man had been seen in town. The sailors of the fishing fleet, which was then wont to flit in and out of the port, were untidy and rough, and were clad, for the most part, in odds and

ends of garments which were, as one might say, amphibious, since they were worn in farming time as well as on their short sea voyages. An occasional ship from Cadiz or Liverpool, with a cargo of salt, brought only a gang of sailors who never staid in Fairport long enough to show any shore clothes, if they had them. This alert young stranger, with his rolling gait and seaman-like rig, instantly arrested and fascinated our boyish attention. We seemed to be brought face to face with the romance of the seas. Here was a bronze-cheeked man who brought with him from distant shores the odor of spices and the briny wave. He had seen strange countries, perhaps had fought pirates, nay, had possibly been cast away on coral reefs or in the maelstroms of the northern seas.

"Hullo, youngsters!" he said, with a flourish of his hand and an indescribable roll in his voice, as if it, too, partook of the undulating motion of the sea. So saying, he turned from Main street into elm-shaded and grassy Court street, followed at a distance by a small and curious mob of boys. Village boys have a certain frank inquisitiveness which cannot be repressed by any conventional notions, and which is very different from the curiosity of all other boys beneath the heavens, so far as my observation goes. A stranger in their village is like a new planet swimming into the ken of an astronomer. He must be watched, studied, and assigned his place in the phenomena of nature. So, when the sea-farer turned the corner by the town-house, and walked down Howe's Lane, every boy within sight ran after him and watched him until he unhesitatingly entered the cottage of old Mother Hubbard.

Lest I do despite to the memory of an estimable old mother in Israel, now long since departed this life, let me say that Mrs. Hubbard was the widow of the captain of a fishing smack, the *John and Eliza*, wrecked on the Banks, with all on board, in 1841, during the gale which is even now remembered with terror by the people of the New England coast. One of the Hubbard boys, Elkanah, was lost in the wreck of *The Chariot of Fame*, off the Bermudas, five years after, and the widowed woman, left with but one child, had vainly tried to keep the young man at home. But Lafayette Hubbard ran away to sea in the bark *Tonquin* six years before the sailor of my tale walked down the village street,

and he had never been heard of from that day to this.

Mother Hubbard grew gray, wrinkled and sad. She took in washing, went out among the neighbors in times of sickness and death, doing such chores as are most likely to fall to the needy and willing hands of a lone and childless widow. If she sometimes paused in the wringing of her clothes to wipe a salt tear that trickled down her nose, or if she turned her face hungrily toward the shining sea, while walking to and fro with some other woman's sick baby, it was because she was thinking of the absent and long-wandering boy. But beyond this, she made no sign of the mourning mother-love that slept within her aged breast. The neighbors, kindly belying their own convictions, would sometimes tell her that Lafayette might be alive and well in some far-off corner of the world, and that he would yet come home to make her old age happy. But there were too many vacant places in the family circles of Fairport, made by wrecks that had never sent a token of the lost ones, for Mother Hubbard to cherish any hope. Her sorrow was common enough; and so she said, as many another bereft one said, "I shall see him again when the sea gives up its dead."

In front of Mother Hubbard's door grew clumps of hollyhocks, red, white, and yellow. A few of these lingered yet on their tall stems, although the frosts had come. Standing afar off, we saw the sailor pluck one of the bright flowers, look into it with a smile, and cast it from him. Then he knocked on the door sharply with his brown knuckles, and, as soon as it was opened, he strode in and shut it behind him. Drawing near, we heard a crying and a sobbing within, mingled with the tones of a deep, manly voice. Mother Hubbard, as if she had heard the childish murmurs outside, came to the window and let down the green-slatted shade. But we saw that there were tears on her cheeks.

From lip to lip the rumor spread: Lafayette Hubbard had come home. He had brought a handkerchief full of gold, and gems, and precious things. He had been captured by a pirate, and had served on a slave-trader. He had also been on board of a man-o'-war, and had seen and heard all that was incident to a wandering sailor's life. It was as delightful as a story-book. Long time we boys hung around Mother Hubbard's cottage, waiting for the fascinating sailor to come forth and show himself. Some of the smaller boys grew tired of the long suspense, and went home to their bread-and-milk; for the short autumnal day was waning apace.

What went on in that weather-beaten little

cottage none of us ever knew. But, as we whiled away the time with knuckle-down and mumble-the-peg, there grew a feeling that this might not be Lafayette Hubbard, after all. Perhaps he was only a wayfarer who had met him at sea and had come to bring tidings of the lost one. Perhaps—awful thought!—he had seen Lafayette die in a distant foreign land, and had mercifully come to relieve the poor mother of all uncertainty of her boy's fate. As these speculations grew, the door opened, and the young sailor settled all our doubts by saying, "I won't be gone long, mother." Then he kissed her withered cheek, and we knew that Lafayette Hubbard had come home at last.

The abashed boys slunk away from the stranger, who smiled cheerily and kindly at them as he lightly swung out of the little front yard, and so down Howe's Lane to Water street. Good Mother Hubbard, with a shining face, looked after the sailor as he went down the steep lane, smiling and whispering to herself.

"Is that 'Fayette'?" asked three or four boys at once.

"Yes, that's my boy," said the widow, with a little thrill of pride in her voice. "And I'm sure I'm dreadful thankful to the Lord that he has come home ag'in to his poor old mother. Thank the Lord for all His mercies! I give him up long ago. But it's him! It's him!"

Mother Hubbard did not commonly encourage the approach of the village boys. We all felt that she was happier when no boy was near her clothes-line laden with snowy linen. She seemed to think that a boy was a destructive and a soiler of all that was bright and clean. Bad boys stoned her hens, and other boys, not so bad, had sometimes trampled down her southernwood and camomile. But her joy now was great. She took us into her little cottage and showed to our wondering eyes a whale's tooth, elaborately carved and etched with designs of sea-monsters and mermaids. There was likewise a marvelous handkerchief, as it seemed to us, rainbow-tinted and sheeny in the sun.

"Almost too gay for his poor old mother's neck," said the widow, pensively, as she held it up to the light. "Then there is a bunch of coral, the rale red coral, boys, not the common white stuff," said the old woman. "Wal, now, I just wonder what has become of that coral," said she, musingly looking around. "Wal, I guess Lafayette put it away somewhere."

And she mentioned the name of her long-lost boy with a certain unction which even we youngsters could not help noticing.

Sammy Hodgson, who always was a forward

chap, asked the dame where Lafayette had been so many years. Mother Hubbard took a pinch of snuff, and said, as if addressing some far-off person :

"I s'pose six years seems like an etarnity to these younkers,—but, dear me! dear me! it don't seem long to an old woman who has seen so many days and full of trouble." Then rallying herself, as it were, she explained. "Wal, you see, boys, Lafayette was took a prisoner on board one of them pirate ships that trade and plunder off the coast of Madagascar. He was sold into slavery somewheres onto the main-land, Afriky, I s'pose, and he didn't get a chance to get away until about a year ago, and ever since that he has been expectin' to come home to his poor old mother. Thanks be to the good Lord, he's come at last; and I'm too glad to ask any more questions, just now. He's goin' to overhaul his log, as he calls it, and reel me off the whole story, as soon's he gets rested."

This was delightful. We should hear "the whole story," too, some of these days. Meanwhile, the sailor who had been in the hands of the pirates, and had been sold into slavery on the coast of Africa, had gone down the lane, so his mother said, to see some of his old friends who lived on Water street. He staid at home only long enough to be sure that his mother was alive and well, and to assure her of his being the identical Lafayette Hubbard who had been gone away to sea for six years. There was the scar on his left hand, the scar of a cruel wound; how well she remembered it! and how well he remembered it! that scar made by a fish-hook fastened by some malicious boy in the back-stay of the ship *Nautilus*, so that when 'Fayette slid down that way to escape the ship's keeper, he was caught in his hand.

"Dear suz me!" mused the old woman, "that seems only a day or two ago, and it's going on fourteen year!"

The sailor-man, turning to the left at the bottom of Howe's Lane, had walked along the street which skirted the bank overhanging the old wooden wharves of the port. Under the bank were cooper-shops, blacksmith-shops, and the like, and along its edge was a row of shabby cottages, the homes of fishermen, 'longshoremen, and people who constituted the lower stratum of Fairport society. Into the house of the Drinkwaters the young sailor walked without so much as saying "by your leave."

The head of the Drinkwater family was the wife of old Bill Drinkwater, a dissolute and worthless elderly man, who lounged about in the sunshine, on the wharves, and under the fences, in the summer-time, and who often

found his way into the poor house in the winter. He was a ne'er-do-weel, but harmless, the butt of the mischievous boys of the port, and an object of contempt to everybody else, including even his wife, a shrill-voiced teragant, who was the terror of the neighborhood. The eldest boy of the family, Bill, was one of the absent lads of the town who had gone to sea and never had been heard of more. Bill, restive under the lashing of his mother's tongue, and ashamed of his father's vagabond habits, had shipped on board an English bark that had put into port, nine years before, with a cargo of salt. Beginning as a cabin-boy, when he had last been heard from he had worked his way up to be able seaman. But this had been four years before, and, in the meantime, news had come that he was on board the United States frigate *Preble*, which, as the reader may remember, was wrecked in the Bay of Biscay, in 1842.

Two of the boys who had attended the sailor to the door of Mother Hubbard's cottage had followed him afar off as he walked down the lane. Lafayette had gone to see the Drinkwaters. He had undoubtedly brought tidings of the missing William! He had possibly seen him in foreign lands. Perhaps Bill and 'Fayette had been in captivity together. The thought was too enchanting to be seriously entertained. While Nathan Dyer and Sylvanus Crawford stood and watched the shabby and dirty old house into which 'Fayette had disappeared, the door opened, and four or five of the numerous white-headed brood of Drinkwater children came tearing out and ran, a confused mob, toward the cooper-shop, where old Bill chanced to be employed for the day.

"Our Bill's got home!" shrieked the biggest of the train, Sal Drinkwater, a long-legged girl of nine years. She had heard of her absent brother Bill, but never until this day had she laid eyes on him. "Our Bill's got home!" she cried to the neighborhood, as she sped down the bank, followed by five or six tow-headed infants of assorted sizes.

"Why, Vene, he's an impostor!" said Nathan, looking at Sylvanus, with distended eyes. An impostor, I think, was really more novel and more captivating to the imagination than a sailor who had been shipwrecked, taken by pirates, and sold into slavery. There was something horribly fascinating about an impostor. But why should we think that 'Fayette Hubbard, otherwise Bill Drinkwater, was an impostor? Perhaps there was a mistake somewhere.

By the time that old Drinkwater, rather the worse for liquor, had unsteadily scrambled up the bank, attended by a band of gabbling

infants, several of the boys who had been inspecting the premises of Mother Hubbard arrived on the scene and learned from Nathan and Sylvanus all that had been said and done. An excited company of lads accompanied old Drinkwater to his door. The aged vagabond was snuffing and sobbing.

"Yes," he said, "my pore Bill's come home to his pore old father. I hope's he's brought means with him so's t' keep his pore old father out of the pore-house, come winter."

"Taint Bill Drinkwater no more than I am," said Sammy Hodgson, stoutly. "It's 'Fayette Hubbard, if it's anybody. He's just been up to Mother Hubbard's, and she told us it was 'Fayette."

"Hey! what's that, you young bunch of oakum?" cried Bill Drinkwater, senior. "Not our Bill? Shet your head! I tell you, it's our Bill come home to his pore old father." And so, grumbling, and wiping his eyes on the cuff of his tarry shirt-sleeve, old Bill stumbled into his own door. Marm Drinkwater, as she was generally called in the town, appeared on the threshold, and, with an angry face, assisted old Bill into the house, saying as she did so:

"Drunk ag'in! it's jist what Bill said he expected to see when he seen you at home."

The door was closed on the excited family group, and the boys, standing at a safe distance from the house, held a colloquy as to what should be done. Some of the bolder ones were for going to Mr. Woods, the town constable, to lodge a complaint against "the impostor." Others thought the selectmen were the most proper persons to be waited upon. But Jo Murch, making a speaking-trumpet of his hands, in the sailor fashion which was appropriate to the occasion, shouted at the house, "Impostor! come out and show yourself!"

At this, the greater portion of the boys turned and ran a little way to await developments. Marm Drinkwater, scowling, came to the door. Shaking her fist at the panic-stricken huddle of boys, she cried:

"It's my Bill who has come home, ef you want to know. He's no impostor, I say. Ef any on you boys stay 'round here insultin' decent people, I'll break every bone in your bodies. Don't I know my own flesh and blood? Now, you jest clear out o' this!"

Greatly puzzled, and not without reasonable fears of Marm Drinkwater, the boys reluctantly sauntered off toward the village stores, which stood all in a row at the foot of Main street. Some of the smaller lads went home, for it was nearly sundown, and the hour for supper was at hand.

While we were eagerly telling to those who would hear our strange tale of the sailor-man, Sal Drinkwater, the long-legged daughter of the family before mentioned, trotted along the dusty street with a yellow pitcher in her hand.

"Hullo!" cried Sammy Hodgson, "you've got an impostor down to your house!"

"I don't know what you mean by an impostor," said the girl. "It's our Bill. He's come home from Hijero, or some such place, and Pa has sent me over to Stearns's for a pint of rum. So, now! And there's the money that our Bill give me to pay for it." And the child, crossing the street, exhibited in the dirty palm of her hand, but with evident suspicion of the boys, a big silver dollar of Spanish coinage. "Now, then, I guess you're satisfied. Impositors don't sling 'round big silver dollars like that, do they?" And, so saying, Sal pranced away, proud of being the sister of a sailor who had come home from strange countries, after many years.

Mother Hubbard, getting out her slender stock of best china, and drawing from its retreat her only jar of preserved quinces,—for 'Fayette had always had a sweet tooth,—had made ready as inviting a supper for the returned prodigal as could be furnished forth from her stores. The pickles and the quinces were on the table, with the thin slivers of dried beef, and the brown loaf of Saturday's baking. Before the open fire-place was a tin of hot biscuits neatly covered with a towel, and the mingled and delightful odors of Young Hyson tea and toasted red herrings were diffused around.

The sun had set, behind the fort, the revenue cutter in the harbor had hauled down her flag, and old Fitts, the barber, who never allowed a lighted lamp inside his shop, was closing his shutters. In Marm Drinkwater's house, a swarm of hungry and expectant children hung around a table on which unwonted luxuries were spread. The Drinkwater children were always hungry, but they had not been so expectant as now since last Thanksgiving-day, when they had had a real turkey for dinner. This was a festal occasion. Bill had come home. There was cake on the table, likewise white bread, and ham and eggs were frying on the stove. Bill had gone out to see some of the neighbors, leaving behind him a painted snuff-box of radiant colors, brought from foreign parts for his mother, who was always fond of snuff, as Bill well knew. And he had not forgotten to fill the box with the finest Maccaboy, a small bottle of which was also included in his slender kit of gifts. For Sal, born since he went to sea, he had brought a handful of shells—love-shells, they were called, delicate

pink and white, with a golden tint through the same.

And, while Mother Hubbard's supper waited and the biscuits grew cold, and while Marm Drinkwater, having carefully covered the ham and eggs to keep them from the eager fingers of her young ones, gazed down the street and softly scolded to herself, Lafayette Hubbard, otherwise Bill Drinkwater, sat happily smiling in the poor and tidy room of Aunt Sukey Morey. We all called her Aunt Sukey, although she was neither aunt nor mother to any one living in Fairport. Her "old man," as she used to call him, was lost at sea, years before, when her only child, Obadiah, was a baby. Obe Morey had grown up, and, not finding congenial work on the land, had gone to sea. He had come and gone on many a safe and prosperous voyage, until one dark and fatal year, when many a young life had been sucked down into the treacherous sea. It was while fishing on the Grand Banks, seven years before, that the *Two Sisters* was run down by a full-rigged ship, staggering along under double-reefed top-sails, for a gale was blowing, and the night was thick where the little "bankers" were riding on the fishing-grounds. Adam Bridges, the boy of the schooner's company, was picked up, sole survivor of the crew, and was brought into Thomaston by one of the fleet a few weeks afterward. Aunt Sukey heard the dread news with calmness. She was "used to sorrier," she said, and, in the hearing of the towns-folk, she made no lamentation. Her straw bonnet had been decked with a bit of black for many a long year, and the only sign of her newer grief was a narrow slab of gray marble in the burying-ground, on which was cut a suitable inscription, ending simply with "Lost at Sea."

And now, in the old Morey house, which stood at the far end of the village street, the last one in the straggling row, the young sailor sat, smiling happily, while Aunt Sukey stroked his cheek, softly crying, under her breath, "My son, my son, which was dead and is alive again!"

In that strange and inexplicable way in which news gets about a little village, it was speedily known at the other end of the street that Obe Morey had returned from sea. At least, a sailor who resembled Obe had been seen going into the widow's home. He had also been seen chopping wood in the little shed where Aunt Sukey stored her fuel, and when he went into the house carrying an armful of stove-wood, Mercy Mullett, unable longer to restrain her curiosity, made an errand into Aunt Sukey's house. While the old woman was filling a tea-cup with the molasses, to bor-

row which Mercy pretended to have come, the sly young girl had kept her eyes about her. On the table was a bunch of bright red coral, and a bandana handkerchief, which, as Mercy Mullett well knew, had never before been in Aunt Sukey Morey's possession.

"This is my boy Obed, Mercy. You don't remember my boy Obed, do you? No? Well, I thought not. Land sakes alive! it's a long time since he was lost to me. Well, Mercy, this is Obed. The good Lord has sent him back to me." And the old woman beamed over the cup of molasses, which the girl nearly spilled on the floor as she stared at the handsome young sailor, who sat and smiled—only smiled—as if amused by Mercy Mullett's confusion.

Alonzo Mullett, a contemporary of Obed Morey, hearing this report from his sister, refused to go into the cottage of the Morey family, now happily reunited. He straightway went over to Hatch's store and told all that he had heard. Four boys, lingering around the store, drank in with eager ears the tale narrated by Alonzo. It was not possible that this fascinating young sailor could be the long-lost son of three several women, although each had lost a son at sea, and each had acknowledged him as her own. It was too much for human belief.

It was also too much for the patience of four honest boys. Something must be done to unmask the impostor, for such it was now decided that the stranger must needs be. And so, as the sea fog was creeping over the town, this volunteer police force proceeded to Aunt Sukey's. The light of a tallow candle shed its little ray from the window of the house as the boys drew near. The sky beyond was gray with night and fog, and no sound was heard but the ceaseless murmur of the tide upon the beach.

A hurried council being held, four boys set up a shrill and incoherent yell. There was no reply. Then Sammy Hodgson, throwing into his piping voice as much manliness of tone as he could command, cried, "Bill Drinkwater! come out and show yourself!" There was something awesome and uncanny in this irreverent invocation to the name of one who had long since been numbered with the dead, and when the door was thrown open and the sailor rushed forth into the darkness and the fog, each individual boy took to his heels and ran as if for his life; nor did they stop until each one was safe at home, where he told this tale.

Aunt Sukey had been bustling about her narrow room, making ready a late supper, for she had partaken of an early and frugal

tea before her long-lost Obed had shown himself at her door. While she chatted with him, learning of his strange adventures on the Spanish main, where he had been cast away twice, and where he had been severely ill with the Panama fever, she toasted a bit of salt codfish, pounded it soft with a mortar-pestle, buttered it, and put it by the fire; and, while she was carefully measuring off a drawing of tea, using the top of the tea-caddy for a measure, smiling to think that she need not be so economical, now that Obed had come home, a shrill cry, as in derision of her joy, rose on the evening air without.

"Land sakes alive!" she cried. "What's them pesky boys up to now, I wonder?"

Then, as she wondered, she heard, with a chilly shiver creeping over her, Sam Hodgson's demand that Bill Drinkwater, Bill Drinkwater who had been drowned at sea, should come forth.

She put down the tea-caddy, dropping some of the precious grains of her Souchong as she did so, and looked at the young sailor. With something that sounded like an oath, he seized his cap, and dashed out of the door; and he never was seen in Fairport from that day to this.

## II.

ELEVEN years afterward, I had completed my education in school, academy, and college, and was at work, with all the kindling ambition of a tyro, on the great New England newspaper, which my readers will recall (at least the elder ones will), when I mention the name of "The Palladium." It was my ambition, secretly confided only to my own heart and to Angelina, to be the editor-in-chief of "The Palladium." But that consummation, so devoutly wished, was very far off, even to the most sanguine of young reporters "working on space" and paid at a very low rate indeed. But nothing is impossible to a young fellow who has his fortune to carve out for himself, and who has, as I had at that time of life, a strong imagination and vigorous health. Moreover, Angelina's father, who was employed in the custom-house, under a Whig administration, had promised us that we should be married when I should be promoted to a "regular sit," which meant that this desired event could only take place when I was on a regular salary. So, of course, a great deal was possible, for a great deal was to be done.

The crisis came for me most unexpectedly one wild and stormy March evening. I had planned to help Charley Whiting on the musical and dramatic that night, for that would

give me a chance to take Angelina to see Warren, and I had promised to call for her if Charley would only agree to my proposition.

At half-past six, just as Charley came panting up the stairs that led to the editorial rooms, old Sanger came out of his den with a bit of ship news in his hand. Sanger was usually known as "Old Salt," for he was the shipping-news editor, and knew, or thought he knew, more about ships, shipping, and navigation than any other living man. Seating himself carelessly on one corner of the musical and dramatic desk (and only Old Salt and the editor-in-chief were allowed this familiarity), Mr. Sanger asked:

"Does anybody in the city room know anything about the reported fall of the Sargent's Ledge light-house?"

Of course, nobody knew anything of the kind. If he had, it would have been his duty to tell of it as soon as he could run to the office. For "The Palladium" prided itself on being ahead of every other newspaper in the United States, not to say the world. Jerry Collins did say, however, that there was a rumor down among the wharves and docks that Sargent's Ledge light had gone down in the March gale that had prevailed for three days past. But Jerry, who was a born newspaper man, and who, poor fellow! was killed at Port Hudson years afterward, while in General Banks's command, had not been content to abandon this as a rumor until he had run the thing down to what seemed to have been merely the statement of an ancient mariner that "if this here gale continnered, Sargent's Ledge light would hev to go."

Then Old Salt read, with great deliberation, from his slip as follows: "Herm. brig *William & Sally*, from Fairport, Maine, with a cargo of codfish to Hemmenway and Sons, February 27, reports heavy weather outside; shipped a sea in N. W. Channel, and lost one able seaman, Timothy Holbrook, overboard; also deck-load of lumber. The light on Sargent's Ledge was not burning. Snow flying thick at the time, and heavy sea running."

"The skipper of the *William & Sally* may have been deceived," said Mr. Sanger, shaving his cheek with the edge of his right hand, as was his wont, while he scrutinized the bit of paper before him. "He may have been deceived, for the snow was blinding, and it must have been dusk when he passed Sargent's Ledge, off Sequansett."

The old man, solemn with importance, passed into the chief's room, from which there presently came a summons for Jerry Collins to appear. There was a long and anxious consultation, at the end of which

the chief came forth, followed by Old Salt and Jerry.

"There is a reasonable ground for believing that Sargent's Ledge light-house has been swept away by the gale," said the editor-in-chief, "and it is very important that 'The Palladium' should have the facts. I have decided to send one of you young gentlemen to Sequansett to ascertain the facts. Mr. Guild, what time does the next train for Sequansett leave the Old Colony depot?"

Mr. Guild consulted the time-table and said:

"Half-past six, sir."

"Half-past six!" said the chief, with a faint show of excitement. "Half-past six! Why, zounds, sir, it is now twenty-seven minutes past!"

Guild bowed his head meekly, as if he were responsible for the lateness of the hour, and murmured:

"True, sir."

"And this is the last train to-night, I take it, Mr. Guild?"

"No other train out until eight-twenty to-morrow morning, sir," answered Guild, sadly.

A solemn stillness prevailed in the office, and we could hear the ticking of the old clock in the tower far above our heads. It was, indeed, a crisis. In those days there were no telegraphic wires ramifying through every part of the country. One line connected two or three of the largest cities on the Atlantic sea-board, and over this we had, every night while Congress was in session, at least two hundred words, giving the fullest summary of all the important news from the national capital. There were very few rail-roads, and many queer devices, unknown in these modern days, were resorted to by the news-gatherers. Our European advices were sent from Cape Race by carrier-pigeons, and the arrival of an ocean steamer mail, with a new part of one of Charles Dickens's stories, was an event to be celebrated by the issue of an extra edition of "The Palladium."

But here was a bare possibility of Sargent's Ledge light-house being destroyed, and "The Palladium" would be obliged to come out in the morning with nothing more than a paragraph beginning with that hateful phrase, "It is rumored." It was not to be thought of. Sargent's Ledge light-house was one of the wonders of modern engineering and architecture. It was built on a set of iron stilts, so to speak, the iron bars being sunk deep into a ledge of rock, and the light-house perched at the apex of the structure, like a martin-box at the top of a pole. There must be a light on Sargent's Ledge, and the contriver of this structure had offered to show his

faith in its power to endure the storms of the Atlantic by taking up his permanent residence in the house. But there were reasons why this handsome offer could not be accepted. And now to think that the famous light-house should be swept away, and "The Palladium" not be able to say anything about it next morning! The thought was madness.

"We'll have a special engine!" cried the chief.

It was as if we had had an electric shock. Every man started, and each was only restrained by the severe discipline of the office from crying "hurrah!" In those far-off days, newspapers did not run special trains or have special dispatches, and the determination of our illustrious chief to hire a special locomotive to go to Sequansett for the verification of a rumor was Napoleonic.

"What is the run to Sequansett, Mr. Guild?" asked the chief.

"An hour and forty minutes, sir," said Guild.

"An hour and forty minutes will give us time to spend two hours in Sequansett gathering the news, if there is any (and let us hope there is none)," said the chief, reverently, "and time to get back to the office at one o'clock in the morning. Mr. Gay, you may keep back the forms until two-fifteen—not one minute later. We shall be back in time to have the facts, whatever they may be, in every edition of the paper."

This was decisive and to the point. But the chief had not intimated who was to go on the expedition of high emprise. I thought of Angelina and of Angelina's father's promise, and perhaps I showed in my expression my eagerness to go. Looking around the office, with a queer air of searching for somebody, the chief said:

"We will give this task to the youngest man on the paper. Mr. Rivers, take your instructions from Mr. Gay. Go to the publication office for money to pay your incidental expenses. I shall send Mr. Oliver at once to the station to engage the locomotive to carry you on your journey, and I wish you great success and as pleasant a trip as can be expected under the circumstances." So saying, the chief turned and reentered his private office.

To say I was delighted at my unexpected good luck, even transported, would faintly describe my elation. My associates crowded around me with hurried congratulations, wishing me success, and expressing their envy of my great good fortune. I felt like a young Columbus, fitted out with a fleet and gifted with all the means for a voyage of discovery.

"What if there is nothing in the rumor?" Of course it was Guild who threw this damper

on my spirits. Guild was always saying unpleasant things.

"Then 'The Palladium' will be the only paper to say to-morrow morning that there is no truth in the rumor that Sargent's Ledge light has been destroyed," said Old Salt, proudly.

"Good for you, Old Salt!" cried Jerry Collins. "Spoken like a true newspaper man. We will have a display head, whatever happens. It will be a big sensation, anyhow; and the old 'Palladium,' as usual, will lay over all the other papers."

But there was no time for idle talk. I must be away from the station by seven o'clock, at the very farthest, and every minute now was precious. I had no time to go to see Angelina, but I scribbled a line to her on the back of a visiting-card as I rumbled and rolled in an omnibus that took me half a square from my lodgings. I informed Angelina that I had been sent out of town on a most important errand, and that we must give up seeing Warren, for that night, at least. My landlady's son, a freckled-faced urchin of tender years, was glad to run with this message, stimulated by a promise of handsome reward. With joy and excitement I hurried on a few extra wraps, for the night was bitter cold, and I was soon rushing out of the Old Colony depot on a locomotive bound for Sequansett.

There is no need to tell of the flying and exciting trip to the south shore. The engine rocked from side to side, unbalanced as she was by any weight of train. The snow flew over the roof of the little cab in which we were ensconced, the engineer and the fireman taking turns at keeping a lookout ahead. But there was no danger of a collision: we had the road to ourselves until next morning at eight-twenty. There was no telegraph wire, however, to warn of our coming, and it was within the bounds of possibility that some other special engine might be out in the thick, dark night on a mysterious errand. Breathless we sped along, plunging into the darkness, shooting through quiet and sleeping villages, or anon rushing past a red light in the storm which showed where some tavern-tippers were lingering over their hot toddy, loath to go home.

I dozed in a corner of the cab, even the excitement of the trip failing to keep me awake, for I had been up late the night before, and the monotony of the rattle of the locomotive lulled me to sleep. The hour and forty minutes stretched to two hours before the engineer, shaking me by the shoulder, cried, "Look sharp, young feller, we're coming into Sequansett medders."

Sure enough, I recognized the long stretch

of salt meadows, now dimly seen through the driving snow, which skirt the ancient town of Sequansett. The engine was slowed up as we rumbled over the bridge that spans Smith's Run, when the fireman, turning his gaze seaward for an instant, cried, "By Jehosaphat! the light's gone out on Sargent's Ledge!"

The village of Sequansett was as quiet as the grave when we rattled into the engine-yard near the station, to the great amazement of the only watchman on duty. To this man, rough and amphibious in appearance, I at once addressed myself.

"Tell me," I said, with an anxious feeling that my errand might, after all, be bootless, "how about Sargent's Ledge light? Has anything happened to it?"

"Happened to it?" said the cynical half-salt, half-farmer, "wal, yes, she's gone to pieces, slick and clean; nothin' left but a passel of crooked braces. But you can't see 'em—too thick to see anything."

Then it was true! My journey had not been undertaken for nothing. "The Palladium" would have the only account of the loss of Sargent's Ledge light, to-morrow morning. But how to get that account! The Amphibious could not tell me anything about it. He only knew that the light-house was gone, and that the people in the village could not have seen it go, even if they had been watching for the catastrophe. The weather had been thick for two days. "As thick as all possessed," the Amphibious said. It had been reported, however, that Dan More, "a lobsterer," who lived at the edge of the shore, "just beyond the ma'sh," knew something of the affair. It was said that he had seen the light-house fall.

"Was not anybody saved from the people in the light?"

"Nary one. Seven on 'em. Not one ever heerd on since the storm set in. Pore critters! They all went together."

From the Amphibious I learned the way to Dan More's hut, a lonely habitation where lived a recluse, in ill repute with the villagers, who seemed to resent his solitariness as something like a personal slight upon the whole body politic. He was "sort of shaky in his upper story," the Amphibious said, plainly meaning that he was different from all the rest of the villagers in his non-communicativeness. Here was an unpromising subject for an enterprising reporter. But the difficulty of the situation only inspired me with new zeal as, leaving directions with the engineer as to our future movements, I pushed my way across a dreary waste of snow.

After a long struggle with the blasts that

blew across the shore and marsh, and with the uneven and half-obliterated road to the beach, breathless and tired, I reached the door of a cabin, one half of which had been adapted from a ship's caboose and the rest from the spoil of farmers' fences, and all of which was as black and forbidding as a witch's hovel. A vigorous knock on the door of the hut brought no response. A few kicks and thumps were no more successful. All was darkness and silence. Perhaps the old man was not at home. And he was the only person who could give "The Palladium" the account that must be printed to-morrow morning!

I tried the latch of the door. It was fast, but the rattle of this primitive contrivance evidently aroused the solitary inmate, for he called out:

"Hullo, there!"

"Does Mr. Daniel More live here?" was my answer.

"No, but old Dan More lives here," was the surly reply, and I heard the creaking of boards, as though somebody was getting out of bed and shuffling over the floor. Then there was an unbarring of the door, and, by the light of the snow, I caught a glimpse of a shaggy figure half-clad and evidently just aroused from sleep.

"I have come down from the city, Mr. More," I said, "to get the particulars of the destruction of the Sargent's Ledge light. I understand that you saw it?"

"Yes, I saw it go, and an everlastin' shame it was; but how did you come from the city at this time o' night? The last train got in more'n half an hour ago. Don't b'lieve you." And the man looked at me with an unpleasant expression of suspicion, perceptible more in his tone of voice than on his face, for it was too dark to see that.

"I came down on a special engine," I explained. "I belong to 'The Palladium,' and we want to print an account of the disaster in the paper to-morrow morning."

"Wal, I swan to man!" said Daniel More. "Come in."

Once inside, and in the presence of the man who had seen the light-house go to wreck, I felt my spirits rise. More struck a light, and, as the feeble rays of the candle illumined his face, I saw a handsome, though sea-beaten visage, black curls plentifully mingled with gray, and a full gray beard that swept his bare and hairy breast. There was something familiar in his manner, as if he were some one whom I had met in a previous and far-off existence.

Holding the candle close to my face, as if to scan every lineament of it, he looked me carefully all over from the fur cap on my head to

the snow-covered boots on my feet, and said again, "Wal, I swan to man!"

Then, placing the light on a rude table made from a flour-barrel, he stirred open the fire from the ashes and embers, threw on an armful of drift-wood, and said:

"Wal, youngster, begin."

"But I want you to begin," I said, with some impatience, for the precious time was fast slipping away, and this ponderous old fellow showed no sign of being ready to communicate anything. "Now then, lie down in your bunk there, and tell me what you know about the destruction of the light-house; that's a good fellow; when did it happen?"

Daniel More deliberately tumbled into his bunk, looking curiously at me, and making once more his remark of astonishment. Then, slowly settling himself for a chat, he asked:

"Be you one of them reporters—one of them fellers that write for the papers?"

I told him that I was, and that I should be very much obliged if he would tell me his story as soon as possible, as I must get back to the city by one o'clock at the very latest. With that I whipped out my note-book and pencil, seated myself on a box near the side of the bunk, and waited for Dan to begin.

"It was a wild and stormy day night the end of March when an uncommon gale from the nor-nor-east ——" he began.

"Hold on! hold on!" I cried, in dismay. "That's not the way. Tell me just what you saw, in your own language. I'll put in the big words afterward."

"What, young man!" said Dan, raising himself on his elbow, and looking incredulously at me. "Do you mean to say that my story isn't a-goin' into the paper?"

"Certainly it is, but not in that way. Can't you understand? I shall put in your story and not your talk."

With some difficulty I impressed on the puzzled man the idea that he was to tell me all he knew in as simple language as possible. Then he settled himself, and went on with his tale.

It is not necessary that I should retell the old and tragical story of the wreck of Sargent's Ledge light-house. Daniel More was the only witness who beheld from the shore the fearful disaster wrought by that wild March storm. His tale has become, in the lapse of years, a sea-side classic. And I am proud to say that the narration first found publication in the columns of "The Palladium."

But Dan had been out all day, and during the night before, doing what he could to find the bodies of the lost and wrecked from the light-house. I did my best to write down his exact words, but he repeated himself so often,

and so doubled on himself, and used so many localisms, that it was difficult for me to keep the run of his talk. Every now and then, after trying to straighten out what I had written, I would raise my eyes from the fish-box which served as a writing-table and cry, "Now go on, Mr. More!" only to find him fast asleep. The night was wearing away, and I would fly at him, shake him vigorously. Then he would cry, "Avast heavin'!" and begin again with a sleepy ignorance of all that had gone before.

Once, with the perspiration oozing from my forehead, as I began to fear that I might fail, after all, I was aroused by a tremendous snore. I looked at the mariner with something like anguish. Here was this unfeeling wretch fast asleep, and everything depended upon his story being printed in "The Palladium" next morning. I thought of Angelina, of Angelina's father in the custom-house, of the fellows in the office who would envy or deride me, according to my success or my defeat, and of the chief, who could make or unmake me. And there was that aged ruffian fast asleep.

In his sleep he looked more than ever like the handsome young fellow whom I must have met in some previous state of existence. As I shook him again, my eye fell upon his right hand, on the back of which was tattooed the device of a red lady leaning on a blue anchor. Like a flash, it all came back to me. For an instant, I forgot the light-house on Sargent's Ledge, "The Palladium," and even Angelina and Angelina's father. I saw a bronze-cheeked and handsome young sailor sauntering down the green lanes of Fairport, swinging his bundle and stick as he walked into Mother Hubbard's door-way.

Turning heavily, the old impostor muttered, "It's all along o' them blasted cables that the lubbers rigged out for braces. If it hadn't been for them, Sargent's Ledge light ——" The rest of the sentence was lost in an inarticulate gurgle.

Shaking him once more, I bawled into his ear:

"Halloo there! how are you, 'Fayette Hubbard?"

Mr. Daniel More struggled feebly into wakefulness, and said, peevishly:

"Le' me alone! I thought you had got through."

And he was sinking off to sleep again when I cried:

"How are you, Bill Drinkwater? How are you, Obe Morey?"

The aged sinner sat up, wide awake.

"Oho!" he laughed with glee. "I guess you're a Fairport boy."

I acknowledged that I was, and, although the pressure of my errand came back upon

me with redoubled force, and the time was fast flying, I could not help asking him why he had been tempted to personate three missing men, and thus to cheat three poor women into the renewal of an old grief.

"Wal, you see, youngster," he explained, "I was a-voyagin' with all three on 'em. They was smart boys. I met 'em, one after another, in them wild days of mine. We was chums, we was. That is to say, we was mess-mates, at odd times, and friends allus. When I heerd tell that 'Fayette Hubbard was lost on the coast of Afriky, I felt mighty bad. And, three year afterward, when I was told that Bill Drinkwater and Obe Morey, all from the same place, had gone to Davy Jones's locker, it seemed kind o' like a special providence. Yes, it did."

"And so you thought it would help things along if you went to Fairport and lied to the poor old women?"

"Avast heavin' there, young feller! I didn't do no such a thing. I was in Belfast, discharged sick, and was to be sent to the Chelsea Hospital. But I was took in hand by a clever old lady. She kep' a sailor board-in'-house, and set me on my pins ag'in. Just then the Old Nick happened to put it into my head that I might take a run over to Fairport and see the old folks. I had never be'n there, and I thought I would go over and see what it was like. The Fairport boys as you hev mentioned was allus a-braggin' about the place. So I made a bargain with a lumberman to set me ashore as he went up the Penobscot to Bangor. I had be'n to Bangor before."

"And you walked down and across the Neck to Fairport?"

"Exactly. I walked down to Fairport, and on my way I thought it might be a good joke to see if I couldn't pass myself off as one of them missin' boys. But Lord! young feller," and here the old scamp cackled loud and long, "I didn't think to play this off on the very mothers that bore 'em. But I did, though—blow me if I didn't!"

There was no longer any need to shake Mr. Daniel More in order to keep him awake. Even his surliness melted away. He sat up in his bunk, told me his tale as connectedly and lucidly as he could, and, while I labored with my pencil, he diverted himself, in the intervals, with looking at me and grinning silently. Once or twice he roared with laughter, and then, checking himself, cried:

"But I fooled 'em, all three—blow me if I didn't!"

Perhaps he felt a pang of remorse, too, for he once put on a serious look, and said:

"Well, youngster, if it's any favor to you,—

a Fairport boy, like my mates as was,—I'll give you the best I've got by way of story. But, Lord! young feller, I can't spin a yarn like I used to could! But I did fool them old ladies—all three on 'em."

Daniel went on with his story, bit by bit, and I had it all in hand. I knew that Jerry Collins was hard at work in the office, overhauling the files of "The Palladium" and getting into shape all of the collateral branches of the subject, in anticipation of whatever I might bring back from Sequansett. I could give the finishing touches to my manuscript as we bowled along in the engine, homeward bound.

I gathered up my notes with feverish haste. Daniel assisted me with my wraps, with rough officiousness. Stroking down my coat-skirts with a bear-like familiarity, he said: "Wal, I'm dretful glad to hev seen ye, young feller, and, if you ever come this way ag'in, jest drop in and see a feller."

I shook him heartily by the hand, assured him that I would send him two copies of "The Palladium" next morning, and would come again and see him, some day, and get all of his marvelous tale of the sea.

I had solved two mysteries, and I felt myself repaid for years of waiting and for much anxiety and labor. With something of the thrill of a conqueror, I ran across the howling waste of snow and marsh, and Daniel More, with his hands at his mouth, speaking-trumpet-fashion, bawled after me: "I say, shipmet, give my love to my three mothers when you go to Fairport ag'in." The convicted impostor had no pangs of contrition, after all.

My return to "The Palladium" office, burdened with the tale of the destruction of Sargent's Ledge light-house, was like a triumph. I was in time for the morning edition, and

Old Salt received me with genuine enthusiasm. Even Guild relaxed a little from his stately professional dignity, and Jerry fairly danced with joy. The chief had gone home, leaving minute directions as to the use to be made of my news, whatever it might be. When all was done, and the paper had gone to press, with extra precautions taken against the purloining of our news from an early copy of "The Palladium" by some wicked rival, I sought my lodgings, and, proud and happy, sunk into the sleep of the just, my last thought being of the elation with which the chief would read next morning, in the old "Palladium," the exclusive account of the destruction of Sargent's Ledge light-house. It all came true. We had the news to ourselves, and took the town by storm.

When I think of those unhappy creatures who perished in the wreck of the light-house, and remember that their fate was so closely linked with mine, I cannot suppress a feeling of sadness. Perhaps I might have gained my promotion and Angelina in some other way. But all that is conjectural. It always seemed to me that if the fall of the light-house had not come just as it did, and if I had not been sent just as I was, and I had not found that impostor of the sea just as I did, everything in life would have been very different with me.

And that is the reason why I proposed to Angelina, a year or two afterward, that Sargent's Ledge should be perpetuated in the family. But Angelina said, with a great show of merriment, that Sargent's Ledge was not a proper name for a child. She had her own way, of course, but, somehow, the youngster is always known about the house as the Phantom Sailor; and this is the reason, I suppose, why he declares that he will go to sea as soon as he is big enough.

*Noah Brooks.*

## HOMESICK.

THIS were a miracle, if it could be!  
If, never loitering since the prime of day,  
Since kissing the cool lips of Northern May,  
This drowsy wind, at evening, brought to me  
The fragrant spirit of the apple-tree;  
Or, if so far sweet sounds could make their way,  
That I should hear the robin's twilight lay  
Float o'er a thousand leagues of foamy sea!  
Now, save I know those eyes exchange no beams  
With yonder star (so curves the earth between),  
I'd say: My friend doth from his casement lean,  
And charge Canopus, by his pilot-gleams,  
To bear love to my port, and lovely dreams  
Of homeward slopes new-clothed with summer green.

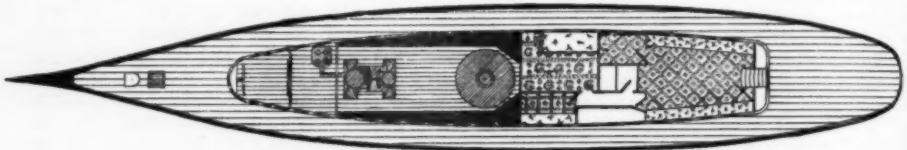
*Edith M. Thomas.*

## STEAM-YACHTING IN AMERICA.

STEAM-YACHTS originated, it is said, in France, where any sort of taste for yachting is purely an exotic, and where the sport would naturally be first adopted in a tentative manner, and in the way least likely to require skill or involve danger. As evidence of this we may cite the extraordinary circumstance that the French yacht which was sent over to America during the Centennial, and attracted some attention, was not only built in England, but was actually manned and navigated by an English crew, the owner being the only Frenchman on board! The first and most natural kind of steam-yacht is really the one first adopted in England, and consists of an ordinary schooner-yacht rigged with full sail-power. Amidships is placed a small aux-

land, and seems likely to become so in the United States.

The third class of steam-yachts, and the only class hitherto employed to any extent in American waters, is one that depends wholly on steam-power, and may be used both for in-shore cruising or for long voyages, although naturally best suited to the former purpose. It is true a few of our steam-yachts make a pretense of carrying sail, but it is only for looks, or to steady the vessel in a sea-way. The only danger possible to such a craft is one that can occur only through carelessness or gross ignorance. We refer to the reckless use of high-pressure engines or worn-out boilers, and to overloading with passengers; and as in American waters these matters are subjects for



PLAN OF 100-FOOT HERRESHOFF STEAM-YACHT.

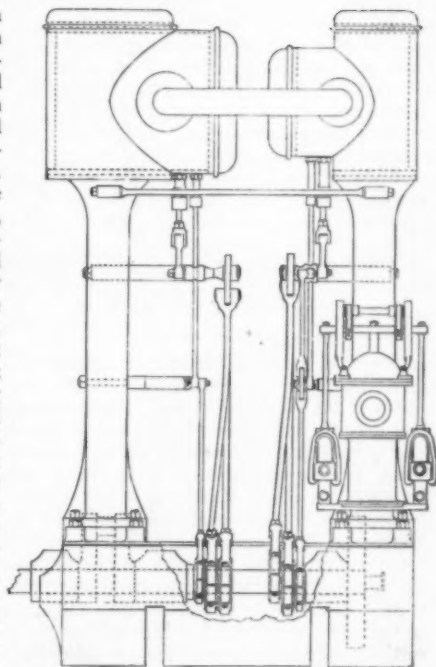
iliary engine, of but small horse-power, called, in sea slang, "a kettle." When not in use, the funnel lowers to the deck, and the feathering-screw scarcely affects her speed under sail. Although we can hardly imagine that this arrangement would be quite satisfactory to the true sailor, half of whose love for the sea consists in the fun and excitement of maneuvering a sailing-ship, yet, in this rapid age, even to the true sailor, the advantages of this arrangement are obvious, on a long cruise, when drifting through the "doldrums" or "horse" latitudes or beating up for weeks against the trades. When there are ladies on board, for a cruise, we think "a kettle" is decidedly desirable. Another kind of steam-yacht is the class to which the celebrated yacht *Sunbeam* belongs—a genuine compromise between sail and steam. The lines resemble those of a steam-ship, and a fair amount of steam-power is displayed. At the same time, canvas enough is spread to enable the vessel to depend wholly upon it when the wind is fair. Of this description was the unfortunate *Jeannette*. This class of steam-yachts is now quite popular in Eng-

land, and seems likely to become so in the United States.

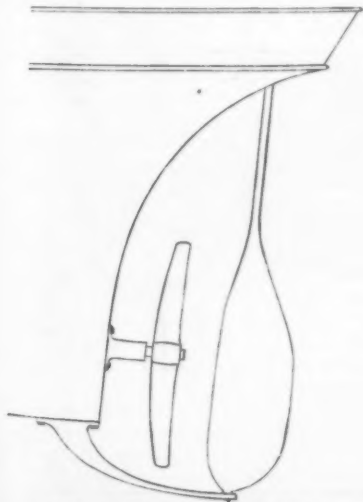
Government regulation, the violation of law is primary to such accidents.

As there seems to be only one steam-yacht in America at all dependent on canvas,—the schooner *Promise*, which carries an auxiliary screw,—we are at liberty to consider that only one class is included in any further remarks we shall make on the subject—the steam-yacht propelled wholly by steam. These are already very numerous in America, but in most cases they consist of little more than a shapely, undecked launch, twenty-five to forty feet in length, with a hot and fussy little engine amidships. These spider-like craft, darting to and fro about our lakes, rivers, and harbors, have doubtless given enjoyment to many. There is no great variety in the construction of these third-class yachts. If they have a cabin, their plan consists of a small engine-room amidships, a saloon aft and a pilot or wheel-house forward, all slightly depressed below the deck level and under one long roof. There is no beauty in this arrangement, the deck being almost altogether covered by the house, but the trimmings of the saloon are often as elegant or

costly as could be desired. A size larger than this is the steam-yacht, fifty to seventy feet in length, of which the Herreshoff Steam Manufacturing Company, among others, has turned out several hundred, averaging sixty feet in length. To this class belongs the graceful yacht *Camilla*, owned by the late Dr. J. G. Holland at "Bonnie-Castle," his home on the St. Lawrence. Another typical size, ninety to one hundred feet in length, although, of course, not confined to these builders, has been illustrated by many examples at these celebrated yacht works. But these have been their three favorite sizes, the number they have turned out amounting to over one thousand. The interior plan of the hundred-foot yacht is represented in the foregoing diagram. It is intended for coast-wise cruising, having dining-saloon, state-rooms, etc., and could hardly be surpassed in commodiousness by anything of this size. It is furnished with a light schooner rig, that is obviously for looks rather than use. But the great feature of these yachts is the boiler and engine, or motive power, which is wholly an invention of the above-named firm. The brothers, John B. and Nathaniel G. Herreshoff, are the grandsons of a Prussian engineer of merit who settled in this country. Their father was and continues to be greatly interested in ships. John passed his boyhood sailing boats on Narragansett Bay, but at the age of thirteen had the great misfortune to become totally blind. This did not check his interest in sailing and yachts. With some one in the boat to warn him when he was approaching the land, he could sail a sloop in a race to

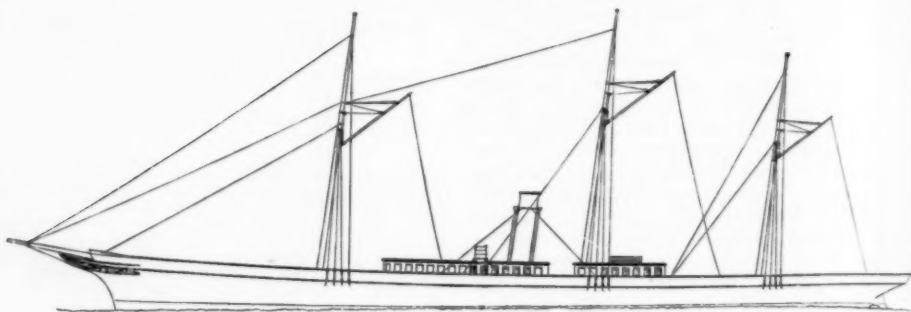


THE HERRESHOFF COMPOUND ENGINE FOR STEAM-YACHTS.



SKEG OF HERRESHOFF STEAM-YACHTS.

windward and win. In 1862 Mr. John B. Herreshoff started a yacht-building yard in partnership with Mr. Dexter S. Stone, one of our most accomplished yachtsmen. This partnership was dissolved in 1870, and soon after Nathaniel Herreshoff, who had obtained a sound scientific education at the Massachusetts School of Technology, entered into partnership with his brother. Up to 1869 Mr. John B. Herreshoff and his partners turned off upward of two thousand sailing-yachts, often merely cat-boats and rarely above fifty feet in length, but of a thoroughly individual type and of a quality which carried the reputation of the blind yacht-builder of Bristol, Rhode Island, all over the world. If he consulted his tastes he would still be constructing sailing-yachts. But manifest destiny did not intend his efforts to stop here. In 1869 this enterprising firm, ever on the alert to keep pace with the age, and to the full as canny in making money as in modeling yachts, began to turn their attention to the subject of steam-yachts, beginning first with the steam-launches that have given them a reputation in England nearly equal to that they hold here. Their success would have been insured even if it had depended only on workmanship and modeling. But they had the great good-

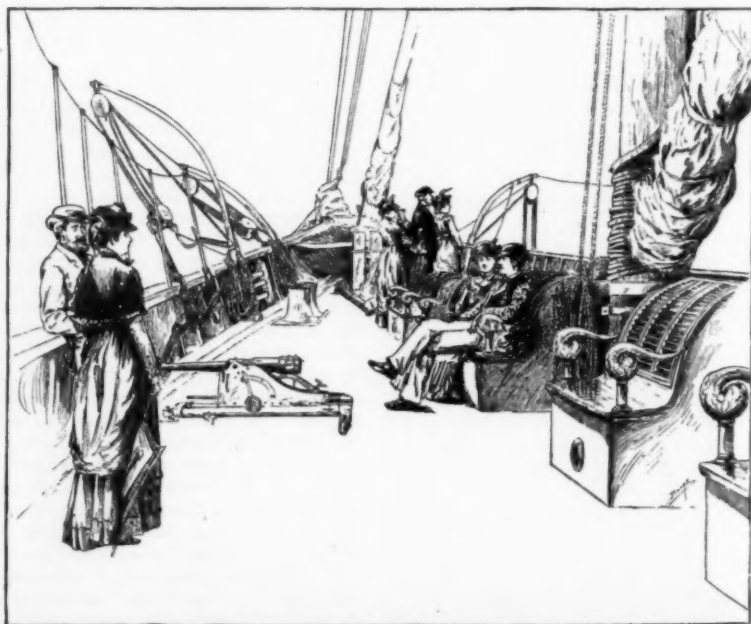


J. G. BENNETT'S STEAM-YACHT "NAMOUNA"

fortune and genius to invent an engine of a more compact and convenient kind than any yet employed in ships, together with a boiler altogether different from any in use—one literally safe from the danger of bursting. Their steam-coil boiler, as it is called, was perfected about seven years ago.

The marine steam-engine employed by the Herreshoff Company cannot be better described than in the official account of the famous *Leila*, which was under suspicion of being intended to smuggle filibusters into Cuba. It is "a compound condensing engine, with vertical cylinders placed side by side above the crank-shaft, and having their axes in the

vertical plane passing through its axis. The cylinders are direct acting, the outer end of the piston-rod being secured into a cross-head working between guides in the engine frame, while the connecting-rod lies in direct extension between the cross-head journal and the crank-pin journal. The forward or small cylinder operates a lever which works the air-pump, the feed-pump, and the circulating-pump, all of which are vertical, single acting, and have the same stroke of piston. The axes of these three pumps are in the same vertical plane. \* \* \* The feed-pump and the circulating-pump are plunger-pumps. \* \* \* The air-pump is a lifting-pump without a



THE FORWARD DECK OF THE "NAMOUNA."

foot-valve. \* \* \* The air-pump piston is not packed, but ground to a metallic fit in the brass barrel. \* \* \* The engine frames, four in number, are each in a single casting and bolted to a bed-plate, which is also a single casting, extending under the entire length and breadth of the engine. The engine works with surface condensation. The surface condenser is composed of a single copper pipe placed on the outside of the vessel beneath the water, and just about at the garboard stroke. This pipe commences on one side of the vessel abreast of the after, or large cylinder, extends to and around the stern-post, and thence along the opposite side of the vessel until abreast of the air-pump and forward cylinder." It is not essential to go into further details here, but it may be well to add that the strength has been so judiciously distributed in this machine that the result has been extreme lightness, as well as great economy in the use of steam.

But it is in the celebrated coil-boiler that the Herreshoffs have displayed the crowning effort of their genius, producing one of the most remarkable modifications in the employment of steam since the days of Watt and Fulton. Four objects have been obtained by the Herreshoff boiler, possessed by no other in existence: it occupies less space; takes less metal and less fuel than other boilers; steam can be produced from cold water in two to five minutes; and it is non-explosive. These advantages are obvious in a yacht; they are also of great importance in a large mercantile steamer. Of course, until they have been tried on a large scale, there may be latent disadvantages, although possibly none may be discovered. The peculiarity of the Herreshoff boiler is that instead of being a tube of boiler iron over the furnaces, the furnace consists of a circular grate, around which is built a circular wall of brick, while around the masonry in turn is a continuous double coil of wrought-iron pipe. The hot gases from the furnaces circulate on every side of this pipe which contains the water that is to be turned into hot vapor or steam. The coil is supplied with water by a feed-pipe at the top, while the steam passes by another aperture near the top to the cylinder. The whole apparatus is surrounded by a casing of sheet iron and is conical in shape. The most important defect of this boiler is the impossibility of examining the interior of the coils, and the facility with which they are made foul, especially by water impregnated with lime-salts. This, however, is less rapidly developed in fresh than in salt water. This defect can be largely remedied, however, by an occasional dose of a solution of soda and potash, which also tends to neu-

tralize the fatty acids of the oils on the machinery. By this precaution a lining of black magnetic oxide of iron is gradually deposited, which is smooth and thoroughly resists the incrustation of salts. With this machinery the Herreshoff one-hundred-foot yacht is capable of achieving a maximum of eighteen miles an hour, with two hundred pounds of coal and only three men to take charge. This, of course, is with all the circumstances favorable, which very rarely occurs at sea. A steamer with a maximum speed of fifteen knots of course never averages that in a voyage; either she alters her trim by burning coal, or the wind and sea are ahead, or something else. The greatest speed ever obtained by a steam-propelled vessel, considering the size, is undoubtedly that reached by the Herreshoff Vedette boats built for the British Government. They were required to steam fourteen knots, and actually steamed fifteen and one-eighth knots; the boats of Mr. John Samuel White, of Cowes, who had made a specialty of this class of vessel, only attained thirteen and three-eighth knots, a very great velocity it may be granted. The dimensions of the latter are only forty-eight feet in length and nine feet beam, with a depth of five feet. The success of these boats depends partly on the lightness of their construction and consequent moderate displacement, a cause which also has contributed to the success of the Herreshoff sailing-yachts, as we stated in a previous article. The lightness of the boiler and machinery doubtless aids the general result. To counteract their lightness of draft and to keep the propeller from "kicking" into the air in a sea way, the Herreshoff steam-yachts generally have the screw depressed below the keel. It is protected by a skeg, or depressed convex projection of wood and copper, or copper alone. It extends as far as the rudder post, which turns upon it, the rudder being attached to it as to a spindle, one-fourth of its breadth from the forward edge, as in the rudder of a sharpie. The lines of the Herreshoff steam-yachts are exceedingly sharp and clean, showing a directness and a freedom from bulginess in all the lines which is very remarkable. The bow presents an acute wedge, without the slightest tendency to the wave line formerly so much valued by ship-builders when Stephens and Scott Russell invented it. These yachts are often composite, the frame being of angle-iron, excepting the stern and the stern-post and the planking of wood. The Herreshoff steam-yacht, take it in all its points, as a model for speed, and for the completeness and unrivaled merit of its propelling power, as well as for economy in the arrangement of space and in the running expenses

—in a word, for attaining the end desired in a small steam-yacht, is one of the completest examples of mechanical and scientific genius yet produced in the United States.

But in size and splendor of interior appointments it must be said that these yachts do not yet approach a number that have already been built in other American ship-yards. Out of a large number of steam-yachts enrolled in the New York Yacht Club alone, at least nine are considerably upward of one hundred feet long. Besides the Herreshoffs, some of our leading steam-yacht builders are James Lennox, of South Brooklyn; Samuel Pine, of Williamsburg; Messrs. Cramp & Sons, of Philadelphia; John Roach & Son, of Chester and New York; Ward, Stanton & Co., of Newburg; and D. J. Lawlor, of Boston. Of course many others among our ship-builders can turn out excellent work if models are given them, or even from their own models. Besides the better known yacht and general ship-builders we have named, the number of excellent artisans who turn out thorough work is legion, and includes such men as Joshua Brown, of Salem; J. Keating, of Marblehead; Van Deusen, of Williamsburg; and Pieprass, of Greenpoint.

Among our most notable steam-yachts is the *Corsair*, owned by Mr. J. Pierrepont Morgan. She is of iron throughout, and was built on the Delaware in 1880 by Messrs. William Cramp & Son. She is one hundred and eighty-five feet long over all, one hundred and sixty-five feet on the water-line, twenty-nine feet eight inches extreme beam, with fourteen feet depth of hold and ten feet five inches draft, altogether of a desirable size for a pleasure-boat. Her engines are compound, surface-condensing, with a low and a high pressure cylinder. Her accommodations are sumptuous in appliances for comfort and in decoration, but offer nothing especially novel. It is an interesting circumstance that Mr. Osgood's iron steam-yacht *Stranger* is a twin to the *Corsair*. Another notable steam-yacht is the *Yosemite*, built in 1880 for Mr. William F. Belden by Messrs. John Roach & Son, at Chester, Pa. She is one hundred and eighty-six feet over all, one hundred and seventy feet on the water-line and twenty-four feet beam; she draws eleven feet eleven inches aft and has twelve feet depth of hold. She is built of iron and evidently constructed for outside work in long cruises. Her appearance is saucy, rakish, and severe, and suggests rather some fleet smuggler or slaver than a yacht intended for pleasure. She is propelled by twin screws and is schooner-rigged. Although not heavily sparred, the great rake of her masts, together with the long housing top-masts, makes her look ex-

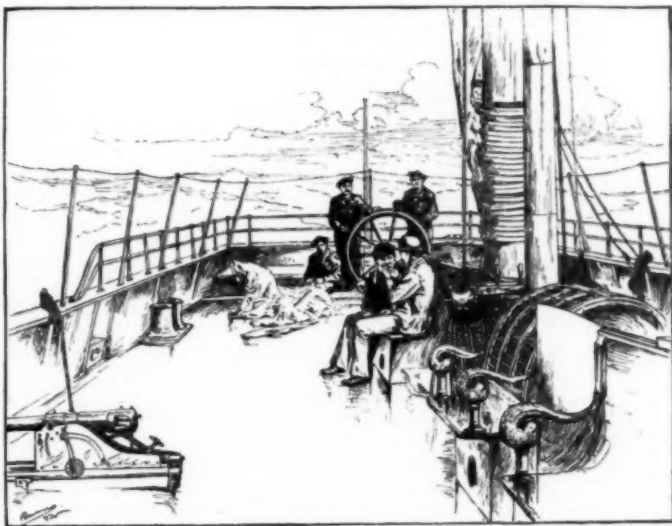
cessively wicked. The effect is greatly aided by the turtle-back, which extends the length of the vessel and at the bow tapers down to meet the stem, extending out to a point and giving the appearance of a long spike like that of the sword-fish. It must be admitted that the general effect of this turtle-back is not in the least beautiful, but it suggests ability to endure weather and probably adds to her safety in a storm. But it narrows the promenade deck to a very contracted limit, while the slender iron balustrade and netting which protect it scarcely seem in keeping with the sturdiness of the turtle-back. If the *Yosemite* were intended for some special service her plan might be exactly the thing, but for a pleasure yacht alone she seems to be too heavy, challenging attention rather than admiration.

More agreeable to look at and, perhaps, as good a sea-boat is the *Rhoda*, built in 1880 for Mr. Pierre Lorillard. She is of composite construction, very fast and every way trim and handsome, except in her forward-deck saloon, which breaks the flow of lines and is so unnecessarily high as to ruin the general appearance of an otherwise very handsome boat. The tendency of Americans to crowd their decks with houses is excusable when it results from a question of dollars and cents, as in a freight or passenger vessel. But we cannot understand why, when a gentleman builds for pleasure a craft in which beauty of lines and decoration are especially considered, he should so often disfigure it with clumsy excrescences called cabins, so formed and placed as to ruin the general grace of outline. The *Rhoda* was built at Newburg, by Messrs. Ward, Stanton & Co. As regards interior appointments, few of our yachts equal the *Ibis*, changed from a schooner to a steam-yacht, and owned by Mr. Higginson, of Boston.

Mr. Samuel Pine, of Greenpoint, L. I., has recently finished a very beautifully modeled steam-yacht, intended for light cruising on the lakes. The roughness of the seas on those waters, however, when it does blow hard there, would make it undesirable for any craft with such a low freeboard and such flimsy upper works to get caught out in a north-west "sneezer." But for ordinary weather this little steamer seems well adapted. As regards beauty of lines we have seen her surpassed by nothing afloat. From stem to stern not a break is to be discovered in the harmonious blending of curves. The entrance is fine, but most attention has been paid to the long, hollow run. Owing to the moderate draft, the propeller is depressed below the line of the keel, and, as in the Herreshoff boats,

is protected by a skeg. The beautifully tapering bow is appropriately terminated by a sharp cut-water, ending in a beak-like point, answering in appearance to a bowsprit. This is now quite a common form of bow in American steam-yachts. It was first employed in American ocean steamers when the bowsprit was abandoned. Eventually, the blunt stem came altogether into use in our steam-marine, having been introduced by Commodore Vanderbilt in the famous steam-yacht *North Star*. The narrowness of the deck limits for promenading appears to be a defect in this otherwise perfect yacht, but it is quite too common in our steam-yachts to call for more than mere mention in this respect. She is furnished with Massey's Patent Compound Engine, which, with its rapid high-pressure

represents a modification of English and American models, which offers a very agreeable result. Her slightly hollow bow terminates in a long, graceful cut-water, supporting a gilded billet-head, and carved scroll-work, with a short bowsprit projecting beyond. It needed but an artistic figure-head of a fair feminine form instead of a billet-head to complete the extreme beauty of this English-looking bow. It is a source of wonder to us that our wealthy yacht-owners, who are so ready to lavish expense, do not give more encouragement to our sculptors by decorating the bows of their yachts with figure-heads. The tapering elliptical stern has a moderate overhang. Here, again, we have a suggestion of English models. The keel is perfectly straight; the midships section is long and



THE AFTER-DECK OF THE "NAMOUNA."

cylinder, longer stroke, and double pistons, is one of the most desirable types of the compound engine.

But probably no steam-yacht ever built has merited more attention than the *Namouna*, completed in the spring of 1881, for Mr. James Gordon Bennett, by Messrs. Ward, Stanton & Co., of Newburg-on-the-Hudson. In the *Namouna*, Mr. Bennett has successfully endeavored to surpass the sumptuousness and convenience of every known yacht. The wonder is that with such a purpose in view so few mistakes have occurred. The results have proved equal to the intentions of the owner. The *Namouna* was designed by her builders and

full, giving more interior space, together with greater stability. The sides are straight or wall-sided, and the deck is protected by massive and lofty bulwarks of teak-wood. The latter feature gives a solidity to the appearance of the yacht appropriate to the seagoing work for which she is intended. The general effect when seen on the ways is one of remarkable symmetry and beauty of lines, aided by great strength of construction. It is only after repeated inspection that one realizes the real dimensions of the largest private yacht afloat. (Some of the royal yachts of Europe, I believe, are slightly larger.) She is 226 feet 10 inches in length over all, and 217

feet on the water-line. Her extreme beam is 26 feet 4 inches, her depth of hold 16 feet 2 inches, and her draft 14 feet 3 inches aft, and 11 feet 6 inches forward. She is 845 tons, old measurement, but actually registers 616 tons, new measurement. She is rigged as a three-masted fore-and-aft schooner, carrying so-called lug sails. The looks of the vessel would have been decidedly more effective if the two after-sails had been provided with booms. The masts are single sticks, beautifully tapered, well placed, and raking enough to aid the general harmony of lines; but the spars and canvas are chiefly for looks or for steadying the vessel in a sea-way. For motive power she depends altogether on the powerful engines, which are of the vertical compound, surface condensing, double-tandem order, with two cylinders, high-pressure, and 23 inches in diameter, and two low-pressure cylinders, 42 inches in diameter. Two cylindrical boilers of steel, 13 feet in diameter, feed the engines. The shaft is 11 inches in diameter and the propeller 11 feet 6 inches from arm to arm. She is calculated to average fourteen knots or seventeen miles an hour, but it is scarcely likely she will make any such speed in an ocean cruise. Four compartments lend safety to the vessel, provided they are more carefully looked after than is common in compartment ships. There is also a donkey boiler, capable of condensing five hundred gallons of fresh water daily. Engines are provided in addition for the steering apparatus, and for generating power for the Edison electric lights, of which there are several hundred on board. There is also an engine for distributing fresh water to all the saloons and state-rooms, to the galley, the quarters of the crew, and wherever else it is required. As regards every requisite mechanical apparatus, the *Namouna* combines the latest improvements, to a degree never surpassed on a sea-going vessel.

The deck is flush fore-and-aft, and has a man-o'-war look with its beautiful teak wood bulwarks, its four Hotchkiss guns, its elaborately designed after-steering-wheel, and its bronze binnacle. All the deck houses are built in an unbroken line, and, although of iron, are lined with teak, which preserves the uniformity of effect. The teak imported for the vessel cost \$8,000. The arrangement and shape of the numerous sky-lights is well indicated in the foregoing view of the deck. They are filled with crackle glass, which allows the sunlight to sift below rather than to pierce with a garish glare. The arms of the seats are finished off with bronze dolphins. The deck-houses consist of an elegant smoking-room, a chart-room, the engine-rooms, and a sleeping-cabin intended for the owner when

he prefers to lodge on deck rather than below. But it is the arrangements and decorations below that one finds the most remarkable features of this peerless floating palace. Naturally the ship is divided into four parts: the quarters of the crew, the engine-room, the ward-room of the officers, and the cabins for the owner and his friends, to which all the rest is subordinate and subservient. Here we find the order which has been observed from the first ship to the present day at last reversed. The passenger-cabin is forward in the bow, and the fore-castle, or quarters of the crew, aft under the quarter-deck. This plan has already been tried in two or three English steam-yachts, and is obviously intended in order to escape the fumes and cinders and heat of the galley and machinery, as well as to gain a fresher current of air. It may be questioned whether these advantages are not too dearly purchased, since the fore part of the ship is most affected by the motion of a head-sea and by the sound and shock of the surges. The quarters of the crew are exceedingly neat and ample, and better provided with comforts than the cabins of many large sailing ships, and include a separate galley and laundry-room. The crew numbers forty men all told. Next to the after-castle, as it must in this case be called, is the officers' ward-room, a commodious and attractive saloon, fitted up with maple and chestnut, and surrounded by state-rooms. The galley for the main cabin is situated next to the engine-room, and divided from it by an iron bulkhead. It communicates with the pantry by a long, narrow passage along the side of the ship between two of the compartments. Every disagreeable odor is thus effectually kept at a distance from the owner's cabins.

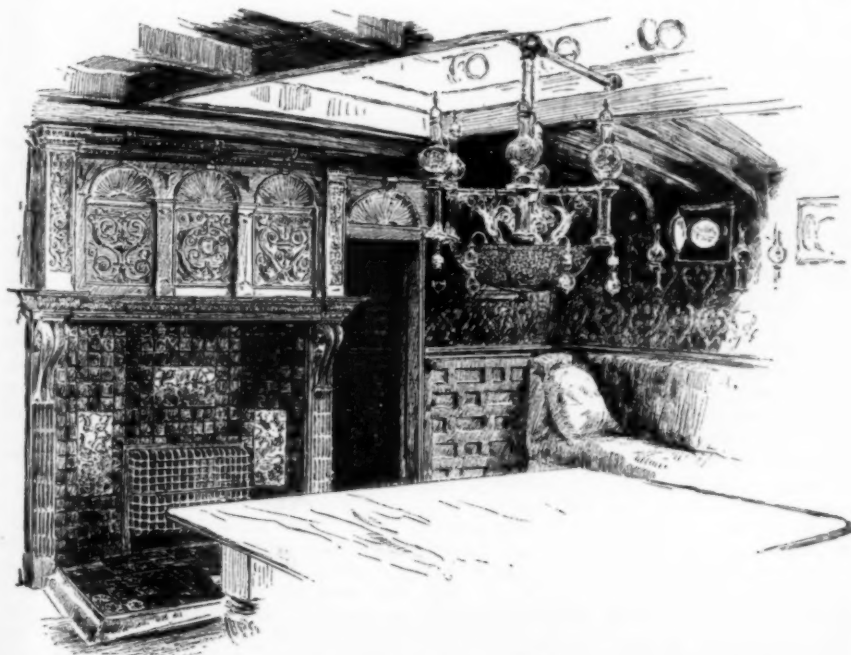
We now come to the cabins *par excellence*, which are of great beauty and interest, and include a pantry, an armory, nine staterooms, a main saloon or dining-hall, and a ladies' saloon, besides a number of minor offices and an abundance of passage-ways. They are so arranged as to avoid, in a degree, the formality common in a ship's cabins, and suggest apartments in a dwelling-house. Descending from the deck by a stairway of carved woods, resembling, in beauty and solidity, the staircase of some ducal chateau, we reach an ample hall or vestibule serving also as an armory. On one side is the entrance to the butler's pantry, and on other sides are sumptuous staterooms and a warlike case of burnished rifles and cutlasses. Stepping over the waxed and inlaid floor, we enter the grand saloon, an apartment twenty-four feet in length, extending entirely across from one side of the ship to the other, and sixteen feet in width,—a room of spa-



THE HERRESHOFF YACHT "CAMILLA," FORMERLY OWNED BY DR. J. G. HOLLAND.

cious dimensions for a private yacht. The light is distributed over the apartment from a large, dome-like sky-light of crackle glass. A curtain of rich Indian stuffs can be drawn across, and the light can be further tempered by a stained-glass slide. Light is also admitted by round port-holes. Exquisite hangings, in which the interwoven thistle is wrought in silk and gold, can be drawn across them and serve to dispel the idea that one is on ship-board. The thistle on these curtains constantly reappears in the decorations of the yacht, and is doubtless a reminiscence of the Scotch origin of her owner. Below the sky-light, over the massively elegant table of carved oak,

hangs a very elaborate brass chandelier of Moorish design, diffusing a genial glow at night by means of tiny globes of electric lights pendent from the bands of metal filagree. All the wood-work in this saloon, including a paneled dado, are of English oak slightly stained so as to relieve it from the crude tint of newness. The sides of the room above the dado are of a delicate turquoise blue, in square panels, apparently of raised plaster, stamped with thistles of gold leaf. In reality this is done by a process comparatively new in this country, but suggested by an old Scotch style of decoration. The effect is reached by coating a lining of leather with a paste-like pig-



MAIN SALOON OF THE "HAMOUNA."



A BEDROOM ON THE "NAMOUNA."

ment mixed with drying-oil and laid on so solidly that it could receive a rough raised surface. Its durability is remarkable, while the exceeding richness of the effect is exceptional. At either end of the saloon are sofas upholstered in figured green-gold plush. The iron deck-beams, reaching across the ceiling, are faced with oak, and the spaces between are painted with the most delicate designs of gold upon a sea-green ground; this work was done altogether by hand, without the aid of the stencil, and is far more costly and artistic than one would imagine at a superficial glance. A superb oaken bookcase, next to the mantel, with doors of bevelled, prismatic glass, is a marvel of artistic taste and handiwork, and the same may be said of the side-board on the opposite side. The floor is inlaid with elegant designs in colored woods and is warmed in the center by a costly rug of Oriental pattern. Not only is every object thus far described exquisite in itself, but all are harmoniously combined to give an air of comfort as well as regal luxury, and all contribute in turn to aid the central and most remarkable piece of decoration in the saloon, the magnificent mantelpiece and grate. The former reaches to the ceiling. It is supported on either hand by a dolphin superbly carved out of oak. Of the elaborate carvings of this mantel it would be difficult to give a clear description, but some idea of the richness of the design may be gathered from the illustration we give. The grate is protected by a

nickel-plated grating, to prevent the coals from falling out in rough weather, and is set in a recess covered with blue glazed tiles, relieved by larger glass panels of a pale sea-green hue, representing the sea with fish and shell-fish disporting therein. This part of the decoration and the glass-work throughout the vessel were executed by Louis C. Tiffany & Co., Associated Artists, but the general direction of the interior decorations of the *Namouna* was assigned to McKim, Mead & White. The harmonious arrangement of colors in this saloon and the elaborateness of the carvings make it the most elegant cabin ever seen in a ship, at least since the time of Hieron and his famous yacht.

From the main saloon we enter a winding aisle or passage upholstered with a lofty dado of olive green plush, and leading to the ladies' saloon and staterooms and the stateroom of the owner. The latter is furnished entirely in cherry wood, excepting a dado of pale maroon plush. It includes a bedroom and a bath-room, besides ample closets and wardrobes. The sides and floor of the bath-room are faced with tiles. The bath is in the floor, covered by a trap-door, a contrivance applied also to several other staterooms in this yacht. The bed-room is lighted by a special sky-light, beneath which is a beautiful toilet-table, mirror, and chest of drawers of carved cherry. Opposite to this is the bedstead, also of carved cherry, of a massive design, relieved by delicate carved work. It is said to have cost one thousand dollars. The sofa is covered with olive-green plush,—the prevailing tint in the upholstery of these cabins,—and the panels of the doors are filled with mirrors of the costliest glass. The sides of this cabin as of the ladies' saloon and most of the staterooms are covered with flowered chintz of an agreeable design. At a distance the effect is excellent, but seen near by it has a suggestion of cheapness entirely out of keeping with the surrounding decorations.

The ladies' saloon differs from the main saloon by being smaller as it is nearer the end of the ship. Instead of a side-board in this room we find a piano, expressly made for this position. A book-case presents a piece of light and elegant open-work carving resembling a Japanese cabinet. A dainty writing-

desk is attached to it, almost too light for service, but very graceful in design. Of the other apartments each has features of its own, and all, whether for guests or attendants, are elegantly furnished.

Such is the *Namouna*, so far as one is able to describe her in a few brief pages,—

of her appointments. Science, skill, and money have been lavished upon her without stint. It is a long step from the *May-flower* which came to America to the *Namouna*, which was built here although designed by a foreigner, and even they who deprecate admiration of material success may gather profit in the pro-



ENTRANCE TO THE LADIES' SALOON OF THE "NAMOUNA."

fairly-like in form, Oriental in the splendor of her decorations, and yet cozy and comfortable as an old English home in the plan

gress suggested by a contrast between these two ships, separated as they are by an interval of two hundred and sixty-two years.

S. G. W. Benjamin.

### THE VICTORIA REGIA.

THE calyx parts in short, convulsive throes,  
With intervals of rest, as if, to gain  
Its blossom life, the bud were racked by pain.  
With solemn motion slow the leaves unclose,  
And curve by curve the graceful chalice grows.  
Stirless the velvet disks of green remain,  
Like palms outspread to save the flower from stain.  
O mystic flower! What god its secret knows?  
It opens, an unsullied, dazzling white;  
Confronts the sun, one day, with brow serene,  
Then closes at first darkening of the night.  
Next morn, it opens with the dawning light,  
Rose-red, as might some stately, blushing queen,  
Rememb'ring what she yesterday had seen.

H. H.

## THROUGH ONE ADMINISTRATION.\*

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT,

Author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's," "Haworth's," "Louisiana," "A Fair Barbarian," etc., etc.

### CHAPTER XIX.

THE room which Mrs. Sylvestre occupied in her friend's house was a very pretty one. It had been one of Mrs. Amory's caprices at the time she had fitted it up, and she had amused herself with it for two or three months, arranging it at her leisure, reflecting upon it, and making additions to its charms every day as soon as they suggested themselves to her.

"It is to be a purely feminine apartment," she had said to Richard and Arbuthnot. "And I have a sentiment about it. When it is complete you shall go and stand outside the door and look in, but nothing would induce me to allow you to cross the threshold."

When this moment had arrived, and they had been admitted to the private view from the corridor, they had evidently been somewhat impressed.

"It is very pretty," Mr. Arbuthnot had remarked with amiable tolerance, "but I don't approve of it. Its object is plainly to pamper and foster those tendencies of the feminine temperament which are most prominent and least desirable. Nothing could be more apparent than its intention to pander to a taste for luxury and self-indulgence, combined in the most shameless manner with vanity and lightness of mind. It will be becoming to the frivolous creatures, and will exalt and inflate them to that extent that they will spend the greater portion of their time in it, utterly ignoring the superior opportunities for cultivating and improving their minds they might enjoy down-stairs on occasions when Richard remains at home and my own multifarious duties permit me to drop in. It strikes me as offering a premium to feminine depravity and crime."

"That expresses it exactly," agreed Richard.

Arbuthnot turned him round.

"Will you," he said, "kindly give your attention to the length and position of that mirror, and the peculiar advantages to be derived from the fact that the light falls upon it from that particular point, and that its effects are softened by the lace draperies and suggestions of pink and blue? The pink and

blue idea is merely of a piece with all the rest, and is prompted by the artfulness of the serpent. If it had been all pink the blondes would have suffered, and if it had been all blue the brunettes would have felt that they were not at their best; this ineffably wily combination, however, truckles to either, and intimates that each combines the attractions of both. Take me away, Richard: it is not for the ingenuous and serious mind to view such spectacles as these. Take me away—first, however, making a mental inventory of the entirely debasing sofas and chairs and the flagrant and openly sentimental nature of the pictures, all depicting or insinuating the driveling imbecility and slavery of man—'The Huguenot Lovers,' you observe, 'The Black Brunswick,' and others of like nature."

Mrs. Sylvestre had thought the room very pretty indeed when she had first taken possession of it, and its prettiness and comfort impressed her anew when, the excitement of the New Year's day at last at an end, she retired to it for the night.

When she found herself within the closed doors she did not go to bed at once. Too many impressions had been crowded into the last ten hours to have left her in an entirely reposeful condition of mind and body, and though of too calm a temperament for actual excitement, she was still not inclined to sleep.

So having partly undressed and thrown on a loose wrap, she turned down the light and went to the fire. It was an open wood-fire and burned cheerily behind a brass fender; a large rug of white fur was spread upon the hearth before it, a low, broad sofa, luxurious\* with cushions, was drawn up at one side of it, and upon the rug at the other stood a deep easy-chair. It was this chair she took, and having taken it she glanced up at an oval mirror which was among the ornaments on the opposite wall. In it she saw reflected that portion of the room which seemed to have arranged itself about her own graceful figure—the faint pinks and blues, the flowered drapery, the puffed and padded furniture, and the hundred and one entirely feminine devices of ornamentation; and she was faintly aware that an expression less

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thoughtful than the one she wore would have been more in keeping with her surroundings.

"I look too serious to harmonize," she said. "If Bertha were here she would detect the incongruity and deplore it."

But she was in a thoughtful mood, which was not an uncommon experience with her, and the faint smile the words gave rise to died away as she turned to the fire again. What she thought of as she sat and looked into it, it would have been difficult to tell, but there was evidence that she was mentally well occupied in the fact that she sat entirely still and gazed at its flickering flame for nearly half an hour. She would not have moved then, perhaps, if she had not been roused from her reverie by a sound at the door—a low knock and a voice speaking to her.

"Agnes!" it said. "Agnes!"

She knew it at once as Bertha's, and rose to reply to the summons almost as if she had expected or even waited for it. When she unlocked the door and opened it, Bertha was standing on the threshold. She had partly undressed, too. She had laid aside the red dress and put on a long white negligee, bordered with white fur; there was no color about her, and it made her look cold. Perhaps she was cold, for Agnes thought she seemed to shiver a little.

"May I come in?" she asked. "I know it is very inconsiderate, but I had a sort of conviction that you would not be asleep."

"I was not thinking of going to sleep yet," said Agnes. "I am glad you have come."

Bertha entered, and, the door being closed, crossed the room to the fire. She did not take a chair, but sat down upon the hearth-rug.

"This is very feminine," she said, "and we ought to be in bed, but the day would not be complete without it."

Then she turned toward Agnes.

"You must have a great deal to think of to-night," she said.

Agnes Sylvestre looked at the fire.

"Yes," she answered, "I have a great deal to think of."

"Are they things you like to think of?"

"Some of them—not all."

"It must be a curious experience," said Bertha, "to find yourself here again after so many years—with all your life changed for you."

Mrs. Sylvestre did not reply.

"You have not been here," Bertha continued, "since you went away on your wedding journey. You were nineteen or twenty then—only a girl."

"I was young," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "but I was rather mature for my years. I did not feel as if I was exactly a girl."

Then she added in a lower voice:

"I had experienced something which had ripened me."

"You mean," said Bertha, "that you knew what love was."

She had not intended to say the words, and their abrupt directness grated upon her as she spoke, but she could not have avoided uttering them.

Mrs. Sylvestre paused a moment.

"The experience I passed through," she said, "did not belong to my age. It was not a girl's feeling. I think it came too soon."

"You had two alternatives to choose from," said Bertha,— "that it should come too soon or too late."

Mrs. Sylvestre paused again.

"You do not think," she said, "that it ever comes to any one at the right time?"

Bertha had been sitting with her hands folded about her knee. She unclasped and clasped them with a sharply vehement movement.

"It is a false thing from beginning to end," she said. "I do not believe in it."

"Ah," said Mrs. Sylvestre, softly, "I believe in it. I wish I did not."

"What is there to be gained by it?" said Bertha,— "a feeling that is not to be reasoned about or controlled—a miserable, feverish emotion you cannot understand, and can only resent and struggle against blindly. When you let it conquer you, how can you respect yourself or the object of it? What do women love men for? Who knows? It is like madness! All you can say is, 'I love him. He is life or death to me.' It is so unreasoning—so unreasoning."

She stopped suddenly, as if all at once she became conscious that her companion was looking at herself instead of at the fire.

"You love a man generally," said Mrs. Sylvestre, in her tenderly modulated voice—"at least I have thought so—because he is the one human creature of all others who is capable of causing you the greatest amount of suffering. I don't know of any other reason, and I have thought of it a great deal."

"It is a good reason," said Bertha,— "a good reason."

Then she laughed.

"This is just a little tragic, isn't it?" she said. "What a delightfully emotional condition we must be in to have reached tragedy in less than five minutes, and entirely without intention! I did not come to be tragic—I came to be analytical. I want you to tell me carefully how we strike you."

"We?" said Mrs. Sylvestre.

Bertha touched herself on the breast.

"We," she said. "I, Richard, Laurence

Arbuthnot, Colonel Tredennis, Senator Plane-field, the two hundred men-callers—Washington in short. How does Washington strike you, now that you come to it again?"

"Wont you give me two weeks to reflect upon it?" said Agnes.

"No. I want impressions, not reflections. Is it all very much changed?"

"I am very much changed," was the reply.

"And we?" said Bertha. "Suppose—suppose you begin with Laurence Arbuthnot."

"I do not think I could. He is not one of the persons I have remembered."

"Agnes," said Bertha, "only wait with patience for one of those occasions when you feel it necessary to efface him, and then tell him that, in exactly that tone of voice, and he will in that instant secretly atone for the crimes of a life-time. He wont wince, and he will probably reply in the most brilliant and impersonal manner, but, figuratively speaking, you will have reduced him to powder and cast him to the breeze."

"We shall not be sufficiently intimate to render such a thing possible," said Mrs. Sylvestre. "One must be intimate with a man to be angry enough with him to wish to avenge oneself."

Bertha smiled.

"You don't like him," she said. "Poor Larry!"

"On the contrary," was her friend's reply. "But it would not occur to me to 'begin with him,' as you suggested just now."

"With whom, then," said Bertha, "would you begin?"

Her guest gave a moment to reflection, during which Bertha regarded her intently.

"If I were going to begin at all," she said, rather slowly, "I think it would be with Colonel Tredennis."

There was a moment of silence, and then Bertha spoke in a somewhat cold and rigid voice.

"What do you like about him?" she asked.

"I think I like everything."

"If you were any one else," said Bertha, "I should say that you simply like his size. I think that is generally it. Women invariably fall victims to men who are big and a little lumbering. They like to persuade themselves that they are overawed and subjected. I never understood it myself. Big men never pleased me very much—they are so apt to tread on you."

"I like his eyes," said Agnes, apparently reflecting aloud—"they are very kind. And I like his voice——"

"It is rather too deep," remarked Bertha, "and sometimes I am a little afraid it will degenerate into a growl, though I have never heard it do so yet."

Mrs. Sylvestre went on:

"When he bends his head a little and looks down at you as you talk," she said, "he is very nice. He is really thinking of you and regarding you seriously. I do not think he is given to trifling."

"No," returned Bertha, "I do not think he is given to anything special but being massive. That is what you are thinking—that he is massive."

"There is no denying," said her friend, "that that is one of the things I like."

"Ah!" said Bertha, "you find the rest of us very flippant and trivial. *That* is how we strike you!"

A fatigued little sigh escaped her lips.

"After all," she said, "it is true. And we have obliged ourselves to be trivial for so long that we are incapable of seriousness. Sometimes—generally toward Lent, after I have been out a great deal—I wonder if the other would not be interesting for a change; but, at the same time, I know I could not be serious if I tried."

"Your seriousness will be deeper," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "when you accomplish it without trying."

She was serious herself as she spoke, but her seriousness was extremely gentle. She looked at Bertha even tenderly, and her clear eyes were very expressive.

"We are both changed since we met here last," she said, with simple directness, "and it is only natural that what we have lived through should have affected us differently. We are of very different temperaments. You were always more vivid and intense than I, and suffering—if you had suffered——"

Her soft voice faltered a little, and she paused. Bertha turned and looked her unflinchingly in the face.

"I—have not suffered," she said.

Agnes spoke as simply as before.

"I have," she said.

Bertha turned sharply away.

"I was afraid so," was her response.

"If we are to be as near to each other as I hope," Agnes continued, "it would be useless for me to try to conceal from you the one thing which has made me what I am. The effort to hide it would always stand between us and our confidence in each other. It is much simpler to let you know the truth."

She put her hands up to her face an instant, and Bertha broke the silence with a curiously incisive question.

"Was he very cruel to you?"

Agnes withdrew her hands, and if her shadow of a smile had not been so infinitely sad, it would have been bitter.

"He could not help it," she said; "and

when I was calm enough to reason, I knew he was not to blame for my imagination. It was all over in a few months, and he would have been quite content to bear what followed philosophically. When the worst came to the worst, he told me that he had known it could not last—because such things never did, but that he had also known that, even after the inevitable termination, I should always please him and display good taste. He had lived through so much, and I had known so little. I only spoke openly to him once—one awful day, and after that I scarcely know what happened to me for months. I asked him to let me go away alone, and I went to the sea-side. Since then the sound of the sea has been a terror to me, and yet there are times when I long to hear it. I used to tell myself that, on one of those days when I sat on the sand and looked at the sea, I died, and that I have never really lived since. Something happened to me—I don't know what. It was one brilliant morning when the sun beat on the blue water and the white sand, and everything was a dazzling glare. I sat on the beach for hours without moving, and when I got up and walked away I remember hearing myself saying, 'I have left you behind—I have left you behind—I shall never see you again.' I was ill for several days afterward, and when I recovered I seemed to have become a new creature. When my husband came, I was able to meet him so calmly that I think it was even a kind of shock to him."

"And that was the end?" said Bertha.

"Yes, that was the end—for me."

"And for him?"

"Once or twice afterwards it interested him to try experiments with me, and when they failed, he was not pleased."

"Were you never afraid," said Bertha, "that they would not fail?"

"No. There is nothing so final as the ending of such a feeling. There is nothing to come after it, because it has taken everything with it—passion, bitterness, sorrow—even regret. I never wished that it might return after the day I spoke of. I have thought if, by stretching forth my hand, I could have brought it all back just as it was at first, I should not have wished to do it. It had been too much."

"It is a false thing," said Bertha—"a false thing, and there must always be some such end to it."

Agnes Sylvestre was silent again, and because of her silence, Bertha repeated her words with feverish eagerness.

"It must always end so," she said.

"You know that—you must know it."

"I am only one person," was the charac-

teristic answer. "And I do not know. I do not want to know. I only want quiet now. I have learned enough."

"Agnes," said Bertha, "that is very pathetic."

"Yes," Agnes answered. "I know it is pathetic, when I allow myself to think of it." And for the first time her voice broke a little, and was all the sweeter for the break in it. But it was over in a moment, and she spoke as she had spoken before.

"But I did not mean to be pathetic," she said. "I only wanted to tell you the entire truth, so that there should be nothing between us, and nothing to avoid. There can be nothing now. You know of me all that is past, and you can guess what is to come."

"No, I cannot do that," said Bertha.

Agnes smiled.

"It is very easy," she responded. "I shall have a pretty house, and I shall amuse myself by buying new or old things for it and by moving the furniture. I shall give so much thought to it that after a while it will be quite celebrated in a small way, and Miss Jessup will refer to it as 'unique.' Mrs. Merriam will be with me, and I shall have my reception day, and perhaps my 'evening,' and I shall see as many of the charming people who come to Washington as is possible. You will be very good to me, and come to see me often, and—so I hope will Mr. Arbuthnot, and Colonel Tredennis——"

"Agnes," interposed Bertha, with an oddly hard manner, "if they do, one or both of them will fall in love with you."

"If it is either," responded Mrs. Sylvestre, serenely, "I hope it will be Mr. Arbuthnot, as he would have less difficulty in recovering."

"You think," said Bertha, "that nothing could ever touch you again—nothing?"

"Think!" was the response: "my safety lies in the fact that I do not think of it at all. If I were twenty I might do so, and everything would be different. Life is very short. It is not long enough to run risks in. I shall not trifle with what is left to me."

"Oh," cried Bertha, "how calm you are—how calm you are!"

"Yes," she answered, "I am calm now."

But she put her hands up to her face again for an instant, and her eyelashes were wet when she withdrew them.

"It was a horribly dangerous thing," she said, brokenly. "There were so many temptations—the temptation to find excitement in avenging myself on others was strongest of all. I suppose it is the natural savage impulse. There were times when I longed to be cruel. And then I began to think—and there

seemed so much suffering in life—and everything seemed so pitiful. And I could not bear the thought of it." And she ended with the sob of a child.

"It is very womanish to cry," she whispered, "and I did not mean to do it, but—you look at me so." And she laid her cheek against the cushioned back of her chair, and, for a little while, was more pathetic in her silence than she could have been in any words she might have uttered. It was true that Bertha had looked at her. There were no tears in her own eyes. Her feeling was one of obstinate resistance to all emotion in herself; but she did not resent her friend's; on the contrary, she felt a strange enjoyment of it.

"Don't stop crying because I am here," she said. "I like to see you do it."

Mrs. Sylvestre recovered herself at once. She sat up, smiling a little. There were no disfiguring traces of her emotion on her fair face.

"Thank you," she answered; "but I do not like it myself so much, and I have not done it before for a long time."

It was, perhaps, because Mr. Arbuthnot presented himself as an entirely safe topic, with no tendency whatever to develop the sensibilities, that she chose him as the subject of her next remarks.

"I do not see much change in your friend," she observed.

"If you mean Laurence," Bertha replied, "I dare say not. He does not allow things to happen to him. He knows better."

"And he has done nothing whatever during the last seven years?"

"He has been to a great many parties," said Bertha, "and he has read a book or so, and sung several songs."

"I hope he has sung them well," was her friend's comment.

"It always depends upon his mood," Bertha returned; "but there have been times when he has sung them very well indeed."

"It can scarcely have been a great tax to have done it occasionally," said Mrs. Sylvestre, "but I should always be rather inclined to think it was the result of chance and not effort. Still"—with a sudden conscientious scruple brought about by her recollection of the fact that these marks of disapproval had not expressed themselves in her manner earlier in the day—"still he is very agreeable, one cannot deny that."

"It is always safe not to attempt to deny it, even if you feel inclined," was Bertha's comment, "because if you do, he will inevitably prove to you that you were in the wrong before he has done with you."

"He did one thing I rather liked," her companion proceeded. "He was very nice—in that peculiar impartial way of his—to a boy——"

"The boy who came with the Bartletts?" Bertha interposed. "I saw him, and was positively unhappy about him, because I could not attend to him. Did he take him in hand?" she asked, brightening visibly. "I knew he would, if he noticed him particularly. It was just like him to do it."

"I saw him first," Mrs. Sylvestre explained, "but I am afraid I should not have been equal to the occasion if Mr. Arbuthnot had not assisted me. It certainly surprised me that he should do it. He knew the Bartletts, and had met the boy's sister, and in the most wonderful, yet the most uneffusive and natural, way, he utilized his material until the boy felt himself quite at home, and not out of place at all. One of the nicest things was the way in which he talked about Whippleville—the boy came from Whippleville. He seemed to give it a kind of interest and importance, and even picturesqueness. He did not pretend to have been there; but he knew something of the country, which is pretty, and he was very clever in saying neither too much nor too little. Of course that was nice."

"Colonel Tredennis could not have done it," said Bertha.

Agnes paused. She felt there was something of truth in the statement, but she was reluctant to admit it.

"Why not?" she inquired.

"By reason of the very thing which is his attraction for you—because he is too massive to be adroit."

Agnes was silent.

"Was it not Colonel Tredennis who went to Virginia when your little girl was ill?" she asked, in a few moments.

"Yes," was Bertha's response. "He came because Richard was away and papa was ill."

"It was Janey who told me of it," said Agnes, quietly. "And she made a very pretty story of it, in her childish way. She said that he carried her up and down the room when she was tired, and that when her head ached he helped her not to cry. He must be very gentle. I like to think of it. It is very picturesque; the idea of that great soldierly fellow nursing a frail little creature, and making her pain easier to bear. Do you know, I find myself imagining that I know how he looked."

Bertha sat perfectly still. She, too, knew how he had looked. But there was no reason, she told herself, for the sudden horrible revulsion of feeling which rushed upon her with the remembrance. A little while before, when Agnes

had told her story, there had been a reason why she should be threatened by her emotions; but now it was different—now that there was, so to speak, no pathos in the air—now that they were merely talking of commonplace, unemotional things. But she remembered so well—if she could have forced herself to forget for one instant, she might have overcome the passion of unreasoning anguish which seized her; but it was no use, and as she made the effort, Agnes sat and watched her, a strange questioning dawning slowly in her eyes.

"He looked—very large——"

She stopped short, and her hands clutched each other hard and close. A wild thought of getting up and leaving the room came to her, and then she knew it was too late.

A light flickered up from the wood-fire and fell upon her face as she slowly turned it to Agnes.

For an instant Agnes simply looked at her, then she uttered a terror-stricken exclamation.

"Bertha!" she cried.

"Well," said Bertha. "Well!" But at her next breath she began to tremble, and left her place on the hearth and stood up, trembling still. "I am tired out," she said. "I must go away. I ought not to have come here."

But Agnes rose and went to her, laying her hand on her arm. She had grown pale herself, and there was a thrill of almost passionate feeling in her words when she spoke.

"No," she said. "You were right to come. *This* is the place for you."

She drew her down upon the sofa and held both her hands.

"Do you think I would let you go now," she said, "until you had told me everything? Do you think I did not know there was something you were struggling with? When I told you of my own unhappiness, it was because I hoped it would help you to speak. If you had not known that I had suffered you could not have told me. You *must* tell me now. What barrier could there be between us—two women who have—who have been hurt, and who should know how to be true to each other?"

Bertha slipped from her grasp and fell upon her knees by the sofa, covering her face.

"Agnes," she panted, "I never thought of this—I don't know how it has come about. I never meant to speak. Almost the worst of it all is that my power over myself is gone, and that it has even come to this—that I am speaking when I meant to be silent. Don't look at me! I don't know what it all means!

All my life has been so different—it is so unlike me—that I say to myself it cannot be true. Perhaps it is not. I have never believed in such things! I don't think I believe now—I don't know what it means, I say, or whether it will last, and if it is not only a sort of illness that I shall get better of. I am trying with all my strength to believe that—and to get better, but while it lasts——"

"Go on," said Agnes, in a hushed voice.

Bertha threw out her hands and wrung them, the pretty baubles she had not removed when she undressed jingling on her wrists.

"It is worse for me than for any one else," she cried. "Worse, worse! It is not fair. I was not prepared for it. I was so sure it was not true; I can't understand it! But whether it is true or not, while it lasts, Agnes, just while it lasts——" And she hid her face again, and the bangles and serpents of silver and gold jingled more merrily than ever.

"You think," said Agnes, "that you will get over it?"

"Get over it!" she cried. "How often do you suppose I have said to myself that I *must* get over it? How many thousand times? I *must* get over it. Is it a thing to trifle with and be sentimental over? It is a degradation. I don't spare myself. No one could say to me more than I say to myself. I cannot bear it, and I *must* get over it, but I don't—I don't—I don't. And sometimes the horrible thought comes to me that it is a thing you can't get over and it drives me mad, but—but——"

"But what?" said Agnes.

Her hands dropped away from her face.

"If I tell you this," she said, breathlessly, "you will despise me. I think I am going to tell it to you that you *may* despise me. The torture of it will be a sort of penance. When the thought comes to me that I *may* get over it, that it will go out of my life in time, and be lost forever, then I know that, compared to that, all the rest is nothing—nothing! and that I could bear it for an eternity, the anguish and the shame and the bitterness, if only it might not be taken away."

"Oh!" cried Agnes, "I can believe it—I can believe it!"

"You can believe it?" said Bertha, fiercely. "You? Yes. But I—I cannot!"

For some minutes after this Agnes did not speak. She sat still and looked down at Bertha's cowering figure. There came back to her, with terrible distinctness, times when she herself must have looked so,—only she had always been alone,—and there mingled with the deep feeling of the moment a far-

away pity for her own helpless youth and despair.

"Will you tell me," she said, at last, "how it began?"

She was struck, when Bertha lifted her face from its cushions, by the change which had come upon her. All traces of intense and passionate feeling were gone; it was as if her weeping had swept them away, and left only a weariness which made her look pathetically young and helpless. As she watched her, Agnes wondered if she had ever looked up at Tredennis with such eyes.

"I think," she said, "that it was long before I knew. If I had not been so young and so thoughtless, I think I should have known that I began to care for him before he went away the first time. But I was very young, and he was so quiet. There was one day, when he brought me some heliotrope, when I wondered why I liked the quiet things he said; and after he went away I used to wonder in a sort of fitful way what he was doing. And the first time I found myself face to face with a trouble I thought of him and wished for him, without knowing why. I even began a letter to him, but I was too timid to send it."

"Oh, if you had sent it!" Agnes exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Yes—if I had sent it! But I did not. Perhaps it would not have made much difference if I had—only when I told him of it——"

"You told him of it?" said Agnes.

"Yes—in Virginia. All the wrong I have done, all the indulgence I have allowed myself, is the wrong I did and the indulgence I allowed myself in Virginia. There were days in Virginia when I suppose I was bad enough——"

"Tell me that afterward," said Agnes. "I want to know how you reached it."

"I reached it," answered Bertha, "in this way. The thing that was my first trouble grew until it was too strong for me—or I was too weak for it. It was my own fault. Perhaps I ought to have known, but I did not. I don't think that I have let any one but myself suffer for my mistake. I couldn't do that. When I found out what a mistake it was, I told myself that it was mine, and that I must abide by it. And in time I thought I had grown quite hard, and I amused myself, and said that nothing mattered—and I did not believe in emotion, and thought I enjoyed living on the surface. I disliked to hear stories of any strong feeling. I tried to avoid reading them, and I was always glad when I heard clever worldly speeches made. I liked Laurence first because he said such clever,

cold-blooded things. He was at his worst when I first knew him. He had lost all his money, and some one had been false to him, and he believed nothing."

"I did not know," said Agnes, "that *he* had a story." And then she added, a trifle hurriedly: "But it does not matter."

"It mattered to him," said Bertha. "And we all have a story—even poor Larry—and even I—even I!"

Then she went on again.

"There was one thing," she said, "that I told myself oftener than anything else, and that was that I was not unhappy. I was always saying that and giving myself reasons. When my dresses were becoming, and I went out a great deal, and people seemed to admire me, I used to say, 'How few women are as happy! How many things I have to make me happy!' and when a horrible moment of leisure came, and I could not bear it I would say, 'How tired I must be to feel as I do—and what nonsense it is!' The one thing Richard has liked most in me has been that I have not given way to my moods, and have always reasoned about them. Ah! Agnes, if I had been happier I might have given way to them just a little sometimes, and have been less tired. If I were to die now I know what they would remember of me—that I laughed a great deal and made the house gay."

She went on without tears.

"I think," she said, "that I never felt so sure of myself as I did last winter—so sure that I had lived past things and was quite safe. It was a very gay season, and there were several people here who amused me and made things seem brilliant and enjoyable. When I was not going out, the parlors were always crowded with clever men and women; and when I did go out, I danced and talked and interested myself more than I had ever seemed to do before. I shall never forget the Inauguration Ball. Laurence and Richard were both with me, and I danced every dance, and had the most brilliant night. I don't think one expects to be actually brilliant at an inauguration ball, but that night I think we were, and when we were going away we turned to look back, and Laurence said, 'What a night it has been! We couldn't possibly have had such a night if we had tried. I wonder if we shall ever have such a night again,' and I said, 'Scores of them, I haven't a doubt,'—but that was the last night of all."

"The last night of all?" repeated Agnes.

"There have been no more nights at all like it, and no more days. The next night but one the Winter Gardners gave a party, and I was there. Laurence brought me some

roses and heliotrope, and I carried them, and I remember how the scent of the heliotrope reminded me of the night I sat and talked to Philip Tredennis by the fire. It came back all the more strongly because I had heard from papa of his return. I was not glad that he had come to Washington, and I did not care to see him. He seemed to belong to a time I wanted to forget. I did not know he was to be at the Gardners' until he came in, and I looked up and saw him at the door. You know how he looks when he comes into a room—so tall and strong, and different from all the rest. Does he look different from all the rest, Agnes—or is it only that I think so?"

"He is different," said Agnes. "Even I could see that."

"Oh!" said Bertha, despairingly, "I don't know what it is that makes it so, but sometimes I have thought that, perhaps, when first men were on earth they were like that—strong and earnest, and simple and brave—never trifling with themselves or others, and always ready to be tender with those who suffer or are weak. If you only knew the stories we have heard of his courage and determination and endurance! I do not think he ever remembers them himself, but how can the rest of us forget!"

"The first thought I had when I saw him was that it was odd that the mere sight of him should startle me so. And then I watched him pass through the crowds, and tried to make a paltry satirical comment to myself upon his size and his grave face. And then, against my will, I began to wonder what he would do when he saw me, and if he would see what had happened to me since he had given me the flowers for my first party—and I wished he had staid away—and I began to feel tired—and just then he turned and saw me."

She paused and sank into a wearied sitting posture, resting her cheek against the sofa cushion.

"It seems so long ago—so long ago," she said, "and yet it is not one short year since."

She went on almost monotonously.

"He saw the change in me—I knew that—though he did not know what it meant. I suppose he thought the bad side of me had developed instead of the good, because the bad had predominated in the first place."

"He never thought that," Agnes interposed. "Never!"

"Don't you think so?" said Bertha. "Well, it was not my fault if he didn't. I don't know whether it was natural or not that I should always make the worst of myself before him, but I always did. I did not want him to

come to the house, but Richard brought him again and again, until he had been so often that there must have been some serious reasons if he had staid away. And then—and then —"

"What then?" said Agnes.

She made a gesture of passionate impatience.

"Oh, I don't know," she said, "I don't know! I began to be restless and unhappy. I did not care for going out and I dared not stay at home. When I was alone I used to sit and think of that first winter, and compare myself with the Bertha who lived then as if she had been another creature—some one I had been fond of, and who had died in some sad, unexpected way while she was very young. I used to be angry because I found myself so easily moved—things touched me which had never touched me before; and one day, as I was singing a little German song of farewell—that poor little piteous 'Auf Wieder-sehn' we all know—suddenly my voice broke, and I gave a helpless sob, and the tears streamed down my cheeks. It filled me with terror. I have never been a crying woman, and I have rather disliked people who cried. When I cried I knew that some terrible change had come upon me, and I hated myself for it. I told myself I was ill, and I said I would go away, but Richard wished me to remain. And every day it was worse and worse. And when I was angry with myself, I revenged myself on the person I should have spared. When I said things of myself which were false, he had a way of looking at me as if he was simply waiting to hear what I would say next, and I never knew whether he believed me or not, and I resented that more than all the rest."

She broke off for an instant, and then began again hurriedly.

"Why should I make such a long story of it?" she said. "I could not tell it all, nor the half of it, if I talked until to-morrow. If I had been given to sentiments and emotions I could not have deceived myself so long as I did, that is all. I have known women who have had experiences and sentiments all their lives, one after another. I used to know girls, when I was a girl, who were always passing through some sentimental adventure, but I was not like that, and I never understood them. But I think it is better to be so than to live unmoved so long that you feel you are quite safe, and then to waken up to face the feeling of a life-time all at once. It is better to take it by installments. If I had been more experienced I should have been safer. But I deceived myself, and called what I suffered by every

name but the right one. I said it was resentment and wounded vanity and weakness, but it was not—it was not. There was one person who knew it was not, though he let me call it what I pleased——”

“He?” said Agnes.

“It was Laurence Arbuthnot who knew. He had been wretched himself once, and while he laughed at me and talked nonsense, he cared enough for me to watch me and understand.”

“It would never have occurred to me,” remarked Agnes, “to say he did not care for you. I think he cares for you very much.”

“Yes, he cares for me,” said Bertha, “and I can see now that he was kinder to me than I knew. He stood between me and many a miserable moment, and warded off things I could not have warded off myself. I think he hoped at first that I would get over it. It was he who helped me to make up my mind to go away. It seemed the best thing, but it would have been better if I had not gone.”

“Better?” Agnes repeated.

“There was a Fate in it,” she said. “Everything was against me. When I said good-by to—to the person I wished to escape from—though I did not admit to myself then that it was from him I wished to escape—when I said good-by, I thought it was almost the same thing as saying good-by forever. I had always told myself that I was too superficial to be troubled by anything long, and that I could always forget anything I was determined to put behind me. I had done it before and I fancied I could do it then, and that when I came back in the winter I should have got over my moods, and be stronger physically and not be emotional any more. I meant to take the children and give them every hour of my days, and live out-of-doors in a simple, natural way until I was well. I always called it getting well. But when he came to say good-by—it was very hard. It was so hard that I was terrified again. He spent the evening with us, and the hours slipped away—slipped away, and every time the clock struck my heart beat so fast that, at last, instead of beating, it seemed only to tremble and make me weak. And at last he got up to go—and I could not believe that it was true, that he was really going, until he went out of the door. And then so much seemed to go with him—and we had only said a few commonplace words—and it was the last—last time. And it all rushed upon me, and my heart leaped in my side, and—and I went to him. There was no other way. And, oh, Agnes——”

“I know—I know!” said Agnes, brokenly. “But—try not to do that! It is the worst thing you can do—to cry so.”

“He did not know why I came,” Bertha said. “I don’t know what he thought. I don’t know what I said. He looked pale and startled at first, and then he took my hand in both his and spoke to me. I have seen him hold Janey’s hand so—as if he could not be gentle enough. And he said it was always hard to say good-by, and would I remember—and his voice was quite unsteady—would I remember that if I should ever need any help he was ready to be called. I had treated him badly and coldly that very evening, but it was as if he forgot it. And I forgot, too, and for just one little moment we were near each other, and there was nothing in our hearts but sadness and kindness, as if we had been friends who had the right to be sad at parting. And we said good-by again—and he went away.”

“I fought very hard in those next two months, and I was very determined. I never allowed myself time to think in the daytime. I played with the children and read to them and walked with them, and, when night came, I used to be tired out—but I did not sleep. I laid awake trying to force my thoughts back, and, when morning broke, it seemed as if all my strength was spent. And I did not get well. And, when it all seemed at the worst, suddenly Janey was taken ill, and I thought she would die, and I was all alone, and I sent for papa——”

She broke off with the ghost of a bitter little laugh.

“I have heard a great deal said about fate,” she went on. “Perhaps it was fate; I don’t know. I don’t care now—it doesn’t matter. That very day papa was ill himself, and Philip Tredennis came to me—Philip Tredennis!”

“Oh!” cried Agnes, “it was very cruel!”

“Was it cruel?” said Bertha. “It was something. Perhaps it would do to call it cruel. I had been up with Janey for two or three nights. She had suffered a great deal for a little creature, and I was worn out with seeing her pain and not being able to help it. I was expecting the doctor from Washington, and when she fell asleep at last I went to the window to listen, so that I might go down and keep the dogs quiet if he came. It was one of those still, white moonlight nights—the most beautiful night. After a while, I fancied I heard the far-away hoof-beat of a horse on the road, and I ran down. The dogs knew me, and seemed to understand I wished them to be quiet when I spoke to them. As the noise came nearer I

went down to the gate. I was trembling with eagerness and anxiety, and I spoke before I reached it. I was sure it was Doctor Malcolm, but it was some one larger and taller, and the figure came out into the moonlight, and I was looking up at Philip Tredennis!"

Agnes laid her hand on her arm.

"Wait a moment before you go on," she said. "Give yourself time."

"No," said Bertha, hurrying, "I will go on to the end. Agnes, I have never lied to myself since that minute—never once. Where would have been the use? I thought he was forty miles away, and there he stood, and the terror and joy and anguish of seeing him swept everything else away, and I broke down. I don't know what he felt and thought. There was one strange moment when he stood quite close to me and touched my shoulder with his strong, kind hand. He seemed overwhelmed by what I did, and his voice was only a whisper. There seemed no one in all the world but ourselves, and when I lifted my face from the gate I knew what all I had suffered meant. As he talked to me afterward I was saying over to myself, as if it was a lesson I was learning, 'You are mad with joy just because this man is near you. All your pain has gone away. Everything is as it was before—but you don't care—you don't care.' I said that because I wished to make it sound as wicked as I could. But it was no use. I have even thought since then that if he had been a bad man, thinking of himself, I might have been saved that night by finding it out. But he was not thinking of himself—only of me. He came, not for his own sake, but for mine and Janey's. He came to help us and stand by us and care for us—to do any common, simple service for us, as well as any great one. We were not to think of him; he was to think of us. And he sent me away upstairs to sleep, and walked outside below the window all night. And I slept like a child. I should not have slept if it had been any one else, but it seemed as if he had brought strength and quietness with him, and I need not stay awake, because everything was so safe. That has been his power over me from the first—that he rested me. Sometimes I have been so tired of the feverish, restless way we have of continually amusing ourselves, as if we dare not stop, and of reasoning and wondering and arguing to no end. We are all introspection and retrospection, and we call it being analytical and clever. If it is being clever, then we are too clever. One gets so tired of it—one wishes one could stop thinking and know less—or more. He was not like that, and he rested me. That was it. He made life seem more simple.

"Well, he rested me then, and, though I made one effort to send him away, I knew he would not go, and I did not try very hard. I did not want him to go. So when he refused to be sent away, an obstinate feeling came over me, and I said to myself that I would not do or say one unkind thing to him while he was there. I would be as gentle and natural with him as if—as if he had been some slight, paltry creature who was nothing, and less than nothing, to me. I should have been amiable enough to such a man if I had been indebted to him for such service."

"Ah!" sighed Agnes, "but it could not end there!"

"End!" said Bertha. "There is no end, there never will be! Do you think I do not see the bitter truth? One may call it what one likes, and make it as pathetic and as tragic and hopeless as words can paint it, but it is only the old, miserable, undignified story of a woman who is married, and who cares for a man who is not her husband. Nothing can be worse than that. It is a curious thing, isn't it, that somehow one always feels as if the woman must be bad?"

Agnes Sylvestre laid a hand on her again, without speaking.

"I suppose I was bad in those days," Bertha continued. "I did not feel as if I was—though I daresay that only makes it worse. I deliberately let myself be happy. I let him be kind to me. I tried to amuse and please him. Janey got well, and the days were beautiful. I did all he wished me to do, and he was as good to me as he was to Janey. When you spoke of his being so gentle, it brought everything back to me in a rush—his voice and his look and his touch. There are so many people who, when they touch you, seem to take something from you; he always seemed to give you something—protection and sympathy and generous help. He had none of the gallant tricks of other men, and he was often a little shy and restrained, but the night he held my hand in both his, and the moment he touched my shoulder, when I broke down so at the gate, I could not forget if I tried."

"But, perhaps," said Agnes, sadly, "you had better try."

Bertha looked up at her.

"When I have tried for a whole year," she said, "I will tell you what success I have had."

"Oh!" Agnes cried, desperately, "it will take more than a year."

"I have thought it might," said Bertha; "perhaps it may take even two."

The fire gave a fitful leap of flame, and she turned to look at it.

"The fire is going out," she said, "and I have almost finished. Do you care to hear the rest? You have been very patient to listen so long."

"Go on," Agnes said.

"Well, much as I indulged myself then I knew where I must stop, and I never really forgot that I was going to stop at a certain point. I said that I would be happy just so long as he was there, and that when we parted that would be the end of it. I even laid out my plans, and the night before he was to go away—in the evening, after the long, beautiful day was over—I said things to him which I meant should make him distrust me. The shallowest man on earth will hate you if you make him think you are shallow, and capable of trifling as he does himself. The less a man intends to remember you the more he intends you shall remember him. It will be his religious belief that women should be true—some one should be true, you know, and it is easier to let it be the woman. What I tried to suggest that night was that my treatment of him had only been a caprice—that what he had seen of me in Washington had been the real side of my life, and that he would see it again and need not be surprised."

"Oh, Bertha!" her friend cried. "Oh, Bertha!"

And she threw both arms about her, with an intensely feminine swiftness and expressiveness.

"Yes," said Bertha, "it was not easy. I never tried anything quite so difficult before, and perhaps I did not do it well, for—he would not believe me."

There was quite a long pause, in which she leaned against Agnes, breathing quickly.

"I think that is really the end," she said at last. "It seems rather abrupt, but there is very little more. He is a great deal stronger than I am, and he is too true himself to believe lies at the first telling. One must tell them to him obstinately and often. I shall have to be persistent and consistent too."

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Agnes. "What are you thinking of doing?"

"There will be a great deal to be done," she answered—"a great deal. There is only one thing which will make him throw me aside—"

"Throw you aside—you?"

"Yes. I have always been very proud—it was the worst of my faults that I was so deadly proud—but I want him to throw me aside—me! Surely one could not care for a man when he was tired and did not want one

any more. That *must* end it. And there is something else. I don't know—I am not sure—I could not trust myself—but there have been times when I thought that he was beginning to care too—whether he knew it or not. I don't judge him by the other men I have known, but sometimes there was such a look in his eyes that it made me tremble with fear and joy. And he shall not spoil his life for me. It would be a poor thing that he should give all he might give—to Bertha Amory. He had better give it to—to you, Agnes," she said, with a little tightening grasp.

"I do not want it," said Agnes, calmly. "I have done with such things, and he is not the man to change."

"He must," said Bertha, "in time—if I am very unflinching and clever. They always said I was clever, you know, and that I had wonderful control over myself. But I shall have to be very clever. The only thing which will make him throw me aside is the firm belief that I am worth nothing—the belief that I am false and shallow and selfish, and as wicked as such a slight creature can be. Let me hide the little that is good in me, and show him always, day by day, what is bad. There is enough of that, and in the end he must get tired of me, and show me that he has done with me forever."

"You cannot do it," said Agnes, breathlessly.

"I cannot do it for long, I know that, but I can do it for a while, and then I will make Richard let me go away—to Europe. I have asked him before, but he seemed so anxious to keep me—I cannot tell why—and I have never opposed or disobeyed him. I try to be a good wife in such things as that. I ought to be a good wife in something. Just now he has some reason for wishing me to remain here. He does not always tell me his reasons. But perhaps in the spring he will not object to my going, and one can always spend a year or so abroad; and when he joins us, as he will afterward, he will be sure to be fascinated, and in the end we might stay away for years, and if we ever come back all will be over, and—and I shall be forgotten."

She withdrew herself from her friend's arms and rose to her feet.

"I shall be forgotten—forgotten!" she said. "Oh! how *can* I be! How can such pain pass away and end in nothing! Just while everything is at the worst, it is not easy to remember that one only counts for one after all, and that a life is such a little thing. It seems so much to oneself. And yet what does it matter that Bertha Amory's life went all wrong, and was only a bubble that was tossed away and broken? There are

such millions and millions of people that it means nothing, only to Bertha Amory, and it cannot mean anything to her very long. Only just while it lasts—and before one gets used to—the torture of it —!"

She turned away and crossed the room to the window, drawing aside the curtain.

"There is a little streak of light in the East," she said. "It is the day, and you have not slept at all."

Agnes went to her, and they stood and looked at it together—a faint, thin line of gray tinged with palest yellow.

"To-morrow has come," said Bertha. "And we must begin the New Year properly. I must make up my visiting-book and arrange my lists. Don't—don't call any one, Agnes—it is only—faintness." And with the little protesting smile on her lips she sank to the floor.

Agnes knelt down at her side, and began to loosen her wrapper at the throat and chafe her hands.

"Yes, it is only faintness," she said in a low voice, "but if it were something more you would be saved a great deal."

(To be continued.)

## HOW WAGNER MAKES OPERAS.

AT the close of the first performance of "The Ring of the Nibelung," in 1876, Richard Wagner made a short address to the audience in the theater at Bayreuth. He spoke of the result which he expected from the successful experiment just finished. From this beginning the German people might date a new birth of German art. The speech was little relished by those who believed that Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber had already done something for the lyric stage which this arrogant master was unwilling to acknowledge. Wagner was misunderstood. It was not the beginning of German art that he spoke of, but the beginning of a new form of art. "Fidelio" and "Der Freyschütz" are solitary works of genius to which nobody has ever produced a parallel—not even Beethoven or Weber; and Mozart's operas are in that Italian manner which never was quite naturalized in Germany, and now has plainly passed its prime everywhere. One might hope to found a new school without injustice to the masters of the old. But Wagner's speech was characteristic of this man of genius, of whom we may say that he has been distinguished from youth to old age by his colossal impudence.

When he was a boy he resolved to write poetry like Shakspeare's and marry it to music like Beethoven's. Of all the composers since Beethoven the two who have made the deepest impression upon the art of their time are Wagner and Berlioz, and it is a curious fact that both trace to Shakspeare their earliest directing impulse. Both appeared at a time when a sudden ardor for the English poet blazed in France and Germany. It was the era of revolt against periwigs and red heels, when Dumas and Victor Hugo were disturbing Paris with the first dramas of the

romantic school, and the plays of Shakspeare were acted amid transports of delight before the audiences of the Boulevards. Berlioz, feeling his soul in arms, wrote his "Romeo and Juliet," and married an Irish *Ophelia*. Wagner bought an English dictionary, and, falling furiously upon "Lear" and "Hamlet," compounded a tragedy in which forty-two personages were slaughtered, and some of them had to come back as ghosts because there were not enough left alive to finish the story. To supply this play with music like Beethoven's he borrowed a treatise on thorough-bass, and gave himself a week to learn the art of composition. Nothing came of this boyish nonsense, nor have some early overtures and operas survived, though he pushed them—heaven knows how—to the doubtful honor of performance; but the union of the poetry of Shakspeare with the music of Beethoven is precisely what he says that he has accomplished in his mature years.

When he conceived his opera of "Rienzi," no theater was grand enough for it except the first theater of the world. He went to Paris at the age of twenty-six, without money or friends or reputation, and indeed without having done anything to deserve a reputation; and he believed that the Grande Opéra, then resounding with the fresh triumphs of Meyerbeer, would open its doors to him at the first display of his unfinished score. Everybody knows the story of his four years of suffering in the French capital. But this miserable period cannot have been altogether without its consolations to one in whom the exercise of the creative faculty was accompanied by such sublime assurance. From one failure he went on complacently to another. When Paris would not have his "Rienzi" he pro-

ceeded to compose his "Faust," which to the Parisian taste was an incomprehensible outrage. When the orchestra of the Conservatoire threw aside the "Faust" in despair, he wrote "The Flying Dutchman." When that failed in Germany, he went still farther from the received patterns and produced "Tannhäuser"; and the failure of "Tannhäuser" only inspired him to break other canons of opera by composing "Lohengrin." An attempt of the Emperor Napoleon III. to secure a hearing for the persistent innovator in Paris led to a disaster which is historical; and his answer to that signal defeat was "Tristram and Iseult," a work of such a daring character that the artists of the Vienna opera, after forty-seven rehearsals, declared it to be impossible, and gave it up. Not content with composing unpopular music, he aroused bitter personal resentment by the rancor of his literary writings. He savagely denounced the works of this generation which current opinion held most precious. He wrote of Rossini with a contempt and of Meyerbeer with a violence which cannot be justified; and he coupled his disparagement of Mendelssohn with an indecent discourse upon Jews in general and "Judaism in Music" in particular which, even in these days of Jew-baiting, we read with astonishment. He had made himself one of the best-hated men in Germany; he had not secured the general acceptance of any of his works; he was a proscribed revolutionist, a wanderer in strange countries—when he put the climax to his audacity by proposing to write an opera four nights long, inviting the world to build a theater expressly for its representation, and calling upon the foremost artists of the German stage, which he had been abusing for so many years, to come and sing in it for nothing. With difficulty he had persuaded the German public to listen to him now and then in the intervals of other amusement; and now he asked them to travel to one of the most remote and inconvenient towns of Bavaria, for the purpose of hearing his music at a price about one hundred and fifty times as great as they were accustomed to pay for their favorite operas. Truly it may be said that his impudence was colossal.

But he succeeded. He has compelled people to listen to his operas and to like them. He has found powerful supporters among the Jews, who hate him. He has half-conquered the English, who are deeply affronted by his criticism of Mendelssohn; and at last he is forcing his music even into the ears of unwilling Paris. If it is too soon to say that he has destroyed the old form of opera and established another, we can at least affirm that he has profoundly affected the methods of all

serious lyric composers of the day, even against their will. Since "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" it has been out of the question to write any more operas of the Bellini pattern. It is true that the reforms of Wagner were prefigured by Gluck a hundred years ago; but Gluck founded no school, nor could his majestic works keep the stage. It is true also that Wagnerism is only a manifestation of the tendency observable in all music since Beethoven to sacrifice mere beauty of form for the sake of the free expression of emotion; but Wagner has fixed that tendency, defined it, intensified it, and applied it to the music which appeals most forcibly to popular feeling—the music of the stage. His theories have been so often explained that it cannot be necessary to review them here; but it may be interesting, now that we are summoned to wait upon him again at Bayreuth, to examine some of the devices by which he has made his strange and—as men used to call it—his abstruse music intelligible and effective.

His first rule is that, as the poem and the melody ought to express the same feeling and proceed together from a common creative impulse, neither should be asked to give way to the other. A tune which is independent of the text is as much out of place in his music-drama as declamation which is not musical. Now, of course, it is often a matter of opinion whether a given musical phrase fits a given verse or not; but there are many practices of the Italian composers which are hardly open to discussion. We tolerate them because we are used to them; but nobody denies that they are flagrant offenses against dramatic propriety and destructive of poetical sentiment. Convention established for the old composers a set pattern of airs and *ensemble* pieces, and prescribed a certain distribution of these pieces at intervals which had no connection with the progress of the drama; and convention also decreed that the formal tunes in an opera should be separated and kept in shape by the interposition of intervals of rubbish, or musical noise, just as eggs are kept from knocking against one another by a packing of straw. For an example of the ruinous effect of such abuses we can do no better than refer to the greatest of all composers of Italian opera,—Mozart,—almost the only musician, except Beethoven, of whom Wagner habitually speaks with reverence. In "Don Giovanni" there is a famous tragic scene for *Donna Anna*. Her lover has deserted her and has slain her father. But it happens that the crisis of her agony comes on just at that mid-period of the opera when convention exacts that the *prima-donna* shall have what is called a dramatic *scena* and *aria*, made

upon a certain model, so as to exhibit, first, the breadth of her style in a slow movement, and then the agility of her execution in a florid allegro. *Donna Anna* accordingly laments her misfortunes in the tender strains of the *Non mi dir*, until suddenly, without any dramatic reason, but only because it is time for the quick second part, she steps briskly to the footlights, dries her eyes, and with the exclamation, "*Forse un giorno il cielo ancora sentirà pietà di me*" (Well, perhaps it will be all right some day), she rushes into the *allegretto*. On the last syllable of *sentirà* she performs a series of ascending and descending runs, embracing no fewer than one hundred and five notes and covering nine bars of the score. Somebody—was it not Rousseau?—defended the introduction of roulades in emotional passages, on the plea that the effect of intense feeling was to choke the voice and retard articulation. In the stress of feeling *Donna Anna* seems to become phenomenally voluble, without saying anything. The result of Mozart's complaisance to fashion has been most unfortunate. The air is beautiful, but it does not charm. It has become mere prima-donna music. It stirs no sentiment of pity. In listening, we forget the drama, we forget the heroine, we forget the melody, we forget Mozart; we think only of the skill of the singer, and watch for the dangerous passages with uneasy interest, just as we await the supreme moment of a trapeze performance when the gymnast is to hang by the toes. Here, then, is a superb piece of music ruined by incongruity; and the author is that illustrious and exquisite genius whose taste is usually so elegant, whose tenderness is so natural, and whose sentiment is so pure and deep. Is it not principally because this famous scene has fallen to the level of a show-piece that *Donna Anna* is one of the least sympathetic of all the great soprano rôles?

Now contrast the chief emotional scene of "*Don Giovanni*" with the chief emotional scene of "*Lohengrin*"—the long duo in the bridal chamber, which touches so wide a range of feeling, from the quiet of newly wedded bliss to the tragedy of the eternal separation. It is full of soft and graceful melody which springs naturally out of the text. Not a measure is added for the sake of ornament, or to give a pretty turn to a phrase, or to indulge the vanity of the singers. And how perfectly the music illustrates and enforces the dramatic situation; how profoundly it moves our sympathies; how dear *Elsa* becomes to us as it proceeds; how little we care about her vocalization and how much we are concerned by her happiness, her temptation, her fault, and her punishment. What a shock a cavatina would be in that

scene; how rudely it would dispell our illusions and chill our hearts!

The second of Wagner's devices for increasing the effect of his music is the employment of "leading motives," short melodic phrases or harmonic combinations which symbolize the principal springs of action in the drama, and recur from time to time as the ideas or the personages associated with them enter into the development of the poem. That music constructed in accordance with this plan is capable of extraordinary suggestiveness, and is therefore especially fitted to arouse the imagination and the feelings, is obvious; but it needs a master to prevent the motives from interfering with the flow of the song or wearying the ear by repetition. The first of these dangers Wagner escapes by placing the illustrative phrases rather in the orchestral accompaniment than in the vocal parts; and he avoids monotony by the ingenuity with which he modifies, combines, and develops the motives, in harmony with the varying impulses of the play. An industrious German musician, Herr von Wolzogen, has published a table of all the leading motives in the quadruple drama of "*The Ring of the Nibelung*." He finds that there are ninety, and that they diminish progressively in number as the work goes on, the first division having thirty-five and the last only thirteen of its own. "Thus," says an English critic, "the '*Götterdämmerung*' has, with small relief, to bear the burden of repeating themes heard over and over again." But most of those who have listened to the opera probably regard this repetition as a great advantage; it revives for them the image of previous scenes; it recalls the remote causes of the impending dramatic catastrophe; it accompanies the story with vivid illustrations, yet never interrupts it; and it is managed so artfully that the recurring motives constantly present themselves in a new dress or a new relation. Probably nobody ever thought of objecting to the funeral march of Siegfried in the "*Götterdämmerung*" that it repeats themes heard over and over again; and yet this imposing composition, which is both musically and dramatically one of the most effective of all Wagner's creations, is built entirely upon twelve of the chief leading motives—most of them very familiar—which occur in the various divisions of the work. The march contains hardly a new phrase, and yet the whole effect is novel.

A third and highly important feature of Wagner's reform is the stress which he lays upon poetic and picturesque effect in the decoration and business of the stage. This has no relation to the Crummies theory of the real

pump and wash-tubs. It is the antithesis of vulgar realism. Regarding the opera as an extremely complex work of art, in which the poet, the musician, the actor, the painter, ought to unite in an equal partnership for the production of a certain result, Wagner insists that nothing which any of these agents can do to heighten the illusion shall ever be neglected. The countless absurdities of the lyric stage, over which wits have so long made merry, are unnecessary, and they are unpardonable. That the poet may well leave something to the imagination of his listener is no doubt true; even Wagner is not successful with Fricka's rams or with Siegfried's dragon; but to arouse our sense of the ridiculous, when the object is to touch our serious emotions, is quite another thing. Why do the chorus-singers in "Faust" always stand motionless in opposed ranks while they cry, "We are dancing like the wind"? Why do the revelers in the house of *Violetta* sup hilariously at a table loaded with empty dishes? If we cannot sympathize with the personages in the "Ballo in Maschera," is it not because we are laughing at Verdi's astonishing picture of the manners and customs of the solid men of Massachusetts Bay, in the days when "Richard, Count of Warwick, and Governor of Boston, in America," gave fancy-dress balls to the Puritan colonists, went about attended by a blonde young woman in tights, consulted a sorceress living in a cut granite cabin, with ceilings at least twenty feet high, and was dogged by two ferocious conspirators named Sam and Tom, who notified their nefarious purpose by wearing slouched hats at all times, and conversing apart in bass voices, with eyes aslant and black cloaks thrown over their shoulders, regardless of the place, the company, or the weather? Not long ago, when one of Wagner's own operas, "The Flying Dutchman," was presented in New York, the stage-manager was not ashamed to decorate the cottage of the Norwegian skipper with a colored map of the United States, having pictures of our principal curiosities of nature and architecture displayed around the border, and a table of population snugly bestowed in the belly of the Gulf of Mexico. As none of Wagner's theatrical devices have ever been carried out in America according to his instructions, it may be worth while to examine them a little, and especially to see how he manages one of the most striking of stage effects, namely, a sudden and complete change of landscape, light, color, and accessories, to meet a corresponding change in the sentiment of the music and the progress of the story.

The central idea of "Tannhäuser" is the

contrast between a degrading sensual passion and the saving love of a pure, noble, and devout woman. The first scene sets the key for the whole opera. When the curtain rises, showing the minstrel knight reclining at the knee of *Venus*, the stage represents the interior of that mountain of lawless delights, where the goddess, surviving the destruction of the other pagan divinities, still tempts men to everlasting ruin. It is a garden bathed in rosy light and hung with soft-tinted clouds. Mysterious vistas open in the background, where naiads are floating on a distant lake, and lovers wander arm in arm, or rest with the nymphs on grassy banks. A chorus far away chants gentle songs of invitation. Everything suggests the specious allurements of luxurious languor. A troop of bacchantes are summoned forth to flog drowsy delight into life, and as they dart hither and thither in a tumultuous dance the music quickens into frenzy. But the pleasures of the *Venusberg* are fleeting; weariness creeps upon the dancers; a mist gathers over the bowers, and only *Venus* and *Tannhäuser* are left in the foreground. There are objections to this scene; but of its dramatic force, its importance as an element in the story, and its necessity as an explanation of the accompanying music there can hardly be two opinions. Yet the last time the opera was performed in New York, the whole of this poetical introduction was played by the orchestra with the curtain down; and of course it was incomprehensible and tiresome. The scene between *Tannhäuser* and *Venus*, which follows the melting away of the vision of nymphs and bacchantes, depends largely for its effect upon the recollection of the preceding scene. Suddenly, when the passion of the duo is at its height, the goddess disappears with a cry, the clouds break away, and *Tannhäuser* lies alone in a smiling pastoral valley. The landscape glows with honest sunlight. Sheep-bells are heard in the distance. A shepherd on the hill-side pipes a rustic song of May. There is a shrine by the path; and from the castle seen on the heights far off a train of pilgrims approach, singing a hymn. The beauty and significance of this sharp contrast of effects and the suddenness of the change are characteristic of Wagner; and the reader will not forget that the two pictures represent the two contending principles of good and evil, between which the fate of the knight is to be suspended until the close of the drama.

"Lohengrin" contains a similar effect, of which we have seen in our opera-house only a faint suggestion. *Ortrud* is the evil principle of that drama, and the fatal plot is woven by her in a remarkable night-scene under

*Elsa's* window. Wagner manages the transition from the night of treachery and foreboding to the splendor and rejoicings of the wedding day with consummate art. We see the first flush of dawn followed by the glow of sunrise; the trumpets sound on the castle-walls, and there is something in their bright tones that suggests the freshness of the morning air; the court-yard gradually fills with bustle; the women pass from the bride's chamber toward the church, and presently broad gates are flung wide and the royal pageant comes forth. We have never seen this as it ought to be, for on our stage the business has been neglected and the music has been curtailed. "The Ring of the Nibelung" is so filled with picturesque and suggestive changes that one is at a loss which to choose for illustration. Perhaps one of the most delicate and purely romantic occurs in the duo of *Siegmond* and *Sieglinde*—or "Siegmond's Love Song," as it is generally called—in "The Valkyrie." The hero, wounded and lost in the forest on a stormy night, takes refuge in a rude dwelling, where the trunk of a mighty ash penetrates and supports the roof; skins are spread upon the floor and barbaric trophies of the chase decorate the walls. Here he is tended and revived by a beautiful woman. The room is lighted only by a fire which smolders and flickers on an open, raised hearth; and to realize the effect of this scene we must remember that not only is the stage obscured, but the auditorium is absolutely dark. The love of *Siegmond* and *Sieglinde* is weighted with mystery, fear, and portents of tragedy; and it begins aptly in the uncertain gloom, as the noise of the tempest outside is dying away. But passion rises; the music becomes more animated, more rhythmical, and more sensuous; suddenly a gust of wind bursts open the wide doors at the back of the scene, and the room is flooded with moonlight. The storm has passed. There is a vista of the woods bathed in silvery glory. It is a night made for love and romance. The hero draws the woman to his side and begins the well-known song:

"Winter storms have waned  
At the wakening May,  
And mildly spreads  
His splendor the spring."

And so the scene quickens to its rapturous climax. The effect is entrancing; and it is not easy to say whether it is more by the beauty of the picture, or the charm of the music, or close coincidence, or artful contrast, that Wagner inflames the imagination.

Probably the boldest of all his devices for heightening a change of sentiment in the

drama, by a simultaneous change in the character of the music and the aspect of the stage, occurs in the new opera of "*Parsifal*." It is used twice: first in the beginning of the work, and again, with a fuller development, in the *finale*. As in "*Tannhäuser*" and "*Lohengrin*," there is a conflict here between good and evil, and *Parsifal* must triumph over the magician, *Klingsor*, and the temptress, *Kundry*, before he can enter upon the illustrious function of guardian of the Holy Grail. He has passed through the trial; he has repelled the seductions of enchantment and sensuality; he has reached the wood which lies outside Monsalvat, the castle of the Grail, and there he is clad in the armor and mantle which distinguish the knights of the Cup of the Lord's Supper. Then he ascends toward the castle, guided by an aged knight and followed by the penitent *Kundry*. At this moment the landscape begins slowly to change. The lake, the thicket, and the grove disappear. We see a succession of rocky slopes, with *Parsifal* still climbing upward, and arched passages traversed by processions of knights. Certain musical themes, which have been associated all through the opera with the worship of the Grail and with its miraculous power, are treated now in an extended and most imposing form. The solemn march is accompanied by soft harmonies of trombones, distant peals of bells, and the chant of the knights; and as the religious strains increase in grandeur and intensity, faint at first and swelling as we seem to come nearer, the stage gradually assumes the appearance of a splendid hall, lighted from a lofty dome and filled with parade. Here the opera ends with an act of worship; as the curtain falls the orchestra ceases, and the hymn of the Grail is softly chanted by boys' voices from the invisible height of the dome.

It is only necessary to describe a few scenes like this to vindicate Wagner's title to lasting renown. To invent such a combination of music, poetry, painting, machinery, and action is the achievement of a genius. Other composers have adroitly enhanced the effect of their music by occasional ingenuity in the arrangement of the stage; but Wagner is the first to understand the higher functions of the scene-painter, the carpenter, and the gas man.

The foregoing pages have been confined to an attempt to illustrate Wagner's method of making operas, and have had little to do with the quality of his texts or his plots. This is an independent subject. He holds that the only fit themes for the composer are the myth and the popular legend. Few poets will be impelled to agree with him by the study of his example; for while he seems to be always growing greater

in the brilliancy and beauty of his musical ideas, the strength and magnificence of his musical treatment, and the originality of his musical and pictorial combinations, there is too much reason to fear that his poetical faculty is becoming more and more distorted. This is easily accounted for by his persistent adherence to certain forms of the myth. The supernatural is effective in poetry only when it comes into contact with the life of our world. Wagner remembered this important truth when he connected the doom of his *Flying Dutchman* with the simple trust and sacrifice of *Senta*; when he saved *Tannhäuser* through the womanly devotion of *Elizabeth*, and placed by the white figure of *Lohengrin* the loving and purely human *Elsa*. "Tristram and Iseult," with its pivotal idea of a love-philter, marked the first serious divergence into a lonely path which he has since pursued to such bad purpose that now, in his splendid maturity, he separates himself from human sympathies and creates a series of characters whose thoughts and passions are not those of the race to which we belong. In the four-fold opera of the "Nibelung" there is nobody except *Brünhilde* in whom we can take a personal interest, and we care for her only because she is such a magnificent creature when she is mad. In "Parsifal," the remoteness of the personages from whatever touches the heart of mankind is absolute. They are the vaporous symbols of a mystical and ill-defined idea. That an opera should be unsympathetic is, according to Wagner's own principles, a terrible blemish. But this is not the only evil consequence

of his devotion to the myth. As he has gradually withdrawn himself from the atmosphere of reality to muse over gods and volungs and abstractions, he has lost a great deal of that perception of the existing conditions of society—in other words, that common-sense—which the dramatist must preserve if his works are to be acted. Some of the very scenes we have described as illustrations of his wonderful art of doing things might just as well be taken to illustrate his deplorable lack of judgment as to the things that ought to be done. In dim legendary periods certain actions were tolerable which our civilization does not willingly look at. Wagner has always been prone to forget this. Some of the stage directions in "Tannhäuser" could not be obeyed, at least in their spirit, in any American or English theater. As for the gross divinities and incestuous heroes of the "Nibelung," they are now and then unfit for decent company. But the most appalling example of Wagner's growing insensibility to causes of offense is seen in "Parsifal." We have there a ceremony of baptism; we have a Magdalen wiping *Parsifal's* feet with her hair; but the dramatic motive and culminating scene of the work is the celebration of the eucharist. The knight, as has been already observed, is not installed until he has been tempted. So the dances of disheveled wantons lead up to the most solemn act of divine worship; the can-can and the holy communion are represented on the same boards, without a thought that there can be an impropriety in acting either.

John R. G. Hassard.

### TRIUMPH.

THE dawn came in through the bars of the blind,—

And the winter's dawn is gray,—

And said: However you cheat your mind,  
The hours are flying away.

A ghost of a dawn, and pale and weak—

Has the sun a heart, I said,

To throw a morning flush on the cheek

Whence a fairer flush has fled?

As a gray rose-leaf that is fading white

Was the cheek where I set my kiss;

And on that side of the bed all night

Death had watched, and I on this.

I kissed her lips, they were half apart,

Yet they made no answering sign;

Death's hand was on her failing heart,

And his eyes said: She is mine.

I set my lips on the blue-veined lid,

Half-veiled by her death-damp hair;

And oh, for the violet depths it hid,

And the light I longed for there!

Faint day and the fainter life awoke,

And the night was overpast;

And I said: Though never in life you spoke,

Oh, speak with a look at last!

For the space of a heart-beat fluttered her breath,

As a bird's wing spread to flee;

She turned her weary arms to Death,

And the light of her eyes to me.

H. C. Bunner.

## TOPICS OF THE TIME.

### The Metropolitan Museum and its Director.

A DISCUSSION concerning the Cesnola Collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art has been in progress during the last two years in the columns of many of the leading newspapers and reviews of America. The time has come when it seems to us our duty briefly to review the controversy, and to tell what we ourselves have learned of the facts by personal investigation. As to the importance of the subject there can be no doubt, for not only the integrity of the Cesnola Collection is involved, but no less the entire management of a museum which we have been taught, by its promoters themselves, to regard as a public institution of the highest dignity and influence—a museum which rightly aspires to be the leading institution of its kind in the New World.

In the month of August, 1880, the charges against the integrity of the Cesnola Collection first appeared in the "Art Amateur." They were immediately and positively denied by General di Cesnola in the newspapers. They were also denied by him, generally and specifically, before a committee appointed by the Trustees.\* Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent, who made the charges, is a dealer and expert in coins and antiquities, and a son of M. Feuardent of the well-known Paris house of Rollin & Feuardent. He at first refused to come before this committee. "Without taking any exception to the composition of your committee," he wrote, "permit me to say that common fairness, as well as the precedents usually observed in such cases, seem to me to require that I should have the opportunity of naming at least one of the gentlemen who are to sit in judgment on the charges publicly made by me,"—adding that he would be satisfied if he were allowed to name at least one additional member of the committee, who might, if the committee preferred, "be taken from the number of the Trustees of the Museum." The committee replied that they had no power to add to their numbers, and Mr. Feuardent finally consented to appear. The committee published a report (dated January 26th, 1881) completely exonerating General di Cesnola.

Not long after the committee's report was issued Mr. Feuardent began the publication of a series of illustrated "cards" which were intended as proofs that the committee had not reported strictly according to the facts. Other testimony was also made public contradicting the statements made by General di Cesnola before the committee. In the month of April, 1882, a pamphlet appeared, written by Mr. Clarence Cook, and published by Mr. Feuardent, bringing new charges against the Cesnola Collection, including the two statues, the Aphrodite and Eros, No. 32, and statue No. 39, which were said to be made up of unrelated fragments, probably by Cypriote dealers before they came into di Cesnola's possession. At about the same time were published several letters by

Mr. A. Duncan Savage, formerly the Director's first assistant, in special charge of the antiquities, and the most important witness in favor of General di Cesnola during the examination of 1881. In these letters Mr. Savage said that he found he had been mistaken in asserting that there were no restorations in the Cesnola Collection. "When," said he, "I discover my positive declaration that no restorations exist is false, through the discovery of many and serious restorations, students of archaeology have a right to demand that I correct my mistake." Mr. Savage in addition gave lists of thirty restorations, without touching upon those charged by Mr. Feuardent, and stated that the two janitors had been discharged for pointing out restorations to him.

Up to the moment of the appearance of Mr. Savage's first letter we had ourselves neither formed nor expressed a conclusive opinion in regard to this unhappy controversy. Believing General di Cesnola's assistant to be an honest and sincere man, we naturally felt that, even if the charges against di Cesnola were true (of which, however, we were not convinced), no great additional harm could come to the collection so long as Mr. Savage retained his connection with it. Moreover, in the height of the early controversy Mr. Savage (then and until after the publication of his recent letters a stranger to us) personally assured us that if he should find to be untrue a certain important statement, made by the defense, he would resign his position.

When, therefore, we read Mr. Savage's first letter in the New York "Times," we determined to find out for ourselves, if possible, the exact situation of affairs. On account of illustrative work at the time in hand, and other work proposed, it was, moreover, absolutely necessary for the editor of this magazine to be assured as to the trustworthiness of the Cypriote antiquities, as discovered and exhibited by General di Cesnola. We could not, of course, ourselves examine every object in the collection, but we had to know whether, if we engraved one of the Cesnola antiquities, we could take the word of the Director for the fact that the object contained no restoration whatever. We must also know how far we could rely upon General di Cesnola's word as to the place and condition in which the object was discovered. In order to arrive at a just conclusion, we have taken no little pains to get at the facts as presented by both sides of the controversy.

### THE ORIGINAL CHARGES.

In the first place, what is the nature of the charges? It should be remarked that repairing is generally understood to be the joining together of parts which have been broken asunder, while restoring is understood to be the imitation of missing forms in new material. The charges were of "deceptive alterations and unintelligent restorations." It was charged not only that fragments have been wrongly put together (wrong heads

\*The Committee of Inquiry consisted of President Barnard of Columbia College, Judge Charles P. Daly, the Rev. Dr. R. D. Hitchcock, J. Q. A. Ward, sculptor (Trustee), and W. C. Prime (Trustee).

\* Besides the general charges, the committee took up nine specific charges.

attached to bodies, etc.), but that lines of juncture have been hidden; also that restorations have been made and hidden from the eye. It was charged that steel tools had been applied to the surface of antiquities, and that an effort had been made throughout to give the collection a better appearance than it would have had if these things had not been done. Here is the final paragraph of Mr. Feuardent's article in "The Art Amateur" of August, 1880: "In conclusion, I desire to state that I have endeavored to place before the public some positive facts, and some theories. It must be understood that I am only a dealer in antiquities, and not a 'savant,' so, while I can guarantee the exactitude of the facts in the case, I leave others to judge the value of the theories. But I will add, addressing those who take an interest in the Museum of Art: you have an invaluable collection of antiquities in this Museum, although the specimens you possess cannot serve as art-models. They are of the utmost importance for the history of the art and mythology of the ancients. They are enduring documents of stone, but they are valuable only when they are reliable. If restorations are to be made, let such restorations be properly indicated and labeled on the objects. Only by so doing will you preserve the collection and keep up its value. Antiquities, especially of this class, need not be 'beautified'; they are only valuable because they teach us the customs and manners of the people who made them, and they must be absolutely trustworthy in the information they give. In fixing together fragments which are honestly believed to have belonged to each other, good work may be done; though it is important to indicate the condition of the object when found, in order to prevent any possible misconception. But, to amalgamate various pieces, strangers to each other, in order to complete an object, and not publicly to indicate it, is not only bad faith, but positive vandalism. To endeavor to increase interest in a collection by deceptive alterations or restorations can only be called a miscalculation, a profanation, or a fraud."

#### THE DENIALS.

All these charges have been distinctly and repeatedly denied by General di Cesnola, and the Committee of 1881 and the Board of Trustees are pledged to the truth of these denials. The following paragraphs are from General di Cesnola's signed statement, dated January 1st, 1881 (the italics throughout this paper are our own):

"The general charges are, in brief, that the collection contains 'a long list of restorations' of statues and objects in stone, which are characterized as 'worked up in order to give a better appearance to the collection.' My answer is: In the entire collection I have not made a single restoration of any object or part of any object in stone, and there exist, in the whole collection of thousands of objects, so far as I know, only two instances of such restoration, neither of which is by me. There are also only two restorations among the potteries, not necessary to be here described. The instances in stone objects are as follows:

I. Case FF.: Inscription No. 16.—A slab found in fragments, part wanting, repaired and missing portion restored by the repairer of the British Museum, without my knowledge, while it was in London, by request or with consent of my brokers' agent (the present accuser). The restoration is correct.\*

II. Case 24: No. 43.—Upper corner of *Ædicula* correctly restored by some one, unknown to me, while the Museum was in Fourteenth Street.

"I know of no other instance of restoration in the collection. \* \* \*

"I sum up my reply in a few statements:

"First—There is no instance in the entire collection of a retouching or tampering with the surface of any object.

"Second—There are but two instances of restorations among stone objects and two among potteries in the entire collection, namely, those above described. I say this only to contradict the charge of 'unintelligent restorations.' I should have been fully justified in following the universal custom of European museums in restoring missing portions of objects, especially points of noses on heads otherwise perfect and fine. I have abstained from so doing, leaving restorations to the future pecuniary ability of the Museum.

"Third—Repairs of broken objects have been made with cement invented for our own use to stand the New-York climate, which leaves a film of less than one-fortieth of an inch between fragments brought together. The surface of the lines of repair has been covered with water and air-proof cement, to preserve the inner cement from swelling and loosening, this being needed by the peculiar porous calcareous stone of Cyprus; and this is done in accordance with the proper custom of archaeological museums."

President Barnard asked General di Cesnola, before the committee, whether it was not a duty sometimes to make restorations. In his reply the Director stated: "I am personally opposed to making restorations." We quote as follows:

"PRESIDENT BARNARD. You did not make the repairs to the statuary yourself?

"GENERAL DI CESNOLA. I was responsible for them and they were made under my supervision. We have about a ton of fragments, but we are not sure as to exactly how they belong together. In every case of repairs I was personally satisfied that it was correctly done, and nothing of importance was done in the way of repairs when I was not present. I have visited the repair shops fifty times in one day."

The committee's report followed minutely the line of General di Cesnola's defense, and declared that "each and all of the charges" were "without foundation, that there have been no restorations and no cutting or engraving of objects, but simply repairs by the replacing and reunion of such original fragments as existed and could be identified," adding, in reference to the whole collection, that they had "found nothing in their investigation to cast a shadow on its reputation." The committee said also that if the Director "had erred at all" it had been "in too rigidly refraining from making repairs whose correctness was reasonably certain." Furthermore, the Board of Trustees passed the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the President be requested to communicate to the Director the assurance that this investigation has been made solely because of his urgent

\* In referring to this slab, as showing restoration, the Director implies a definition of the word to which we do not propose to hold him. We should say that the slab showed repair, rather than restoration, as the broken parts are simply held together by what seems to be plaster inserted flat to fill up the breaks, and with no attempt to round out the missing human forms. We do not know why the Director failed to mention the north end of the Amathus sarcophagus, which is frankly repaired in the same manner. This sarcophagus is evidently *restored* as well as *repaired*.

† "New York Tribune," Jan. 6, 1881.

and repeated demand that it be made, and not for the satisfaction of the Trustees, *who have always known the falsehood of the published charges, and who have never ceased to entertain the highest confidence in his devotion and faithfulness to the interests, not alone of the Museum, but of truth in art, scholarship, and history.*"

#### EXAMINATION OF CERTAIN CHARGES.

On the 28th of March, 1882, the two statues Nos. 32 and 39 were placed in the middle of the main hall, and "members of the Museum, the public, and especially editors of public journals, sculptors, workers in stone, scholars, and all persons interested in the truthfulness of archaeological objects," were "invited to make the most careful examination of the statues."

As to the charge made by Messrs. Cook and Feuardent that not merely the feet and lower parts of No. 39, but the main part of these two statues, were built up of unrelated fragments (probably by Cypriote dealers)—we had examined, with the eye only, these statues in their cases before a knife or chisel had been applied by sculptor or stone-cutter, and had told several of the Trustees that we were not convinced by Messrs. Cook and Feuardent's arguments, and therefore should be astonished if the charges were correct. We therefore were not surprised when closer examination, by others more competent than ourselves, confirmed our opinion—though we fear that the question cannot be considered as definitely settled without a more thorough use of chemicals and baths than has yet been made. If it should be considered as established, by the printed informal reports, that Mr. Feuardent and Mr. Cook are mistaken on this point, it is, of course, an error which will justly affect the reputation of these gentlemen for judgment in such matters, especially as their language was so positive and injurious.\* But such a mistake in opinion as this would not affect other ascertained facts with regard to these very statues, nor other ascertained facts concerning other objects in the collection.

We ourselves were not only generally, but personally and particularly invited to take part in one of the late inquiries, and during their progress we urged the authorities to make the examination formal and sweeping. But they refused to do this, assuming at that time—which, be it remembered, was after the discoveries of Mr. Savage—to be still perfectly satisfied with the conduct of the Director. Discerning, as we did, in what spirit these inquiries were promoted by the authorities, they had to us the air of an attempt to distract attention from other damaging accusations made by Messrs. Feuardent and Cook, and from the fact that Mr. Savage's discoveries had proved true the charges concerning the existence of restorations. Even if not so intended, this was exactly the effect upon the uninformed part of the public, and the public was just so far misled and deceived. We have to say, in addition, that before the report of the informal committee appeared not a little stress was laid upon the opinions of the sculptors St. Gaudens and Warner, and that the solicited opinions of those gentlemen—opinions, it has been publicly stated, less

favorable in some respects to the Director than those of the other sculptors—were omitted from the report; nor have they, up to the time of writing, been given to the public, although called for in the public press. Now, we maintain that the public is not interested in "catching" Messrs. Feuardent and Cook, on the one hand, or General di Cesnola on the other. What is desired is a knowledge of the Director's treatment of the entire Cesnola Collection; of his trustworthiness as the historian and guardian of that collection; and of his ability to "direct" faithfully and intelligently a great public museum of art.

Let us now consider what the situation was at the Museum previous to March 28th, 1882. The visitor to the Museum who had taken the word of the Director, the Committee of 1881, and the Board of Trustees for the facts, would expect to find there no restorations whatever, among the stone objects, except in the two objects mentioned by General di Cesnola in his published reply dated January 1st, 1881. But, where broken fragments were put together, he would expect that there would be no attempt to hide the lines of juncture, as this was one of the points considered by the Committee of 1881. The first of Mr. Feuardent's accusations, considered by the Committee of 1881, includes the assertion that "the points of junction [in statue No. 22], which were left quite apparent then, have been completely hidden, so that the statue looks as if it had been found perfect." In the affidavit of Mr. Cox (the photographer formerly employed by the Museum), to which the committee referred in their report, it is stated as follows: "As regards the covering up of evidence of restorations with stone, plaster-of-Paris, etc., I myself furnished Mr. Balliard [the present repairer of the Museum], on his own request, with sulphate of iron, which I know he used with other materials to color the stone or plaster at the points of junction of the parts, after it had been made rough with the file or graver's tool."

The fact is, however, that whoever visited the Museum during the month of March, 1882 (unless he were an expert in such matters), could find no surface indications at all of either repairs or restorations in the entire list of stone objects, with the exception of the north end of the Amathus sarcophagus, and the slab mentioned by General di Cesnola as having been put together by the repairer of the British Museum. These repairs (not restorations), we say, were, up to March 28th, the only apparent ones in the entire collection of stone objects. No restorations whatever among the stone objects were evident to the untrained eye, nor was there, so far as we know or can find out, a single card on any object to tell of any restoration, nor was a single restoration mentioned in the hand-books of the Museum.

Except two of the sarcophagi, all the exhibited objects of the Cesnola Collection are kept in glass cases, for protection, it is claimed, from the disintegrating effects of the American climate. After the 28th of March the visitor to the Museum found statues Nos. 32 and 39 taken from their cases and placed in the middle of the main hall. But we ourselves can testify that, as thus displayed, these two statues presented quite a new appearance to the eye. The neck of the Venus had been washed, and small triangular pieces had been removed from the head-dress, showing for the first time the

\* No. 32 was declared to be "a fraudulent patchwork of unrelated parts," and No. 39 to be "built up of several fragments belonging originally to different statues of various sizes."

line of juncture between the head and neck. The most striking change was in the feet and base of No. 39, which, having been washed and scraped for separate exhibition, were now discovered to be made up of large and small pieces of stone and plaster. This statue had been previously illustrated with an apparently different base, and without heels, and with a small piece of drapery missing, and it was exhibited in Fourteenth street without any feet or base at all. According to the explanation now given, all of the stone-wall visible below the drapery, a large part of the base, and several inches of the drapery over the right foot, are new. The only antique part of either foot is the front of the foot to the middle of the instep in one, and to a little back of the middle in the other; the back part of each foot up to the wall is made of newly carved stone, with some plaster inserted in the left foot to help round out the shape. Before the 28th of March there was a gash visible in the drapery at the side of the right ankle; but the feet and base showed otherwise no lines of juncture either with the upper part of the statue or between the various pieces of which they are composed. The feet and base *appeared* to be all part of the original statue, and there was no visual reason to suppose that they had ever been separated therefrom, unless the gash in the drapery were taken as such an indication. The lower part of the statue was tinted and treated not only so that the lines of juncture could not be seen, but so that the feet and base, stone, plaster and all, had a general resemblance in color and texture to the upper part of the statue.

The feet, base, and lower portion of the drapery of No. 39 had, in fact, been "partly remade," and the restoration had been hidden from sight. But the public had been told by General di Cesnola and the Examining Committee of 1881 that no part of any stone object was "restored" by him. Not only that—but the lower portion of this very statue was brought into question before the Committee of 1881 by means of the sworn affidavit of Mr. Cox, the photographer. A statement of the repairer Balliard was made public, at the time of the examination of 1881, that "the only thing done to it [the statue] was to place a piece of stone in the rear to support the figure." But it was not stated that this block was carved into the shape of human feet, and into the shape of drapery, and that, of course, was the important point at issue. We have been told that there was some confusion in Mr. Cox's verbal testimony; but in his published affidavit Mr. Cox stated: "The restoration of the large headless statue, holding a cow's head, which is illustrated in full page in General di Cesnola's book, was too much for Mr. Balliard's skill as a stone-cutter. *The feet which are now on the statue are partly remade.* The work was done by a stone-cutter who was brought into the Museum for the purpose. The pedestal of this statue is now of stone, and it and the feet are one piece." Yet, in speaking of this charge and of one other, and referring directly to the affidavit, the committee reported: "These [objects] the committee examined, and find the charges in relation to them to be *without the slightest foundation.*"\*

\* It should be added that one of the janitors has since publicly confirmed Mr. Cox's testimony about the stone-cutter who was brought into the building. If the Director's statement to a "Herald" reporter is to be taken literally—that it became neces-

It is not only apparent that statue No. 39 has been "restored" in order that it may "stand on its feet," but that statue No. 32, of which the lower part is missing, has had a slice of its drapery sawn off, so that it may stand on its wooden pedestal. The statue thus treated has been described by its discoverer as "of a pure and very excellent style" of Greek Art. We, ourselves, have found, moreover, by comparison with early photographs, that it has been customary to saw off the lower parts of detached heads so that they also may stand on their pedestals.

We will now return to Mr. Savage's charges. In his letters to "The Times," he reports his discovery of twenty-nine restorations in seventeen pieces of stone sculpture, and one restoration in a terra-cotta statuette. Of these, three were discovered in the stone objects by himself, and all the others were discovered by him through the janitors. Of this latter group twelve restorations in six pieces of stone sculpture were tested by him. In a lecture on the Cesnola Collection, before the Ladies' Art Association, Mr. Savage stated, in effect, that he thought some of the charges brought against the collection extravagant and untrue, but that, after his experience, he would not pronounce a positive opinion on any piece of sculpture in the collection without examining it himself carefully, for "there are many restorations; these are serious; they were concealed; they have been denied." In his letter herewith published Mr. Savage makes other and very grave accusations.

The explanation offered as to the existence of the restorations discovered by Mr. Savage (though it is claimed that some of these are "repairs" merely) is that they were temporary and were made in the old Fourteenth street building; General di Cesnola's statement to Mr. Savage being that they were made during his absence in Cyprus, without his knowledge, and against his orders. But it is not claimed that statue No. 39 was restored in Fourteenth street, and the photographer and the two janitors testify that restorations were made in their presence, and under the Director's supervision, in the present building. Nor does it appear that the restorations made, or remade, in the present building were less radical and deceptive than those made in Fourteenth street. On the contrary, more pains were taken by Balliard, the present restorer, than by Gehlen, to hide repairs

sary to bore the statue's legs to insert supports, and to get the metal rod through the pedestal "without showing, it was deemed advisable to *bring the foot more under the body,*" then the left leg also must be partly new. The public has further reason to doubt the scientific accuracy of the examination and report of this committee. It is now acknowledged that they were mistaken in their report that the right hand of No. 22 is "a solid, unbroken part of the statue, against the side of which it is supported." But it was not acknowledged till after Mr. Feuardent's card No. 1, reproducing that portion of the photograph in the Corcoran Art Gallery, had been unfortunately pronounced a forgery by authorities of the Museum. It is a matter of sworn evidence that a copy of this photograph was preserved in the sample-book of photographs of the Museum till removed by the Director, after the appearance of Mr. Feuardent's card.—In regard to the sarcophagus of Golgoi, which has been twice repaired, we find grave discrepancies between the original photographs of it and the sarcophagus in its present condition. It is possible that these discrepancies may be occasioned by the temporary painting done on the sarcophagus in Cyprus for photographing. It should be said, however, that on the two unrepaired or slightly repaired sides we have not been able to find any serious discrepancies. This sarcophagus is the other object referred to in the Committee's reply to Mr. Cox's affidavit. We do not take up the others of the nine original points considered by the Committee, but merely remark that their report was largely based upon General di Cesnola's explanations.

and restorations from the eye. As to the work done by the former repairer, Gehlen, in Fourteenth street, the evidence is strong to the effect that Gehlen had to do only with the first Cesnola Collection; that the stone objects of this collection were got ready for the "opening," by Gehlen, under General di Cesnola, and that General di Cesnola did not go to Europe till after the "opening." \* We quote from Gehlen's own recently published testimony :

"I was a repairer at the Metropolitan Museum of Art when it was in Fourteenth street, and worked under the orders of General di Cesnola until the whole collection was ready. All that I did was under his command. He saw every day what I had done—the noses, heads, and different parts of the bodies which I had arranged. We took plaster-of-Paris; sometimes pieces of the same stone. Every day, I repent, he saw what was done. I am a draughtsman, and I kept as nearly as I could to what were the forms. General di Cesnola was so well satisfied that when he was in Cyprus he wrote me a letter of thanks for what I had done. I did not attempt to color the statues, but they are now quite different from what they were when I had finished with them."

Mr. Gehlen adds that only pottery was restored in Cesnola's absence, though by his command, and says :

"To shift any blame on me is most unjust on the part of General di Cesnola, for I never did anything without his orders. That he was perfectly satisfied with me I can prove by his letters. Mr. Hutchins ought to be called for. His testimony would fully substantiate what I have stated. Some of the statues, as they came to New York, had already been mended with plaster. Whether done in Cyprus or London, I do not know."

Mr. Hutchins, who was superintendent during part of the time at Fourteenth street, in his recently published statement says :

"What he [Gehlen] did was done under the direction of General Cesnola. The building-up here, making a foot for this statue, an arm for that, was done by the direction and by order of Cesnola."

The printed testimony of the head janitor, Charles Henkel, confirms the testimony of Gehlen, Hutchins, Alley, and Cox, as to the Director's knowledge of and responsibility for all restorations. We have ourselves obtained from Mr. Henkel, in addition, a brief statement of the case. According to Henkel it is true, as said in the last annual report, that the stone objects were cleaned after removal to the present building; but it is not true that this was done with a wash, as implied, of preventing the exhibition of restored objects. On the contrary, all the objects from which Gehlen's restorations were removed were restored over again by Balliard. In some instances Gehlen's restorations were retained, but were covered with a wash, as were all of Balliard's restorations. So far as Mr. Henkel can remember, the restorations made in the present building were more completely hidden than Mr. Gehlen's; for instance, the restoration of the small Hercules (No. 380), and the Priest (No. 39). Mr. Balliard, in washing over repairs, restorations, and sometimes the whole statue, used in the wash the stone-dust made by sawing up fragments, or

sawing pieces off the statuary. The object of recoloring a whole statue this way was to hide the discrepancy in color made by his insertions. For instance, the small Hercules was entirely repainted in this way, and so was the Sphinx (No. 35). Mr. Henkel adds that no stone objects were removed from exhibition until after the appearance of Mr. Feuardent's first charges; but that in the autumn, after those charges appeared, Mr. Balliard, by the General's order, removed from the cases two heads which had been restored by Gehlen. In these heads nothing was stone except the faces. The backs of the heads (including the ears in one at least) were made of plaster. At about the same time the General ordered some restored noses to be taken off,—but a good many were left on.\*

Concerning alleged wrong repairs, we give the following from the statement of the assistant janitor, Dickson D. Alley :

"As to the terra-cotta statuette, No. 829, about which Mr. Savage writes in his letter to 'The Times' of March 24, I can give the following explanation: On a table had been arranged quite a collection of small terra-cotta heads, which had been classed as Oriental, Greek, and Roman. General di Cesnola told me to find if I could a head for the body of a statuette which he put in my hands, and said that if I did not find the right head I might take any other head that would come near to it. I found four heads that might do, although none of them fitted, and so I selected the one I thought was nearest in size to the body. This head had a neck one-eighth of an inch too wide. I showed it to General di Cesnola, and he said, 'Just the very head,' and so Balliard filed down that neck and made it fit, and it is to-day much admired as the No. 829, though its neck, according to my judgment, is still a trifle too long; but I make no claims to being an archæologist, being only a printer by trade." †

Evidence has also been published strongly corroborating certain of Mr. Feuardent's original charges, not here alluded to; but we do not go into the details of these charges, for we wish to lay before our readers only facts which we consider unquestionably proved. In doing this we have not reprinted a tithe of the evidence tending to disprove General di Cesnola's signed denials and the report of the Committee of 1881, nor have we reprinted, or here first published, any evidence without verifying the same ourselves by examination of witnesses or of documents.

#### THE ARTISTIC AND ARCHÆOLOGICAL CONSIDERATIONS.

But how did such things come to pass ?

We can discover no evidence that General di Cesnola has any other claim to the holding of the four high offices of Trustee, Member of Executive Committee, Secretary, and Director of the Metropolitan Museum, than in his connection with the Cesnola Collection, or collections, which were bought from him at a total cost of about one hundred and thirty-nine thousand dollars, the last installment of which was paid to him after the annual report of 1881. We see no evidence of anything but (perfectly legitimate) speculation in his connection with that collection, which was dug and gathered by him in Cyprus, to which country he happened to be sent as Consul of the United States.

\* Taken from our own memorandum of interview with Charles Henkel, and marked "correct" by him.

† "New York Times," April 10, 1882.

\* See Annual Report, 1874.

We find that he was greatly assisted in the getting of so large a collection by his official position; in fact, that it would have been well-nigh impossible for him to have got it otherwise, and that he therefore announced his desire that the bulk of the collection should be secured to his adopted country. We find that by means of public auction in Europe, by sales of smaller collections to the Berlin Museum, the Cambridge Museum, the Kensington Museum, the Vienna Museum, and the Boston Museum, and by the large sales to the New York Museum (the first collection being bought by New York not till after failure to make a bargain with the British and other museums), General di Cesnola has doubtless secured a fair moneyed return for his labors in Cyprus, having also justly gained the reward of celebrity as the discoverer of Cypriote antiquities.

But General di Cesnola, before going to Cyprus, had led the life of a soldier. He had fought in three wars: in Italy, the Crimea, and the American Civil War. Energetic, skillful in winning and commanding men, and (on his own showing) quite unhampered by Anglo-Saxon scrupulosity—he was just the man to extract this antique loot from the Sultan's domains; he did it by methods of which a full and naïve account is furnished in his own work on "Cyprus." \* But those who read that book carefully will, we think, conclude with us that while General di Cesnola was undoubtedly the man to *get* the collection, he was not the man to take care of it; and that, least of all, has he the scholarly equipment, strict conscientiousness, accuracy, and artistic taste necessary for Director of a great art museum. He has treated his statues like a dragon, or, rather, let us say, like a martinet; he has brushed, touched, and patched them up to make a good appearance on parade—probably without at first fully realizing the harm he was doing. But, most melancholy of all, after doing it he has denied it, and even after the fullest private and public exposure, he has been sustained in his denials by gentlemen whose indorsement should be the amplest guarantee for the scrupulous fidelity of the official whom they publicly sustain and honor.

General di Cesnola was, we suppose, placed in charge of the whole Museum primarily because it was thought necessary to employ him to "put together" the fragmentary collection which had been bought from him; because, furthermore, of his executive ability, and probably also because of the *clat* of the name of the discoverer of the "Cesnola Collection." In his highly responsible and entirely novel position, a position for which his whole career had completely unfitted him, on the æsthetic side, it is not strange that he should have proved a failure.

\* See, for instance, "Cyprus," pages 208, 209. Also chapters I. and IX., where the General explains his manner of dealing with opposition of any kind. "From that day," says the author, "I had a grudge against the Caimakam of Larnaca, Genab Effendi, and I promised to repay him whenever an occasion should present itself." On pages 36 to 39 (chapter I.) will be found a detailed account of the unrelenting pursuit and punishment of Genab Effendi. In chapter IX., pages 201 to 225, he tells how he acquired the nick-name of "the devil" for procuring by threats the imprisonment, without trial, of two Turkish gentlemen, who had, according to his own showing, committed no intentional offense,—his avowed object being the intimidation of the neighborhood. On page 236 he relates how he had a Turk "and his several wives arrested and locked up in the fort" for resisting the attempt of the General's men to encamp in a grove of trees belonging to the Turk! We must say that such incidents and the tone in which they are related, create a very painful impression. The only agreeable episode that we can find in his narrative is Cesnola's timely assistance of the Greeks in Cyprus.

Through his conduct, and the conduct of those who have generously, though mistakenly, thought it necessary to make his cause one with that of the institution, the Museum has been brought into conspicuous and lamentable disrepute. The recent spectacle of a museum finding it necessary to endeavor to regain public confidence by inviting and permitting editors, stone-cutters, and sculptors to gather around two of its costly antiquities, and to scratch, scrape, hack at, and chisel these unlucky objects, in order to have it proved that they are genuine antiquities, and not fraudulent patchworks of unrelated parts—such a spectacle never was seen before by men or angels. We do not know how it could ever have been made necessary had the Museum's affairs been managed with perfect frankness.

After first declaring his opposition to all restorations, and indignantly denying that any exist, the Director, we think, has had it proved upon him that they do exist, and with his knowledge. He cannot with dignity now plead the custom of European museums, or the severity of the American climate. But he has thus pleaded, and his apologists have done so for him. To this we may answer, that the Director's sensitiveness on the subject, as shown in his early denials, reflects the general and proper feeling of archaeologists. Restoration was once customary, but it has done so much harm in past centuries that at present it is rarely ventured upon. In the British Museum, sculptures of the first importance are never restored; those of the second importance are sometimes restored, but no attempt is ever made to conceal restoration by color or otherwise. The original surface is never interfered with. As to the American climate, we do not see why *all* the broken surfaces should not be supplied with stone and plaster coverings (instead of a silicate glaze, for instance), if *any* must be, nor do we see why such coverings should necessarily take the supposed form of the missing member—back of a head, nose, ears, chins, large parts of legs, and parts of feet, hands, and drapery. Moreover, we are positive that there is absolutely nothing in the American climate that makes it necessary to deny the presence of restorations that are known to exist.

The worth of the Cesnola Collection is by no means confined to the statuary and pottery—the jewelry, gems, and glass are of considerable value. But among the stone pieces there are hardly more than a dozen or two objects of beauty; a large part of the stone collection consists of amorphous and hideous objects of archaic or provincial workmanship, which can teach this generation nothing in the way of art. It is mainly as a record that the collection is valuable. As a record, the more highly we appreciate it, the more unique we declare it to be, the more deeply must we deplore any suspicion thrown upon its complete authenticity. But there is a special reason why such a suspicion is damaging. The Trustees themselves will, perhaps, not deny that we have too much of Cypriote handiwork in the Metropolitan Museum, and that the sooner a portion of it is sold to or exchanged with other museums, the more room will there be for the display of other sorely needed and still more valuable examples of the world's art. Of course it may be less easy to dispose of antiquities which have been brought under any sort of suspicion.

## THE MORAL CONSIDERATION.

This subject has a moral as well as an artistic side, and with such gentlemen as constitute the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum the moral consideration will, we are sure, not be regarded as the least important. If it is true (as we believe it to be) that the conduct of the Director, in connection with the Museum, has not been such as should meet with the hearty and complete indorsement of these gentlemen, then they should, of course, make haste to withdraw that indorsement. For the spectacle of an unworthy servant upheld by a large part of the solid wealth and morality of the community, while a conscientious scholar, like di Cesnola's first assistant, and the two other faithful servants of the museum, are dishonored for doing their simple duty—such a spectacle cannot be considered edifying or wholesome. We confess that we love fair play, and that the good name of a worthy though obscure individual seems to us as well worth protecting in a Christian community as that of any more famous and fortunate citizen.

## A SUMMING UP.

To sum up the result of our inquiries: It appears that in the Cesnola Collection of stone antiquities there are innumerable repairs, most of them probably correct, but others of doubtful propriety; that there are in the same collection numerous restorations, some of the latter being serious and unwarrantable, and others probably unimportant if explicitly acknowledged—though it would doubtless have been wiser to make no restorations whatever in such a unique series, at least until each object had been fully studied by archaeologists, and definitely assigned to its proper date and locality. But it appears, moreover, that all points of juncture, and all restorations have been hidden from the eye; that when plaster has been inserted, it is treated in some way both as to superficial texture and color so as to resemble antique stone;\* that, notwithstanding all that has been said on the subject since August, 1880, not one object in the collection has a card upon it announcing a repair or a restoration;† that the public has no means of finding out what objects are restored; that these numerous restorations have been only accidentally discovered by the public,—after it had been indignantly denied that there were more than two in the entire collection of stone objects; that, even if General di Cesnola were not responsible for any other restoration beside that of statue 39, it is undeniably true that, after having his attention called to the matter by public charges so long ago as August, 1880, and after having pledged his own word as to the purity of the collection, and having permitted the Examining Committee, his first Assistant, and the Trustees to pledge their honor as to the unrestored condition of the entire collection, he has continued to exhibit a number of restored objects, and has permitted photographs to be

sold of such objects in the Museum, and to be made for illustration in THE CENTURY MAGAZINE, without any information being given by him that they were so restored. We find, also, that the testimony goes to show that all the restorations in stone objects made both in Fourteenth street and in the present building were, in fact, made under di Cesnola's authority, and mainly in his presence. It appears, furthermore, that he has made different statements, at different times, with regard to the places from which the objects were obtained, attributing them at one time to a tomb, at another to a temple, now to one ancient city, and now to another; and that this has so frequently been the case as to cast a suspicion upon all his ascriptions of localities, and all his assertions as to the original condition of objects.

It also appears that General di Cesnola, in Mr. Savage's presence, inserted three new objects in a procession which, in his own book published years before, had been fully and consecutively described as containing only six objects. We find that, whereas he and the authorities for him now claim that the Director ordered the search or searches which Mr. Savage made for restorations,—in point of fact, these searches were made by Mr. Savage without General di Cesnola's knowledge; that the janitors who pointed out most of the restorations to the Assistant were actually discharged for so doing, and that Mr. Savage was himself censured by General di Cesnola for taking the time of the Museum in such searches. It appears that, contrary to the published statements of the authorities, the only "searches" General di Cesnola ever made for restorations after the opening of the present building were those which were kept secret from the Assistant, and took place after Mr. Feuardent's charges first appeared—when certain restorations were undone, and certain extensively restored objects were taken from the shelves and removed from exhibition.

In regard to the managers of the Museum, it would seem that they have been too much inclined to look upon the examinations instituted, promoted or permitted by them, rather as "defences" of the Museum, than as thorough "inquiries" into the condition of the Cesnola Collection; and that these investigations have been confined to a few objects against which specific charges were made; that the Committee of 1881 not only failed to examine the statues themselves (outside of these few), but that they did not call for the repairer, Gehlen, or the two janitors to whom the public are primarily indebted for the recently published list of restorations, or Mr. Hutchins, the former superintendent. We find that, whereas General di Cesnola was defended in the original investigation by the repairer Balliard and the Assistant, Mr. Savage,—the more important of these two witnesses, a man of honor and of conscience, having found himself imposed upon, has now laid before the world facts which must seriously impair public confidence both in the scientific accuracy and the good faith of the Director; and we find that this assistant did not make public these facts till he had tried in vain to open the eyes of leading members of the Board of Trustees to the true situation of affairs.

The trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, in endeavoring to establish a great museum of art in a commercial, not to say sordid and selfish metropolis,

\* Mr. Cox has stated in print that he explained to the Committee of 1881 "how plaster was rubbed on the new paint and worked over with a wire brush, so as to make it 'an antique.'" This in relation to one of the objects which Mr. Savage has now discovered to be restored.

† A few objects which were washed during the recent informal investigations, have not been restored to the condition they were in before the investigations.

entered upon a difficult and praiseworthy task. The errors they have fallen into have been mainly errors of ignorance. They are such as could hardly have been committed in an Old-World community amply supplied with trained artists, educated critics, and professional archaeologists—all helping to create a sound and sensitive public opinion. But we cannot help believing that those of the managers who have conducted General di Cesnola's "defense" have been led into serious error and into gross injustice by their loyalty to each other and to the man of their appointment—and by their own natural indignation at the personal bitterness of certain of their public assailants, manifested on this and on other occasions.\* Some of the most devoted and generous friends and officers of the Museum are thus in the strange predicament of having unwittingly done a grave injury to the institution for which they have so long labored.

This magazine, we respectfully submit, has a special right to criticize and to censure in the interests of truth and fairness; but we do so with the greatest reluctance, and not without waiting long to find whether the Trustees would not show some disposition to see things as they are. Last autumn we obtained permission to photograph objects in the Cesnola collection to illustrate Mrs. Mitchell's history of antique sculpture, now appearing in these pages. After the photographs had been taken, our Art Department received a letter from Mr. Savage, who was no longer connected with the institution, saying that four of these objects contained five restorations, more or less serious. Word was sent to Mrs. Mitchell, who had gone abroad to continue, near the British and Berlin Museums, the preparation of her essays. In acknowledging to us the copy sent her of Mr. Savage's letter, Mrs. Mitchell says: "I cannot tell you how little surprised I was by its contents. When in New York I attempted to gain some information as to some of the pieces—where they came from? temple? tomb? how they stood, etc., etc., all questions of vital importance. \* \* \* It was always in vain. \* \* \* Besides, I felt unhappy myself in studying the stainless collection, so monotonous in its whiteness, for objects which had lain centuries under the earth, and many a time came home distressed with uncertainties which I do not feel anywhere else. I hope that Cesnola will be made to feel the great wrong he has done science and the American people in thus imposing upon them patched-up restorations of homeless figures."†

We now invite the special attention of our readers to the letter from Mr. Savage, herewith printed. That he is to be implicitly believed we can have no higher assurance than the testimony of the eminent men who here (without his knowledge) gladly record their opinion of his scholarship and integrity. It is safe to predict that every frank and honest man on the Board of Trustees, or in any way connected with the Museum, who has not till this moment fully acquainted himself with the facts, will not be long in letting his colleagues and the public know precisely where he stands in this extraordinary controversy.

\* Perhaps the least said on this subject, however, the better—for we fear that expressions of greater delicacy have been used by "the defense" than by "the attack."

† Published by permission.

## LETTER FROM MR. SAVAGE.

NEW YORK, June 6, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

SIR: You ask my opinion of the rumor that General di Cesnola has contradicted himself in stating the places where he found a number of his antiquities, now ascribing a statue or a vase to one spot, now to another. Before I left the Museum I had begun to suspect this to be the case, but, instead of recollections of my own, I refer you for examples to publications authorized by General di Cesnola, premising that in Handbooks Nos. 2 and 3 of the Metropolitan Museum, on the Potteries and Sculptures of the Cesnola Collection, wherever the place in which an object was found, or—to use a convenient word already borrowed by German archaeologists from the Italians and French—its *provenience* is stated, I received the information from General Cesnola in person, noting down in the presence of the objects his answers to my questions. Handbooks 2 and 3 were written by me, except the preface of Handbook No. 2 ("Cesnola Potteries," pp. 3-6), which was written by one of the Trustees. Both handbooks were read and approved by General di Cesnola before they were sent to the printer.

General di Cesnola, in his "Cyprus," p. 94, describes six terra-cotta statuettes found by him together in one grave, forming a procession. In Handbook No. 2, published three years and a half later than the "Cyprus," this procession has grown from six figures to nine, and the heart of the funeral in its new arrangement, namely, the figure of a woman stretched out on a bier with a cow's mask covering her face, is not mentioned in the earlier description. (See Handbook 2, p. 42, No. 265.) That the additional figures were not members of the procession at the time when the book "Cyprus" was written, is made plain by the way in which the description excludes, by implication, all others than those mentioned. So also in Doell's illustrated catalogue of the first Cesnola Collection (published 1873) in which the procession is engraved, only six figures appear, the same as those described four years later in the "Cyprus." This series of terra-cottas was arranged in its present order by General di Cesnola himself in my presence.

Since receiving your letter, I have examined the "Cyprus" (published 1877) specially with a view to this question, also an article in "Harper's Monthly Magazine," July, 1872, also a paper by General di Cesnola laid before the Turin Academy of Sciences, January, 1871 ("Atti" of the Academy, vol. 6, p. 554), also Metropolitan Museum Handbooks 2 and 3 (published 1880), and I find that this portion of General di Cesnola's archaeological labors is in shocking confusion. This examination of several publications authorized by him shows that it would be a service to students of ancient art to place before them the many and striking proofs of the following thesis: General di Cesnola's statements of the places where he found his antiquities are full of contradictions; must be used only after careful comparison with one another; the results thus painfully sifted out will always be uncertain, where there are no statements of other explorers to confirm them.

In your second question you ask me what I have to say to an assertion in the "Mail and Express" of March 27th last, which article gives itself out as coming from the authorities of the Metropolitan Museum. The assertion is that the restorations in the sculptures communicated by me to the "Times" of March 12, 14, 24, were in reality not discovered by me, but by General di Cesnola, it being by his instructions that I made search for restorations overlooked by him in a previous search; General di Cesnola thereupon reporting to the trustees the result of the search ordered by him. This asser-

tion I pronounce false, and declare that never did General di Cesnola direct me to look for restorations, but that the search I made was solely of my own motion, and because I wished to find out whether General di Cesnola had spoken the truth in publicly declaring that he knew of only two restorations in the sculptures. A similar assertion was made in the last annual report of the Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum, namely, that when the Museum was in the Fourteenth street building, the stone sculptures and other antiquities were restored, where portions were missing, in order to shut off the air from the exposed surface and thereby prevent decay, but that these restorations were intended only as temporary; that "when these [*i. e.*, antiquities of the Cesnola Collection] were removed to the Park building in 1879, the entire collection was carefully cleaned, the temporary restorations were removed, with the exception of six or eight which escaped notice, and the whole were placed in tight glass cases." I came to the Museum in June, 1879, to be General di Cesnola's first assistant and to take charge of the antiquities, but neither at that time nor afterward was I told by General di Cesnola, nor by any other Trustee, nor by any one connected with the Museum, not until I made my discovery in September, 1881—by no one was I told that restorations had been made in the sculptures before the Museum was moved to Central Park. On the contrary, General di Cesnola, as soon as Mr. Feuardent made his charges of concealed restorations, denied the accusation and bitterly denounced its author not only in public, but again and again to me in private. Nor, during my stay of more than two years in the Museum, did I hear, until the close of that period, of any search for restorations ordered by the authorities of the Museum. In the last week of September, 1881, while I was making my own search without orders from any one, during General di Cesnola's absence in Europe, I discovered for the first time that General di Cesnola had already made a search and had removed restorations from a number of the sculptures. This search was not made before the sculptures were exhibited to the public, as a consequence of taking possession of the permanent home of the collection, in 1879, but in the autumn of 1880, after Mr. Feuardent had published his charges of concealed restorations, and after General di Cesnola, then out of town, had telegraphed to deny in the newspapers the "slandorous assaults"—so he called them. This removal of certain restorations by General di Cesnola was kept secret from me.

So far from ordering me to make any search for restorations, General di Cesnola reproved me for so doing, by expressing surprise that I should have thought myself entitled to divert to such researches my time, which belonged to the Museum. General di Cesnola reported to the Trustees the restorations discovered by me only after I had resigned my position of first assistant, and after I had left the Museum, because, so I have reason for believing, he found that I intended to lay the matter before them myself.

Until lately, I had hoped never to publish the history of my resignation. My relations with General di Cesnola had been so friendly that it was most painful to go and tell him that I wished no longer to be his assistant. It was this feeling which caused me, in writing to the "Times" last March, to confine myself to correcting my mistaken declaration, and to suppress everything but the restorations. So also my letter to the "Times" of April 17th would not have been written had not the "Mail and Express" been authorized to say that the two janitors had been dismissed for neglect of duty, when I knew well that these two excellent, honest, faithful servants of the Museum had been turned off solely because they had told me of the restorations in answer to my questions.

But, since I published the restorations last March, I have found myself surrounded by so many misrepresentations, that I am glad of this opportunity to correct some of them afforded by your second question.

In the early controversy General di Cesnola had accused Mr. Feuardent of forging a photograph brought in evidence against him. Some months later, in August of last year, I made a discovery which led me to believe that in making this charge he knew he was not speaking the truth. I thereupon resigned my office in the Museum, but was persuaded by the Trustee in whose hands I had placed my resignation to stay until the return of General di Cesnola from Europe, in order to give him an opportunity to explain the matter. This first discovery led to my discovery of the restorations.

When he returned to the Museum and we discussed the cause of my resignation, he declared by two things he held sacred, on his word of honor and before God, that when he made those declarations about Mr. Feuardent's Card No. 1, he did not know he was mistaken. I replied that I would let that matter drop and base my resignation on something I had found out since August, something which I knew of my own knowledge and not merely on the testimony of others—concealed restorations. Upon this he assured me positively that all had been done without his knowledge and against his orders, most of them during his second absence in Cyprus (1873-77)—some, as it now seemed, after his return to New York. I will remark here that General di Cesnola was in error as to the dates of the restorations. Some were done in Cyprus, while he was still owner of the collection (before 1873); others in New York, in the Fourteenth street building, under his supervision, and before his return to Cyprus; the rest, after he came back to New York, in the collection's permanent home in the Central Park building, during his directorship, in 1879.

After making several attempts to induce him to publish the restorations at once, instead of the very distant date which he proposed, I resigned, in the determination, however, to wait till then. As my resignation had to be presented to the Executive Committee of the Trustees, I wrote a new one, leaving out all mention of my discoveries, in order to help him to keep the matter secret even from the other Trustees until the time came which he had appointed. But during the following month I determined, for reasons which I communicated at the time to General di Cesnola, not to wait till then, but to ask the Trustees to publish my discovery. Accordingly, I laid the matter before them through a leading member of their board, in a detailed communication, and was led to hope by their answer that they would publish the restorations in their forthcoming annual report. When this report appeared I found that the restorations had been concealed a second time, and was thus compelled to publish them myself.

I am, respectfully yours,

A. D. SAVAGE.

#### LETTER FROM THE REV. DR. CROSBY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR: You inquire regarding Mr. A. D. Savage. I take great pleasure in replying that I recommended him to General Cesnola as his assistant because of his archaeological scholarship. Mr. Savage is a gentleman of refinement and delicacy, of truth and honor, and highly esteemed for his scholarly qualities and his genial fellowship by his associates and friends, of whom I am happy to be one.

Yours very truly,

HOWARD CROSBY.

116 East 19th St., June 5, 1882.

LETTERS FROM PRESIDENT GILMAN AND PROFESSORS  
GILDERSLEEVE AND MORRIS, OF JOHNS  
HOPKINS UNIVERSITY.

BALTIMORE, June 2, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

MY DEAR SIR: In reply to your inquiry of yesterday, it gives me much pleasure to inclose these letters from Professors Gildersleeve and Morris, and to add that, although I do not know Mr. Savage as well as they do, I heartily concur in their estimate of his trustworthiness. Yours very truly,

D. C. GILMAN.

BALTIMORE, June 2, 1882.

I have known Mr. A. Duncan Savage some sixteen years. For four years he was a student of mine at the University of Virginia, where his progress was steady and satisfactory, and where he took the degree of Bachelor of Letters. I followed his subsequent career with warm personal interest, and, when I accepted the call to the Johns Hopkins University, I was glad to nominate Mr. Savage for a fellowship in Greek, which he filled with much credit to himself for two years. From the beginning of our acquaintance he was a welcome and not infrequent visitor at my house. I have had abundant opportunity of estimating his character, and I know him as intimately as I do any young man of his time. He is remarkable for his minute faithfulness to the smallest details of truth, and a delicate regard for the rights and interests of others; and my confidence in his honor is absolute. I will allow myself to add that, to my personal knowledge, Mr. Savage has been true to his convictions in circumstances which would have sorely tried a man of ordinary moral constitution, but what might have been temptation to others seemed to have no hold on his singleness of purpose.

B. L. GILDERSLEEVE.

BALTIMORE, June 2, 1882.

My acquaintance with Mr. A. D. Savage goes back only to the year 1876, when he was appointed one of the Fellows in this University. I have had, however, from that time unusual opportunities for forming an estimate of his character. For several months we sat

at the same table at our meals; and he was during the time of his residence in Baltimore on terms of the closest intimacy with me, being a constant visitor at my house. He has also, on several occasions, been a guest for many days together at my country home. I feel, therefore, that I have a full and true insight into his character; and I say, without any hesitation, that I do not know any man in whose honor I have a more absolute confidence, or of whom I could less easily believe that he had been led by any self-interested motive to do or say anything which was not dictated by the purest considerations. I am perfectly convinced that, whatever statements Mr. Savage may have made as to his own reasons for acting in this or that way, or as to facts which have come under his observation, may be implicitly relied on as being the utterance of a nature which is sensitively anxious to be just and to speak the truth.

CHARLES D. MORRIS.

FROM PROF. HARRISON, OF THE WASHINGTON AND  
LEE UNIVERSITY.

LEXINGTON, VA.

I was several years with Mr. Savage at the University of Virginia (1866-8), and we were afterwards together in Europe studying. During the last twelve years he has been one of my most valued friends and correspondents. The integrity of his character has never been questioned, and the honesty and conscientiousness of his conduct, his accurate scholarship, and his painstaking endeavor to get at the foundations of whatever he undertook, have always been conspicuous characteristics of the man.

In the controversy between him and General di Censola, whatever may be the truth with regard to the latter, Mr. Savage is above suspicion. The son of an honored and accomplished minister of the Gospel of the Protestant Episcopal Church, a student from his earliest years, a man most highly thought of and recommended by the foremost institution of learning in this country, an honorary M. A. of Yale College, Mr. Savage, in my long acquaintance with him, was always distinguished by the utmost scrupulousness of mind, by carefulness and caution in the expression of his judgments, and by fearlessness in the discharge of his duties.

JAMES A. HARRISON.

## LITERATURE.

### Lodge's "Alexander Hamilton."

THE story of Hamilton's public career is so well known, and has been so often told, that Mr. Lodge could hardly be expected to add much to it. As a biographical study, however, his volume possesses many features of interest. Hamilton was, in more respects than one, an extraordinarily interesting man. His great precocity, the combined variety and solidity of his talents, the great power of his imagination, his remarkable public triumphs, his attractive private character, and his tragic death, all combine to render his figure the most picturesquely attractive of the revolutionary and post-revolutionary periods. Mr. Lodge has examined with a good deal of care the facts connected with the duel with Burr, and makes the position of Hamilton in the matter, at least, entirely intelligible. Burr, of course, forced Hamilton to fight

him, but why did Hamilton allow himself to be forced? Hamilton had a standing in the community which, even at that day, would have enabled him to refuse to go out. His courage was beyond question, and the statement of his reasons, made by himself at the time, shows that he considered himself as acting in "conformity with public prejudice." It was, to use his own language, the necessity of being able "to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or in effecting good, in those crises of public affairs which seem likely to happen," that induced him to do so. Mr. Lodge shows by some very significant extracts from his letters what these words probably meant.

The fact is that Hamilton's conservatism led him to anticipate serious trouble in the United States from the same disorganizing causes which had produced such startling and even appalling results in France. The Federalists had with wonderful energy and resource created a country out of a political chaos. To them,—or at any rate to Hamilton,—Jefferson and his followers were not merely a party endeavoring to accomplish

\* American Statesmen: Alexander Hamilton. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company, 1882.

certain party ends under the limits imposed by the Constitution; they were endeavoring to upset the foundation on which the whole structure rested, and thus to ensure the return of chaos. In a curious letter written in 1804, he says:

"I will here express but one sentiment, which is that dismemberment of our empire will be a clear sacrifice of great positive advantages without any counterbalancing good, administering no relief to our real disease, which is *democracy*, the poison of which by a subdivision will only be the more concentrated in each part, and consequently more virulent."

This shows the nature of the hallucination which had haunted Hamilton's mind for years, and for which he gave up his life. He believed the Constitution to be unequal to the burden imposed upon it and the Government too weak. Democracy was already at work upon it, and its spread would in time produce anarchy and ruin; "property would be confiscated, society broken up, religion trampled under foot, and everything that made life worth having would be in jeopardy." Then the salvation of the country would demand strong measures and strong men; a party of order, with a leader ready to "save society" and again establish the Government on a true and lasting foundation. This part would naturally fall to Hamilton; but he could never do this work, he could never take command of an army, if he had refused to conform to social prejudice on the subject of dueling. In the light of subsequent events, whatever we may think of the conclusion of this piece of reasoning, the premises seem absurd. There was little danger of social disintegration in the United States. The general distribution of property, the ease with which it could be acquired, made this the last country in the world where such a thing was to be apprehended. But it was none the less a reality in Hamilton's mind, and, as Mr. Lodge suggests, it is neither fanciful nor strained to regard Hamilton's death as a remote result of the opinions produced by the French revolution. An exaggerated dread of some future crisis of this kind is a common mental phenomenon with minds of a conservative cast. In Hamilton's case it seems to have amounted to a delusion. He certainly could give no stronger proof of the hold it had obtained upon him than his duel with Burr affords.

Hamilton's extraordinary precocity is one of the most marked features of his career always dwelt upon by his biographers. At the age of twelve, according to the usually accepted dates, we find him in a counting-room, at thirteen he was managing a considerable mercantile concern, though his education must have been of the most desultory sort. Yet at seventeen he spoke in New York at a public meeting and produced a marked impression upon the minds of his hearers; at the age of twenty he was the close and trusted friend of Washington, and he was but little more than thirty when he produced the "Federalist" essays—perhaps the most important contribution to the science of government made in modern times. All these dates undoubtedly rest on the assumption of the year 1757 as that of his birth, and, notwithstanding the doubts which the essential improbability of the story must arouse, Mr. Lodge thinks that there is no sufficient evidence to justify any biographer in setting it aside. We cannot help hoping, however,

that at some time or other some additional evidence on the subject may be unearthed which will settle the question. A biographer may not be justified in rejecting it; but is he justified in accepting it? Pitt became prime minister at twenty-four, Napoleon was only twenty-seven when he assumed command of the army of Italy. But Pitt was equipped for parliamentary life, as Napoleon was for military career, from boyhood, while Hamilton had no preparation of any kind for a public career.

Mr. Lodge's style is clear and simple, and his life of Hamilton is a valuable *résumé* of the career of the most important publicist and statesman produced by the public life of this country. The account of his connection with and participation in Washington's administrations will be found particularly interesting.

#### Miss Woolson's "Anne."

MISS WOOLSON has a special faculty for the discovery of novel and charming scenes for her heroes and heroines. She is full of American inventiveness, if not as to plot, then as to locality, and when her choice is made, she carries out the picture with the utmost particularity as to details until the scene stands before one as if in a photograph. It is some years now that she has been sending her stories, short and long, to the monthly press, and her force and literary skill have been steadily increasing in value. With this novel she puts the highest stone in the work which she has been faithfully rearing. She steps fully into the rank of those favored writers who can be relied upon to produce a novel which shall combine the elements so much sought after by publishers—freshness and popularity.

In the stuff and texture of her work Miss Woolson resembles the English purveyors to the magazines and circulating libraries. She has the crispness and "niceness" of the best of them, along with their faculty of describing scenery and placing in it a hero and a heroine of the type which is fondly called Anglo-Saxon. But if she is able to offer characters which show the virtues that are apt to be claimed as distinctively "Saxon,"—whatever that may mean,—she is also quite as able as Miss Thackeray or Mrs. Sartoris to define the pleasanter shades of French characters. Two capital instances in "Anne," and instances bearing a generic likeness to each other, are the boarding-school *tante* of New York, and the priest of the Northern lakes, Père Michaux. To this may, indeed, be added the French cook, a hanger-on of the father; the angular French teacher, a hanger-on of the school-mistress; and possibly even the *habitant* who for a few years was the young stepmother of Anne.

Miss Woolson has chosen an odd frontier settlement for the early life of Anne: an island where American soldiers, Canadian *voyageurs*, settled and wandering Indians, and the remnants of families that once thrived through the fur trade, make up a curious mixed society. The opening description of winter in the ice-girt island is fine, and in it stand Anne and Erastus, two delightfully solid and human creatures, the one an ugly duckling, misunderstood, full of promise, deep; the other handsome, boyish, superficial, and valued for all he is worth. The novel is a study of the development of a girl who is candor itself, first in the stifling inanity of

\* Anne. A Novel. By Constance Fenimore Woolson. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1882.

the island and family life, then in the stimulating inanity of fashionable life in and near New York. We assist at Anne's inveiglement into a passion by a useless but most attractive male flirt, and at her struggles to be true to Erastus, her handsome playmate and betrothed. The character of Miss Vanhorn, the grand-aunt who brings her to the sea-board and partly educates her out of the sphere of Erastus, is somewhat overdone. And though there are many traits showing that Miss Woolson is by no means ignorant of circles and distinctions in New York, yet it reads more like the writing of one excellently posted on the subject, but at second-hand. A Vanhorn may exist, although probably her bad qualities would have to be sought in many different persons. That, however, is just what novelists may claim as their right. The exactly photographic style of novel-writing bears its own condemnation with it—in stupidity.

In the middle of the story the interest drags. The close, however, contains, along with the hackneyed expedient of a trial for murder, a good turn in the efforts successfully made by Anne and her faithful Miss Lois to detect the real murderer and exonerate Heathcote. The probabilities are less consulted than the picturesqueness of the situation, but that is really a relief in these days of Philistinism among novelists. In Ward Heathcote, who redeems his flirtations by gallantry in the war, and sobers himself through harsh experiences of matrimony and of being accused of the murder of his wife, Miss Woolson has made an able figure. He is the man whom men do not care for, but women adore, since, without losing manliness, he can meet them and beat them with their own weapons of dissimulation.

Though Anne is not a brilliant woman, nor at first a beautiful, yet interest never flags in her and her fate,—not even in the uninspiring surroundings of fashionable people at a country resort. It is true that the opening chapters are the freshest and most charming; the scene is so new and so admirably portrayed. Somehow, Miss Woolson can introduce old turns of plot and yet not offend. There is the heroic conduct of Anne on the brow of the precipice. There is the old plot of a wonderful voice that develops in the heroine. We wonder how many women writers there are who can resist giving their heroine a wonderful voice! But these are incidents—they do not sway the movement of the plot seriously. The real reason for Miss Woolson's impunity is that she puts them in a new way. Altogether, the appearance of "Anne" may be regarded as a fact worth special notice. For Miss Woolson adds to her observation of scenes and localities an unusual insight into the human heart. Sometimes one is ready to say that a fragment, and not an inferior fragment, of the mantle of George Eliot is resting on her capable shoulders.

Lathrop's "An Echo of Passion" and "In the Distance."

By an author's style, one may judge of his intellectual maturity; by this test we should conclude that,

in spite of their simultaneous publication, a considerable time must have intervened between the writing of Mr. Lathrop's latest novels. While the style in "In the Distance" is fantastic, full of exasperatingly unnatural and far-fetched similes, "An Echo of Passion" exhibits a sane self-restraint and vigor which are admirable. The exotic superabundance of words and romantic material in the former work is, however, an indication of opulence and not of poverty; it holds out the promise which the latter novel fulfills. The influence of Hawthorne which pervades "In the Distance" is comparatively imperceptible in "An Echo of Passion," and Mr. Lathrop's own individuality gains accordingly a freer utterance than in any of his earlier writings.

We do not mean to imply by these strictures that "In the Distance" is not a book of considerable interest; on the contrary, it possesses an unusual ingenuity of plot, and contains sketches of character which betray acute observation and an adequate power of expression. Especially do the descriptions of people and scenery at "Savage's" give evidence of intimate acquaintance with the modes of life and thought in the highland regions of Massachusetts, and if it were not for a certain inconsequent and fantastic quality in the diction there would be nothing to mar the reader's pleasure. But such labored fancies as, for instance, the following (page 71) are certainly to the ordinary mind devoid of humorous suggestion: "The portico [of the hotel] . . . was provided with thin, white, wooden columns of much the same form and dignity as bed-posts—an architectural feature that perhaps flattered Serious with a suggestion of his mother's luxurious habits."

The problem in an "Echo of Passion" has not the interest of novelty, but it has the rarer merit of being poetically conceived and rationally developed. The psychological subtlety which is never absent from Mr. Lathrop's work shows itself here chiefly in a tendency to emphasize the parallelism between natural phenomena and moods of the soul, and an insistence upon all sorts of intangible relations which is apt to make the superficial reader impatient. We are far from censuring this tendency, and think that, in the present case, it constitutes one of the chief charms of the story. At all events, it is only an author with fine spiritual senses who can deal, without danger of being absurd, with such impalpable material. How very good is, for instance, the observation (page 21) regarding the result of Fenn's blundering frankness when "the very fact of definitely putting her [Anice] out of the range of sentiment, had excited this unexpected impulse to think of her in a nearer way, or, at least, had made him long for the liberty so to think of her!" The fancy, too, that the incipient passion, which had been rudely checked by the deliberate banishment of sentiment from their relation, had by some psychological necessity to work itself out to its ghostly completeness is not so whimsical as from a mere rational point of view it may look. The cover of "An Echo of Passion" is from an excellent design by Mr. Francis Lathrop.

\* "An Echo of Passion." By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 1882.

\* "In the Distance." A Novel. By George Parsons Lathrop. Boston: James R. Osgood and Co. 1882.

## HOME AND SOCIETY.

### Children's Logic.

CHILDREN have a power of assimilation which is simply marvelous. The mental processes of a young child go on as unconsciously and as silently as the physical; they seem as commonplace in the one case as they do in the other, and they are alike miraculous in both. Just try to get far enough away from the familiar facts to see their full significance. Think out carefully, one by one, all the mental processes by which a baby learns to talk. It is not difficult to see how they acquire the names of concrete things, that is so easy of ocular demonstration. The verbs can sometimes be explained by illustrating processes; an adjective here and there, with an occasional adverb, may be taught through the medium of the senses; but all the rest, the vast majority of the words of the language, as well as the construction of sentences, can be mastered only by some sort of a reasoning process. The words that can be taught by example are only a few loose fragments, which become language only when they are shaped and cemented together by the myriad minor words that limit, modify, and show relation—the articles, adjectives, adverbs, prepositions, and conjunctions.

When one comes to consider how early a little child learns the exact meanings of prepositions,—for instance, how seldom they misunderstand the relations expressed by the very words that we find it difficult to define accurately,—it is indeed a cause for wonder. This is not a mere parrot-like repetition of a lesson, as any one who has ever closely observed a child learning to speak knows. There is in the process an exercise of severe logic that puts to shame the erratic inflections of our language. Children, for example, show a universal disposition to compare adjectives and adverbs, as well as to conjugate verbs, regularly. Before a child says, "I am gooder than I was, mamma," he has observed the ordinary form of the comparative, he has generalized his observation, and applied his generalization to a new word. This may be done unconsciously—it almost certainly is so done; but the result in either case is reached after the manner of a rational being—by processes of pure reasoning, and not through mere parrot-like imitation. And this reasoning is the work of a mind in the earliest stages of its development—perhaps by a baby not two years old. Indeed, the jumble that children make of their talk is often the result of an attempt to throw reason overboard and to conform to the "idiotisms" of the English language. The effect is sometimes too much for them, and they struggle along in the profoundest absurdities. One of my own children, when she was under three years of age, was taken to the photographer's. She heard us say, on looking at the negative that she had moved, and piped up, "Mamma, if you want me to sit a little more stiller, I will try a little more harder, but I *did* try next to the hardest."

Too often the logical faculty in children is smothered to death; they are born with latent reasoning powers, that follow the observing powers naturally in the course of development, if they are not destroyed. Too often the whole training of the nursery and the school is directed toward eliminating the reasoning powers and making of children mere monkeys or mere parrots. They ought of course to be set right when they are wrong, but such an evidence of the exercise of reason as I have just been speaking of, in the regular conjugation of verbs or comparison of adjectives, should neither be treated as the "cunning" ways of the baby and encouraged, nor as the ignorance of the older child and unconditionally reprobated. Do not crush out the little tender bud of rational thought which is just pushing its way into the air and light, either in sport or in contempt. Do not try, on the other hand, to force it beyond its natural growth; just let the logical faculty develop in its own time, and in the natural way, watching it, guiding it, clipping it where it needs, but cherishing it as the quality which separates your child on the intellectual side from the brutes.

Many an intelligent child is left entirely to an ignorant nurse till he is five or six years old, for the satisfaction of his intellectual hunger. Every question is either censured ignorantly or is impatiently brushed aside as troublesome. The atmosphere he breathes is an atmosphere of vulgar ignorance or blind superstition. The lack of reasonableness in everything,—in the explanations of what he sees about him, in the adjustment of the difficulties that arise between himself and the other children, in the punishments that are meted out to him,—gradually undermines his sense of fitness, and justice, and right.

The school follows the nursery, and confirms to a certain extent the teaching he has been receiving. The poor little victim is taught his A B C, etc., with no explanation of difference between the name of the letters and their phonetic value.

The higher education is, of course, not open to these charges—but much force later on in life is expended in merely undoing the work of the earlier years. The kindergarten system, in so far as it takes children from under the tuition of ignorance and surrounds them with better influences, is certainly a gain upon the ordinary nursery; though I cannot believe that when God put the race into family groups he meant nothing by it but that these were to be broken up and the constituents reclassified. It seems to me that "mother" ought to mean more to children than it usually does; that she should be the present reigning power, no matter how much of the physical labor she may relegate to others; that she should create the moral and intellectual atmosphere which her children breathe, and should be the fountain of wisdom and justice, as well as of love and sympathy, to which they would naturally turn.

S. B. H.

## THE WORLD'S WORK.

### New Steam Motor.

THE demand for small and easily managed motors has led to the introduction of a great variety of low-power steam-engines. All of these new motors that have proved of real value in business have been already described from personal examination in past numbers of *THE CENTURY*. To this list may now be added a new double-cylinder, single-action engine, that seems likely to prove of use wherever it is difficult to obtain skilled labor. The engines examined were of only four and eight horse-power, as machines of only moderate size have yet been erected. Each engine, whatever its size, has two upright cylinders placed side by side upon a hollow cast-iron pedestal or case, that is designed to hold the crank-shaft and all its connections. Between the two steam cylinders is a smaller cylinder designed to hold the slide-valve that controls the inlet ports of both cylinders. This valve is of the common D pattern moving in a cylinder and having below it a piston placed on the eccentric rod, and serving to prevent the escape of steam from the valve-chamber. Steam enters the valve-chamber, and is admitted by the valve through very large ports into the top of each cylinder in turn, the effective stroke being downward. The exhaust steam escapes from each cylinder through a series of openings all round the lower part of each cylinder, the descent of the piston itself uncovering the exhaust-ports and permitting the steam to escape into an annular chamber surrounding each cylinder. From this chamber the exhaust passes through openings in the lower part of the valve-chamber to the open air. This arrangement of parts gives the engine the appearance of a three-cylinder engine, and as all the working parts are inclosed in the hollow pedestal, nothing is visible on the outside except the cylinders and their support. The piston in each cylinder is connected directly by means of one rod with the crank-shaft, the two cranks being balanced one against the other. The eccentric rod is also connected directly with the piston in the valve-chamber and with the valve. The chamber or hollow pedestal in which all these parts are placed is watertight, and is designed to be filled up to the level of the crank-shaft with water. On this water is poured a film of oil. The operation of the engine may be easily understood. Steam is admitted to the top of one cylinder, and the piston is driven downward till it uncovers the annular exhaust-ports. Steam is then admitted to the top of the second cylinder, and its effective stroke brings the first piston back to its place. The motion of the cranks in the oil and water dashes them into oily foam that covers every moving part of the engine. The spray of mingled water and oil lubricates all the bearings inside and the bearings of the shaft on each side of the pedestal, a small portion escaping outside, where it is caught in a drip-pan. An inlet is provided for filling the pedestal with oil and water, and a glass tube is placed at the side to show the

height of the water inside. The simplicity of the general design of the engine, its limited number of parts, and the arrangement for securing the self-lubrication of all the parts, are points in its favor. The machines examined appeared to run at a high speed in silence, and with great steadiness. As all the moving parts are balanced and kept inclosed in a spray of mixed oil and water, the motor requires no particular skill in management.

### Recent Progress in Photography.

THREE new cameras, a lantern for the dark room, and some novel photographic processes, have recently been introduced. One of the cameras is intended to be used in taking a series of instantaneous photographs of a moving object, such as a flying bird, etc., in rapid succession. The lens is placed in a telescopic tube that is to be held in the hands while the end, or stock, rests upon the shoulder. At the end of the tube is placed a circular holder having a series of openings that may be brought in turn in line with the tube, precisely as the chambers of a revolver are brought into line with the barrel of the revolver, by the turning of the holder on its axis. The sensitive dry plate is placed in this holder, and each movement of the holder brings a portion of the plate under exposure in the tube or camera. In use the camera is focussed as nearly as may be on the path of the bird, and the instrument, or, as it has been called, the photographic gun, is aimed at the bird as it flies. The pictures are taken in rapid succession in what amounts to one exposure. It is of no consequence that the bird may be more or less out of focus, for as long as an image or silhouette is obtained the pictures will serve to illustrate its flight or the action of its wings. The movement of the circular plate-holder and the exposure is controlled by simple clockwork attached to the apparatus.

The other camera is of more general use, and is an ingenious application of a common opera or field glass to photographic purposes. In the apparatus examined, a field-glass of convenient size forms the camera. The lenses of the glass were in place, so that it could be used in the usual way. On taking these out and substituting two lenses at the smaller ends of the glass, it was transferred into a double camera. Over one of the larger ends was then slipped a cap having a sheet of ground glass. On holding the glass in the hand and looking at the ground glass the picture could be seen as in any camera, and to adjust the focus it was only necessary to move the screw in the usual way. A small metallic plate-holder having a sliding shutter and containing a single instantaneous dry plate was then fitted over the larger end of the other tube. The opposite end has a snap-shutter kept closed by a spring, and on drawing the shutter of the holder the camera was ready for exposure. As the views are taken in a small fraction of a second, the camera may be held in the hand toward the subject, and, when it is seen on the ground glass to be in the field, the expos-

ure is made by snapping the spring-shutter with one finger. While the pictures taken in this camera are only five centimeters in diameter, they are sharp and clear, and can be easily enlarged by copying in a lantern. With the camera is a cloth muff or tent for the hands, so that by placing the holder and a dry plate wrapped in black cloth in the tent the plates can be changed without going into a dark room. Each plate is previously wrapped in black cloth. The hands are inserted in the muff or tent, and the work is done by feeling. A little practice will enable any one to do this, and it would seem that the tent might be useful in changing plates in ordinary plate-holders. To exclude the light, elastic bands at the ends of the muff fit tightly over the wrist. The field-glass and its lenses, the holder, dry plates, and hand-tent are packed in a small hand-bag, the whole apparatus weighing only about two kilos. The camera seems to be one that may be useful for reporters, detectives, and tourists who wish to make photographic records of scenes and events upon their travels.

In making photographs of microscopic objects, it has been thought necessary to use the light of the sun, and for this reason it has been the custom to use some kind of heliostat to bring the light into the camera. By a novel arrangement of the lantern here described it is now possible to photograph any object seen in a microscope, and by means of any cheap form of camera. In the apparatus examined, a good negative was taken in ninety seconds upon a dry plate, one half-size, by the aid of a lamp and a camera costing only about ten dollars. A long and narrow board was made to rest on rubber balls, in order to deaden vibrations from the table on which it was placed, and on this was set up the lantern, with the door at the side open. In this door was placed a wooden shield holding a single lens condenser. Directly in front of this was placed the microscope stand with the tube laid down horizontally. The stage holding the object to be photographed was brought close to the condenser so that the light would pass directly through it. The eyepiece was then taken off the microscope, and a roll of blackened paper was slipped inside the tube to destroy the reflections from the sides of the tube. The camera with the lens taken out was then placed behind the microscope and a blackened tin tube was placed between them to cut off the light, the annular space between the tube and the microscope being covered with a sleeve or curtain of black cloth. This apparatus was the first ever made, and it is proposed in other instruments to make the tin tube between

the microscope and camera fit tightly, so that no curtain will be needed. When the parts had been arranged in this manner, and the lamp lighted, the object on the stage of the microscope appeared on a greatly magnified form on the ground glass of the camera. To adjust the focus it was only necessary to fix the focus of the microscope. On exposing a dry plate in the camera, a good negative was obtained that on development was ready to be used in printing.

The new dark-room lantern is intended to hold a large oil-lamp inclosed in a tin box or lantern about 30.5 centimeters (12 in.) square. The back of the lantern has a sliding-door to give access to the lamp. There is also a door at one side. This door is closed by a sheet of porcelain or opal glass, that may be covered by a tin door on the outside. The front of the lantern projects a few centimeters at the top, and is glazed with a large sheet of ruby glass. There is also a movable hood or cover over this to shade the eyes and throw the light downward. A reflector is also placed behind the lamp inside the lantern. In the dark room the lantern gives a strong, pure ruby-light, and when it is desired to expose a plate to white light, as in making lantern slides, the side door is opened and the printing frame is held before the opal glass.

Among photographic copying processes recently reported is a plan for reproducing pictures on silvered glass. Ordinary mirrors are covered on the silvered side with a film of sensitized bitumen. The glass is then placed under a negative and exposed to the light. After the exposure the bitumen is washed with oil of turpentine, and the parts not affected by the light are washed away. This leaves the picture in hardened bitumen on the back of the mirror. The silvering is then washed with nitric acid, which removes all not protected by the bitumen.

In photo-engraving processes a new formula is announced for taking impressions from gelatine films. Sheets of polished metal are prepared by covering with gelatine sensitized with bichromate of potash. This is exposed under a negative to the sun in a printing-frame. The film is then washed with water to remove the surplus gelatine that has not been fixed or hardened by the light. An alloy of bismuth, tin, and lead is then prepared and poured while quite liquid into a special vessel or flask, and the metal plate with the gelatine film is laid over it and submitted to pressure. The alloy takes the impression from the film, and when cold it may be used as an engraved block in printing. It is also said that the new alloy, known as "Spence's metal," may also be used in this way, as it sets or hardens before the gelatine film can melt.

## BRIC-À-BRAC.

## Triolets.

## AN APOLOGY FOR GAZING AT A YOUNG LADY IN CHURCH.

THE sermon was long  
And the preacher was prosy;  
Do you think it was wrong?  
The sermon was long,  
The temptation was strong,  
Her cheeks were so rosy,—  
The sermon was long  
And the preacher was prosy.

## REJECTED.

YOU'VE spoken of love  
And I've answered with laughter;  
You've kissed my—kid glove,  
You've spoken of love,—  
Why, powers above!  
Is there more to come after  
You've spoken of love  
And I've answered with laughter?

## My Sweetheart.

SHE is neither short nor tall,  
Rather, what I think you'd call  
Just the size;  
And her hands and feet are—well,  
I'll say ditto, and not tell  
Any lies.

Though her eyes are soft and blue,  
They have not the brilliant hue  
Of the sky;  
Yet when in their depths I look,  
Like a picture in a book,  
There am I.

Not so very small her nose is;  
Neither are her cheeks, like roses,  
Red and white:  
And my muse does not embolden  
Me to call her brown hair golden,  
Though I might.

Just a village maiden she—  
Many ladies that you see  
Rank above her;  
Men have seldom called her pretty;  
I have never thought her witty;  
But I love her.

D. C. Hasbrouck.

## Evening Song on the Plantation.

DE night-time comin' an' de daylight scootin';  
De jew-draps fallin' an' de big owl hootin';  
You kin soon see de bright stars fallin' an' a-shootin',  
An' hear de old huntin'-horn blowin' an' a-tootin'!

Oh! de Seben Stars gittin' up higher an' higher,  
De supper-time comin' on nigher an' nigher;  
Gwine to cote Miss Dinah by de hick'ry fire  
An' roas' dem taters while I settin' down by her.

De cat-bird happy when de cherries gittin' redder;  
De sheep mighty libely when he grazin' in de medder;  
But de nigger an' his little gal settin' down togedder  
Jes' happy as a cricket in de sunshiny wedder!

REFRAIN.—Hi O, Miss Dinah,  
Listen to de song!  
Hi O, Miss Dinah,  
I 's comin' straight erlong!  
Hi O, Miss Dinah,  
Gwine to see you little later!—  
Hi O, Miss Dinah,  
Gwine to help you peel dat 'tater!

J. A. Macon.

## Ballade of a Coquette.

SHE wears a most bewitching bang,—  
Gold curls made captive in a net;  
Her dresses with precision hang;  
Her hat observes the stylish set;  
She has a poodle for a pet,  
And drives a dashing drag and pony:  
I know it, though we've never met,—  
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her phrases all are fraught with slang,  
The very latest she can get;  
She sings the songs that Patience sang,  
Can whistle airs from "Olivette,"  
And, in the waltz, perhaps, might let  
You squeeze her hand, with gems all stony:  
I know it, though we've never met,—  
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Her heart has never felt love's pang,  
Nor known a momentary fret;  
Want never wounds her with his fang;  
She likes to run Papa in debt;  
She'll smoke a slender cigarette  
Sub rosa with a favored crony:  
I know it, though we've never met,—  
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

## ENVOY.

Princes, beware this gay coquette!  
She has no thoughts of matrimony:  
I know it, though we've never met,—  
I've seen her picture by Sarony.

Frank D. Sherman.

## Cupid's Kiss.

'Twas as she slept that Cupid came,  
His bow and arrows taking,  
That she might feel his power in dreams  
Who scorned his weapons waking.

As o'er her sleeping form he poised  
The shaft that oft had missed her,  
Her beauty touched his roguish heart—  
He only stooped and kissed her.

Since when, upon her fair, soft cheek,  
Love's amorous imprint keeping,  
A charming dimple marks the place  
Where Cupid kissed her, sleeping.

Walter Learned.

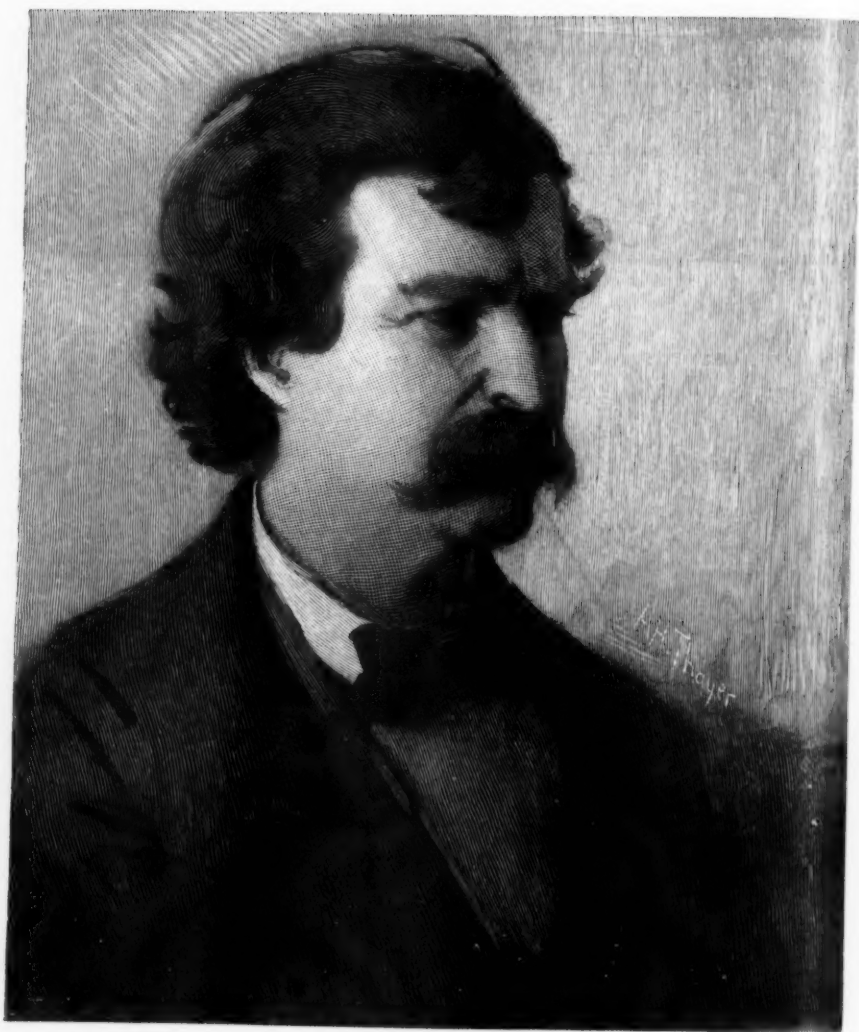
## Publishers' Note.

In the Bric-à-Brac department of the February CENTURY there appeared a burlesque advertising page headed "Maskwell's Compendium." As some of our readers took the burlesque to be a serious advertisement, we published in our April issue what was intended to be an explanation. The matter, however, it seems, is still misunderstood by some, and, for their sakes, and in justice to Mr. George A. Gaskell, we would say that Gaskell's Compendium has been advertised continuously in our magazines for the past four years, and is, therefore, known to a good many of our readers. The specimens of improvement in penmanship given from month to month are genuine, the originals of which can be seen at Mr. Gaskell's office. Mr. Gaskell is the proprietor of a business college in Jersey City, and the publisher of "Gaskell's Compendium," "The Penman's Gazette," Gaskell's "Compendium of Forms," etc.

THE CENTURY CO.

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